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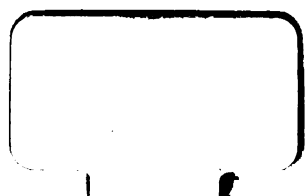
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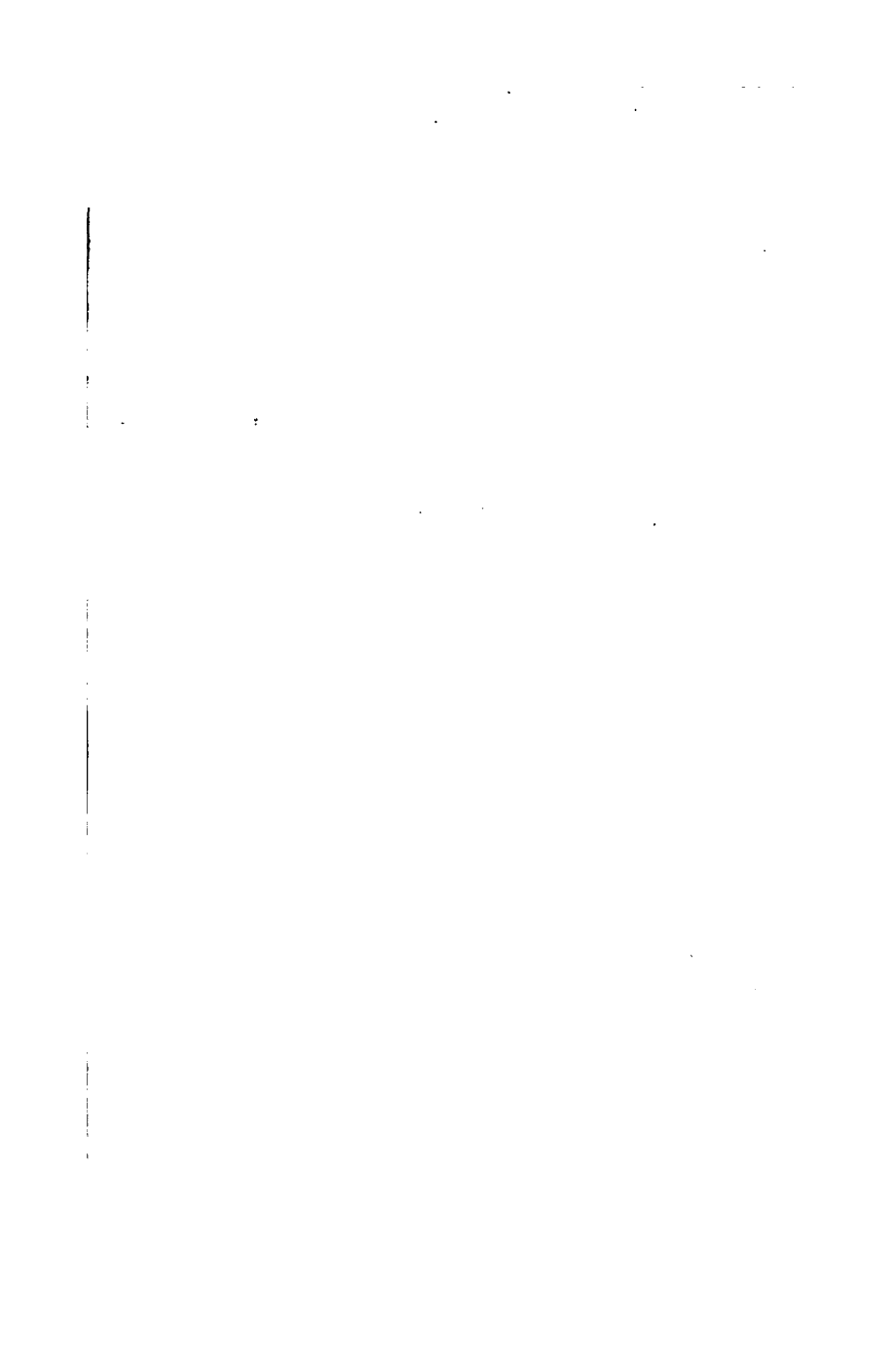
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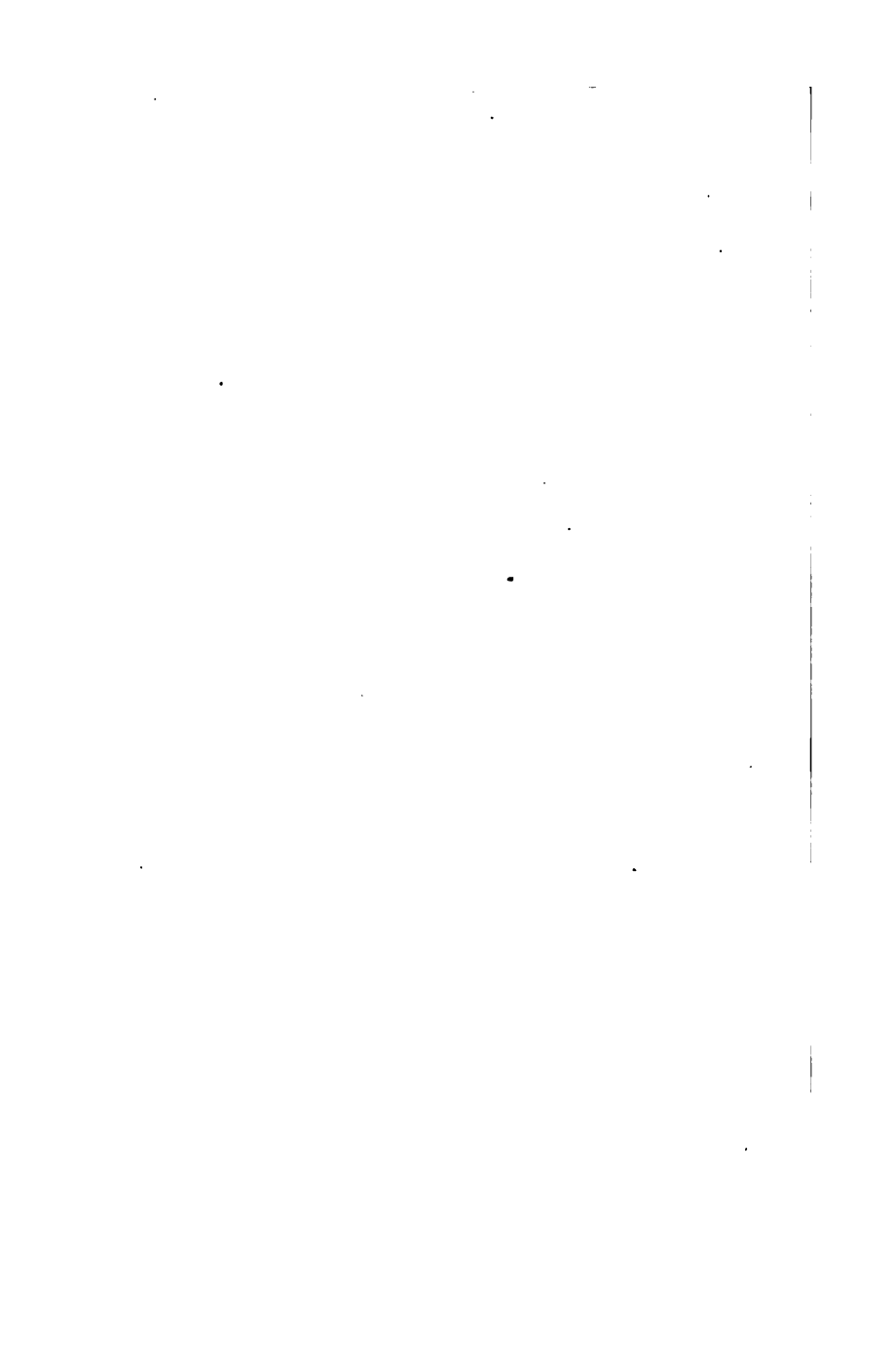
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TRAINING SCHOOL READER.

FIRST BOOK.

TRAINING SCHOOL READER.

BY

WILLIAM J. UNWIN, M.A.,

PRINCIPAL OF HOMERTON COLLEGE.

FIRST BOOK.

2 divisions

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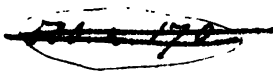
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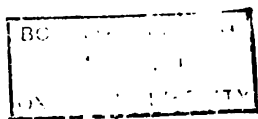
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SAMUEL MORLEY, ESQ.,
TREASURER OF THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION,
IN ADMIRATION OF HIS DEVOTEDNESS TO THE CAUSE OF
POPULAR EDUCATION,
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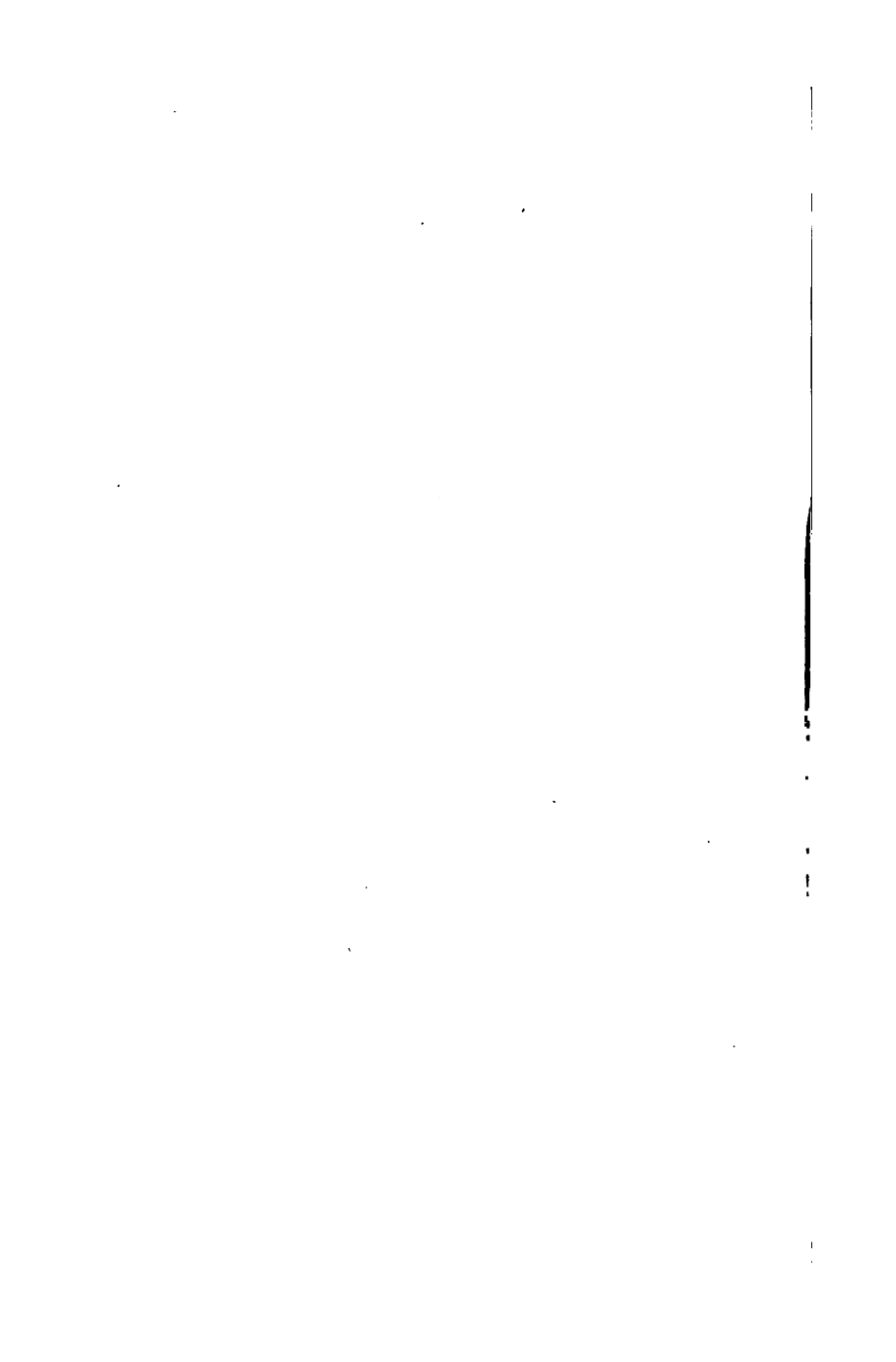
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* The italics indicate poetical lessons.

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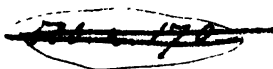
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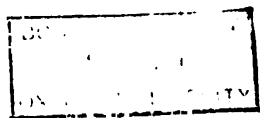
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Sil-ver is white and shi-ning. The spoons are sil-ver; and the wait-er is sil-ver; and crowns, and half-crowns, and shil-lings, and six-pen-ces, are made of sil-ver. Sil-ver comes from a great way off too.

Quick-sil-ver is very bright like sil-ver; and it is very heav-y. See how it runs a-bout! You can-not catch it. You can-not pick it up. There is quick-sil-ver in the ba-rom-e-ter.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON V.—THE AFRICAN CHILD.

"A-venge not your-selves, but rath-er give place un-to wrath." At a school in Si-er-ra Le-one, West Af-ri-ca, a lit-tle girl one day struck her school-fel-low. The teach-er found this out, and asked the child who was struck:—

"Did not you strike her in re-turn?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teach-er.

"I LEFT HER TO GOD," said she.

This is a beau-ti-ful and safe way to set-tle all dis-putes, and pre-vent all fights, a-mong chil-dren and a-mong men. We shall sel-dom be struck by oth-ers when they know that we love them, and that we shall not re-turn the blow, but "*leave them to God.*" Then, what-ev-er our en-e-mies do, or threat-en to do to us, let us leave them to God, pray-ing that he would for-give them and make them our friends.—*H. C. Wright.*

LESSON VI.—PINCHING AND STRIKING.

In a vis-it to the A-sy-lum, I said to one of the boys:—

"Jo-seph, what made you an-gry?"

"Pe-tor *pinched* me."

"What did you then do to him?"

"I thumped him."

"Did it do you any good to thump him?"

"Yes, Sir, for a lit-tle while."

"Why did you thump him?"

"Be-cause he pinched me, and that made me an-gry."

"Then you thumped him mere-ly to please your an-ger?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Af-ter you thumped him, and af-ter your an-ger had all gone out of you, how did you feel?"

"I wished I had not thumped him quite so hard."

"Why?"

"I should not have been so sor-ry."

"Why did you feel sor-ry at all?"

"Be-cause I was a-fraid I thumped him too hard."

"What if you did? Why should that make you sor-ry?"

"Be-cause I was a-fraid that I had hurt him more than he hurt me."

"The next time, then, that any one pinch-es you I hope you will not strike him. Then you will not be sor-ry. Then you will not be a-fraid you have hurt him more than he hurt you; for you will not hurt him at all. It will save you a great many sad feel-ings, and pre-vent oth-ers from pinch-ing you."—*H. C. Wright.*

.. LESSON VII.—HABITS OF ANIMALS.

The ti-ger makes his lair in the thick for-ests, by the banks of the Gan-ges.

The cam-el-o-pard stalks over the vast plains of Af-ri-ca; he lifts his long neck, and brows-es the trees as he walks.

The ostrich runs swiftly over the burning sands of the desert.

The rhinoceros loves to wallow and roll himself in the wet mud, by the banks of large rivers, and in wet marshes.

The chamois of Switzerland would pine if he could not snuff the keen air of the mountains.

The little ermine runs about in the frozen deserts of Siberia; she is white like the snow that is marked by her little feet.

The humming-bird of Jamaica could not live in our woods; a frosty night would kill it directly.

The reindeer lives in Lapland; he scrapes away the snow with his feet to get a little moss, which he lives upon; he would die if you were to expose him to the warm sun of Persia or Hindostan.

Wild geese, and wild ducks, and plovers, live in fens and marshes.

Man can live every where; in cold Norway or Lapland, in hot Guinea or Persia; in hilly countries, or marshy plains; he can bear as much heat as the ostrich, and as much cold as the reindeer.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON VIII.—THE ONE TALENT.

What if the little rain should say,

“So small a drop as I

Can ne’er refresh those thirsty fields,—

I’ll tarry in the sky!”

What if a shining beam of noon

Should in its fountain stay,

Because its feeble light alone

Can not create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, re-fresh-ing shower,
And ev-er-y ray of light to warm
And beau-ti-fy the flower?

LESSON IX.—IRON AND STEEL.

I-ron is ver-y hard. It is not pret-ty, but I do not know what we should do with-out it, for it makes us a great man-y things. Go and ask the cook wheth-er she can roast her meat with-out a spit. Well, what does she say? She says she can-not. But the spit is made of i-ron; and so are the tongs, and the po-ker and shov-el. Go and ask Dob-bin if he can plough with-out the plough-share. Well, what does he say? He says no, he can-not. But the plough-share is made of i-ron. Will i-ron melt in the fire? Put the po-ker in and try. Well, is it melt-ed? No: but it is red-hot and soft; it will bend. But I will tell you, Charles; i-ron will melt in a ver-y, ver-y hot fire; when it has been in a great while, then it will melt. Come, let us go to the smith's shop. What is he do-ing? He has a forge: he blows the fire with a great pair of bel-lows to make the i-ron hot. Now he takes it out with the tongs, and puts it up-on the an-vil. Now he beats it with a ham-mer. How hard he works! The sparks fly a-bout; pret-ty bright sparks. What is the black-smith ma-king? He is ma-king nails, and horse-shoes, and a great man-y things.

Steel is made of i-ron. Steel is ver-y bright, and sharp, and hard. Knives and scis-sors are made of steel.—*Mrs. Barbould.*

LESSON X.—THE CREATION—FIRST DAY.

This large place we live in is called the world.

It is very beau-ti-ful. If we look up we see the blue sky, if we look down we see the green grass; the sky is like a cur-tain spread over our heads, the grass like a car-pet un-der our feet, and the bright sun like a can-dle to give us light. It was ver-y kind of God to make such a beau-ti-ful world, and let us live in it.

God was in heav-en, and all his bright an-gels a-round him, when he be-gan to make the world.

God's Son was with him—for God al-ways had a Son, just like him-self. His Son's name is Je-sus Christ. He is as good and great as God his Fath-er. The Fath-er and the Son are one God, and they made the world.

How did God make the world? By speak-ing. First of all, God made the light. God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. No one can make things by speak-ing but God; God made things of noth-ing. He on-ly spoke, and the light came.—"*Peep of Day.*"

LESSON XI.—POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

What o'clock is it, Charles? It is twelve o'clock. It is noon. Come in the gar-den, then. Now where is the sun? Turn your face to-wards him. Look at the sun; that is south. Al-ways when it is twelve o'clock, and you look at the sun, your face is to-wards the south. Now turn to your left hand. Look for-wards; that is east. In the morn-ing, when it is go-ing to be light, you must look just there, and pres-ent-ly you will see the sun get up. Al-ways in the morn-ing look there for the sun; for the sun ri-ses in the east. Now turn your

back to the sun. Look straight for-wards; that is north. Now turn to your left hand. Look for-wards; that is west. When you have had your sup-per, and it is go-ing to be night, look for the sun just there. He is al-ways there when he goes to bed, for the sun sets in the west.

North, south, east, west.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XII.—THE OX.

The ox is a large, strong an-i-mal. He has a thick skin, covered with black, red, or white hair. He has four legs, and four feet. The feet of the ox are *clo-ven*, or cut into two parts; they are hard upon the out-side, and are called *hoofs*. The ox has two horns on his head. Of these horns many use-ful things are made; combs, the han-dles of knives, spoons, and cups to drink out of. Ox-en live in the fields; they eat grass, hay, and corn, and drink wa-ter. In some pla-ces, they draw the plough and the cart. Their flesh is called beef.

In some lands, there are large and fierce ox-en, which run wild. Men hunt and catch them, not with-out much dan-ger, for they do not like to be caught, and are ver-y fu-ri-ous. Some-times they hurt and e-ven kill the hunt-ers. These wild ox-en may be tamed and used for trav-el-ling, as we use hors-es. Would you like to ride in a wag-gon drawn by ox-en? If you lived in South Af-ri-ca, you would of-ten do so.

LESSON XIII.—THE CRICKET.

Lit-tle in-mate, full of mirth,
Chirp-ing on my kitch-en hearth,
Where-so-e'er be thine a-bode,
Al-ways har-bin-ger of good;

Pay me for thy warm re-treat,
With a song more soft and sweet;
In re-turn thou shalt re-ceive
Such a strain as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if a-kin to thee,
Thou sur-pass-est, hap-pi-er far;
Hap-pi-est grass-hop-pers that are.
Theirs is but a Sum-mer's song;
Thine en-dures the Win-ter long,
Un-im-paired, and shrill, and clear,
Mel-o-dy through-out the year.—*Cowper.*

LESSON XIV.—COPPER, LEAD, AND TIN.

Cop-per is red. The ket-tle and pots are made of cop-per; and brass is made of cop-per. Brass is bright and yel-low, like gold al-most. This sauce-pan is made of brass; and the locks upon the doors, and this can-dle-stick. What is this green upon the sauce-pan? It is rust-y; the green is ver-di-grease; it would kill you if you were to eat it.

Lead is soft, and very heav-y. Here is a piece, lift it. There is lead in the case-ment; and the spout is lead, and the cis-tern is lead, and bul-lets are made of lead. Will lead melt in the fire? Try; put some on the shov-el; hold it o-ver the fire. Now it is all melt-ed. Pour it into this ba-son of wa-ter. How it hiss-es! What pret-ty things it has made.

Tin is white and soft. It is bright too. The can-isters, and the drip-ping pan, and the re-lect-or, are all cov-ered with tin.

Gold, sil-ver, cop-per, i-ron, lead, tin, quick-sil-ver. One two, three, four, five, six, sev-en—What? Met-als. They are all dug out of the ground.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XV.—THE CREATION—SECOND DAY.

Then God made the air. You can-not see the air, but you can feel it. The air is ev-er-y-where. You can some-times hear the noise it makes, for you hear the wind blow, and the wind is air.

Next God put some wa-ter up very high. The clouds are full of wa-ter, and some-times the wa-ter comes down, and we call it rain.

God made a large deep place, and filled it with wa-ter. God spoke to the wa-ter, and it rushed in-to the deep place. God called this wa-ter the sea.

The sea is very large, and it is al-ways mov-ing up and down, and toss-ing it-self; but it can-not get out of the large deep place in which God has put it; for God said, "Stay there." When the wind blows hard, the sea makes a loud noise, and roars.

But God made some dry land for us to walk up-on: we call it ground. We could not walk upon the sea, nor build hous-es on the sea: but the ground is hard, and firm, and dry. Now I have told you of five things that God made. The light. The clouds. The dry land. The air. The sea.—"*Peep of Day.*"

LESSON XVI.—NEVER HUNCH WHEN OTHERS CROWD.

One warm day in Ju-ly, I vis-it-ed a schoel in Bos-ton. There were a-bout six-ty chil-dren pres-ent, from four to eight years of age.

I stood up be-fore them, and talked to them a-bout chil-dren whose hearts were filled with the spir-it of peace, and who nev-er would strike those who struck them. I then asked them—"Chil-dren, can you tell me what such chil-dren will do?"

One said, "They will love their en-e-mies;" another, "They will not re-sist evil;" another, "When oth-ers strike them on one cheek, they will turn to them the oth-er." All these were good an-swers. At length a lit-tle girl, whom I saw on the mid-dle of a seat in front of me, look-ing very un-ea-sy (being so crowd-ed that she could not move her el-bows), looked up, and in a most plain-tive and pit-e-ous tone, said, "Such chil-dren don't hunch when oth-ers crowd." That was the very thing! The lit-tle crowd-ed suf-fer-ing child gave the best defi-nition of peace I ever heard. She gave a sure and cer-tain rem-e-dy a-gainst all fight-ing—"Never hunch when oth-ers crowd." And she said what she felt. This made it all the bet-ter. There sat the lit-tle girl, crowd-ed up—her arms squeezed down to her side,—she could hard-ly move; yet there was no an-ger, no quar-rel-ling, sim-ply be-cause she did not "hunch."

Let all chil-dren act upon this plan, and nev-er "hunch when oth-ers crowd," and they will nev-er get in-to a fight. When oth-er chil-dren are an-gry with you, and pinch, strike, or kick you, or de-destroy your things, or call you names, or in any way try to in-jure you, do not re-turn an-ger for an-ger, and e-vil for e-vil; but pa-tient-ly and lov-ing-ly suffer wrong, and oth-ers will sel-dom hurt you. It was thus that Je-sus act-ed.—*Henry C. Wright.*

LESSON XVII.—THE COW.

The cow is like the ox; on-ly not quite so large. The cow is of more use to us than the ox. She gives us milk, morn-ing and eve-ning. We drink milk, and it is al-so made into cheese and but-ter. Milk is kept in a cool place, called a dai-ry. The rich-er part of it we call

cream. The cream is skimmed off the top of the milk, and kept, to make but-ter with.

A young cow or ox is called a calf. It is a pret-ty, gen-tle crea-ture. It lives on milk, which it sucks from the cow. It is fond of play, and loves to frisk a-bout near its moth-er. It is oft-en killed for food. The flesh of the calf is named veal.

The skins of cows, calves, and ox-en, are tanned in-to leath-er, of which boots and shoes are made, as well as har-ness, and the cov-ers of books.

Pret-ty cow, you look so mild,
That I think a lit-tle child
Safe-ly near to you might pass,
As you feed upon the grass.
Very i-dle though you seem,
Yet you give us milk and cream,
Which we drink, or, if we please,
Turn to but-ter, and to cheese.

LESSON XVIII.—THE LITTLE LARK.

I hear a pret-ty bird, but, hark !
I can-not see it any-where ;
Oh ! it is a lit-tle lark,
Sing-ing in the morn-ing air.
Lit-tle lark, do tell me why
You are sing-ing in the sky ?
Oth-er lit-tle birds at rest,
Have not yet be-gun to sing,
Ev'ry one is in its nest,
With its head be-hind its wing.
Lit-tle lark, then tell me why
You sing so ear-ly in the sky ?

'Tis to sing a mer-ry song
To the pleas-ant morn-ing light;
Why lin-ger in my nest so long,
When the sun is shi-ning bright?
Lit-tle la-dy, this is why
I sing so ear-ly in the sky.

To the lit-tle birds be-low,
I do sing a mer-ry tune;
And I let the plough-man know
He must come to la-bour soon.
Lit-tle la-dy, this is why
I am sing-ing in the sky.—“*Nursery Rhymes.*”

LESSON XIX.—STONES.

Mar-ble is dug out of the ground. It is very hard: you can-not cut it with a knife; but the stone cut-ter can cut it. There is white mar-ble, and black, and green, and red, and yel-low mar-ble. The chim-ney-piece is made of mar-ble, and the mon-u-ment in the church.

Stones come out of the ground, and flints. Here are two flints: they are very hard; strike them both to-gether. Ah! here is fire; here are sparks. Grav-el is dug out of grav-el pits. They put it into carts, and then make grav-el walks with it, or else mend the roads with it. Chalk and ful-ler's earth are dug out of the ground. Coals come out of the ground. Men dig great deep pits, and so they go down in-to them, and get the coal with pick-ax-es, and bring it up. Those men are col-liers; they are very black, but I do not know how we should do for coals to make a fire with-out them. A great many things come out of the ground; sure it is very

deep! Yes, it is very deep. If you were to dig a hundred years, you would never come to the bot-tom, it is so deep.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XX.—THE CREATION—THIRD DAY.

When God made the dry land, there was nothing on it; it was bare. So God spake, and things grew out of the ground.

Trees came out of it; they were covered with green leaves of different shapes. Some were called oak-trees, and some were called elm-trees, and some beech-trees. And some trees bore nice fruit, such as plum-trees, apple-trees, orange-trees, and fig-trees.

Veg-e-ta-bles grew out of the earth; po-ta-toes and beans, cab-ba-ges and let-tuce, they are called veg-e-ta-bles.

Corn came out of it. Some corn is called wheat, and some corn is called barley, and some is called oats. The ears of corn bend down when they are ripe, and look yellow like gold.

God made the soft green grass to spring up, and flowers to grow among the grass—flowers of all colours, and of sweetest smell. The yellow butter-cup, the white lily, the blue violet, and the rose, the most beautiful of all flowers.

I have told you of five sorts of things that grow out of the earth. Trees. Veg-e-ta-bles. Corn. Grass. Flowers.
—"Peep of Day."

LESSON XXI.—ASKING A BLESSING.

Rol-lo was sitting one morning by the fire-side, before break-fast, reading a little blue covered hymn-book. Presently Mary brought in the break-fast; and Rol-lo was glad, and jumped up from his little low chair at the



LESSON XXII.—THE HORSE.

Do you not like to look at a horse? He is such a noble animal, with his sleek, shining hair, his long neck, and his glossy mane. He has four strong legs, with which he can trot and gallop very fast. His feet have hoofs, but the hoofs are not cloven like those of the cow, they are all in one piece. He wears iron shoes on his feet, that he may not be hurt by the stones in the road. What should we do, if there were no horses? Horses draw the plough and the wagon. We ride on their backs, and are drawn by them in carriages and carts. Horses are taken great care of, because they are so useful. They are kept in warm stables, and are fed with corn and hay, and water. Young horses are called colts.

Did you ever hear of the Arabs of the desert? They are people who wander from place to place with their flocks, and live not in houses, but in tents, that can be easily carried about with them. They have the finest horses in the world, and they are very kind to them. The horse always lives in the same room with the family. He is the play-mate of the children, and the friend of his master, who mounts on his back and gallops without whip or spur over the wide sands. The horse is never beaten or ill-used by the Arabs, nor will the poorest of them part with his horse, even for a large sum of money. The horses, on their part, return the love of their masters, follow them about like dogs, and show every mark of fondness.

LESSON XXIII.—THE POOR CHILD'S HYMN.

We are poor and low-ly born ;
 With the poor we bide ;
 La-bour is our her-i-tage,
 Care and want be-side.
 What of this ? our bles-séd Lord
 Was of low-ly birth,
 And poor, toil-ing fish-er-men
 Were His friends on earth.
 We are ig-no-rant and young ;
 Sim-ple chil-dren all ;
 Gift-ed with but hum-ble powers,
 And of learn-ing small.
 What of this ? our bles-séd Lord
 Lov-éd such as we ;
 How He blessed the lit-tle ones,
 Sit-ting 'on His knee.—*Mrs. Howitt.*

LESSON XXIV.—PRECIOUS STONES.

Teacher. There are some kinds of stone which are ex-treme-ly beau-ti-ful when pol-ish-ed, that is, rubbed bright ; these are called pre-cious stones.

Child. What does pre-cious mean ?

Teacher. It means that it is of great val-ue, or costs a great deal of mon-ey be-cause it is scarce. La-dies wear these pre-cious stones in ear-rings and neck-la-ces. They are of va-ri-ous col-ours : one is called the em-e-rald, which is green ; the to-paz is yel-low, the am-e-thyst is pur-ple, the gar-net is red, the sap-phire is blue, and the o-pal is white.

Child. And were all these beau-ti-ful things like com-mon stones before they were pol-ish-ed ?

Teacher. No; for I have told you they were very un-com-men—that is, scarce; but still they are stones. Pre-cious stones are al-so called jew-els.

Child. You for-got to men-tion the di-a-mond, which is the most beau-ti-ful of all.

Teacher. I did not for-get it; but though it is com-mon-ly called a pre-cious stone, prop-er-ly speak-ing it is not a stone. This was found out by a cle-ver man, who, hav-ing no-ticed that it was like a com-bus-ti-ble bod-y in an-oth-er way, which I can-not now ex-plain to you, thought it very like-ly that it would burn. It turned out that he was right; and af-ter-wards it was found out that this beau-ti-ful di-a-mond was made of noth-ing but char-coal, put to-geth-er in a par-tic-u-lar way, just as coarse sand and ash-es make beau-ti-ful glass.—*Mrs. Marcet.*

LESSON XXV.—THE CREATION—FOURTH DAY.

The world looked very beau-ti-ful when it was cov-ered with grass and trees. But on-ly God and the an-gels saw its beau-ty.

Af-ter-wards God placed the sun in the sky, and bade it shine all day, and go from one end of the world to the oth-er. God made the moon to shine at night, and He cov-ered the sky with stars.

You nev-er saw any-thing so bright as the sun. It is very large in-deed, only it looks small, be-cause it is a great way off. It can-not fall, for God holds it up. God makes it move a-cross the sky. Did you ever hear this pret-ty verse a-bout the sun?

“ My God, who makes the sun to know
His prop-er hour to rise;
And to give light to all be-low,
Doth send him round the skies.”

The moon does not shine so brightly as the sun, for God lets it be dark all night, that we may rest, and sleep soundly.

Who could count the stars? No one but God. He knows their names and their numbers too. When we look at the moon and stars, let us think "how great God is! Yet He cares for the little birds, and loves little children."—"Peep of Day."

LESSON XXVI.—THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

Come, let us go home, it is evening. See, mam-ma! how tall my shadow is. It is like a great black giant stalking after me.

Your shadow is tall because the sun is low in the sky; it is near sun-set. Look at your shadow tomorrow at noon, and you will find it a great deal shorter.

In some countries the sun is directly over folks' heads at noon, and then they have no shadow at all.

If the sun were just over your head, it would be hotter than you could bear.

Why is that? is not the sun nearer to us when it sinks down towards the fields, than when it is a great way up in the sky?

No; the sun does not really touch the fields, but he seems to do so, because you can see nothing between them.

But we are got home. Come in. Now put your eye level with the table. Look at the globe that hangs at the other end of the room: Does it not appear to touch the table? Yes, it does. But if it was held above the table it would not appear to touch. No. So it is with the sun. But why is it

hot-ter when the sun is o-ver our heads? Be-cause his rays come di-rect-ly down up-on you. Come and stand just a-gainst the mid-dle of this fire. Now stand at the same dis-tance side-ways. Did not you feel it hot-ter when you stood quite op-po-site? Yes; it scorched my face. Well, at noon the sun sends down his scorch-ing rays, like a num-ber of burn-ing ar-rows, di-rect-ly down upon you; but in the eve-ning and the morn-ing they come more slant-ing, and few-er of them reach you. That is the rea-son why it is hot-ter at noon: though the sun is at the same dis-tance, more thou-sands of miles off than you can count.

Mrs. Barbauld.

LESSON XXVII.—THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Do you see the spi-der's web up in the cor-ner? Some boys are a-fraid of a spi-der's web. Are you a-fraid of a spi-der's web? How can a spi-der's web hurt any-bod-y? Spi-ders do not hurt any-bod-y ei-ther. I know a boy who went out one day to swing in the barn. But he looked up in a cor-ner, and he saw a great many spi-ders' webs. So he said, "I will not go into that cob-web-by place."

Do you know how the spi-ders go to work to make their webs? The spi-der be-gins at the mid-dle, and he spins the lit-tle fine threads all out, every way, un-til he has made a great broad web. What do you think the spider's web is for? The spider catch-es flies in his web. The spiders eat flies. When the flies come upon the spider's web they are caught. Their feet stick fast in the web, and then they are caught. The flies can-not walk upon the web. What do you sup-pose is the rea-son that spiders can walk upon their

web, and flies can-not? I think there must be some difference in their feet. The spiders can move a-bout very ea-si-ly in-deed, but the poor flies get en-tan-gled as soon as they try to walk upon the web, and then the spiders catch the flies and eat them. I think, if I were a fly, I should be very care-ful to keep out of the way of spiders' webs.—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON XXVIII.—BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

But-ter-cups and dai-sies,
Oh, the pret-ty flowers,
Com-ing ere the spring-time,
To tell of sun-ny hours.
While the trees are leaf-less,
While the fields are bare,
But-ter-cups and dai-sies
Spring up here and there.
Lit-tle har-dy flowers,
Like to chil-dren poor,
Play-ing in their stur-dy health,
By their moth-er's door:
Pur-ple with the north wind,
Yet a-lert and bold;
Fear-ing not and car-ing not,
Though they be a-cold.
What to them is weath-er!
What are storm-y showers!
But-ter-cups and dai-sies,
Are these hu-man flowers!
He who gave them hard-ship,
And a life of care,
Gave them like-wise hard-y strength,
And pa-tient hearts to bear.

Wel-come, yel-low but-ter-cups,
Wel-come, dai-sies white,
Ye are, in my spi-rit,
Vis-ion'd a de-light:
Com-ing ere the spring-time,
Of sun-ny hours to tell—
Speak-ing to our hearts of Him
Who do-eth *all things well*.—*Mrs. Howitt.*

LESSON XXIX.—TREES.

A tree has roots that go un-der the ground a great way. The roots are like its legs: the tree could not stand with-out them. Then the tree has a trunk; a large, thick, straight trunk. That is its bod-y. Then the tree has branch-es. Those are like arms; they spread out very far. Then there are boughs; and up-on the boughs leaves and blos-soms. Here is a blos-som up-on the ap-ple-tree. Will the blos-som be al-ways up-on the tree? No, it will fall off soon: per-haps it will fall off to-night. But then do you know what comes in-stead of the blos-som? What? The fruit. After the ap-ple blos-soms there will be ap-ples. Then, if the blos-soms fall off to-night, shall I come here and get an ap-ple to-mor-row? No, you must have pa-tience; there will not be ripe ap-ples a great while yet. There will be first a lit-tle, lit-tle thing, hard-ly big-ger than a pin's head: that will swell and grow big-ger ev-er-y day, and hard-er, till at last it will come to be a great ap-ple. But you must not eat it yet: you must let it hang till the sun has made it red, and till you can pull it off ea-si-ly. Now it is ripe; it is as red as your cheeks. Now gath-er it and eat it.

Has the flower roots too? Yes: here is a cow-slip:

web, and flies ~~can not~~? I did not
 difference in their feet. The spiders
 very easily indeed, but the poor
 as soon as they try to walk upon the
 spiders catch the flies and eat them.
 a fly, I should be very careful to keep
 spiders' webs.—J. Abbott.

LESSON XXVIII.—BUTTERCUPS

But-ter-cups and dai-sies,

Oh, the pret-ty flow-ers,

Com-ing ere the spring-tide

To tell of sun-ny hours

While the trees are leaf-les

While the fields are bar-ren

But-ter-cups and dai-sies

Spring up here

Lit-tle har-dy

Like the

Pl-

[illegible]

"Do you under-stand it?" said his moth-er.

"Yes, moth-er," said Rol-lo.

"Sup-pose, now, any moth-er should say to her boy, 'Come, my boy, it is time for you to go to bed;' and the boy should say, 'I won't go.' Would that be right or wrong?"

"Oh, very wrong," said Rol-lo.

"Sup-pose he should be-gin to cry, and say he did not want to go?"

"That would be very wrong, too," said Rol-lo.

"Sup-pose he should be-gin to beg a lit-tle, and say, 'I don't want to go *now*; I should think you might let me sit up a little long-er.' What should you think of that?"

"It would be wrong."

"Sup-pose he should look up in-to his moth-er's face sor-row-ful-ly, and say, 'Must I go now, moth-er?'"

"Wrong," said Rol-lo, faint-ly.

"Sup-pose he should not say a word, but look cross and ill-hu-moured, and throw a-way his play-things in a pet, and walk by the side of his moth-er re-luc-tant-ly and slow-ly. What should you think of that?"

"I think it would be wrong."

"Sup-pose he should look good-hu-moured and say, 'Well, moth-er,' and come pleas-ant-ly to take her hand, and bid the per-sons in the room good night, and walk off cheer-ful-ly."

"That would be right," said Rol-lo.

"Yes," said his moth-er, "and al-ways, when a child is told to do any thing, wheth-er it is pleas-ant to do or not, he ought to o-bey at once, and cheer-ful-ly."—
J. Abbott.

LESSON XXXII.—THE SILK WORM.

Charles, do not you re-mem-ber the cat-er-pil-lar we put in-to a pa-per box, with some mul-ber-ry leaves for it to eat? Let us go and look at it. It is gone—here is no cat-er-pil-lar—there is some-thing in the box; what is it? I do not know. It is a lit-tle ball of yel-low stuff. Let us cut it o-pen, per-haps we may find the cat-er-pil-lar. No, here is noth-ing but a strange lit-tle grub, and it is dead, I be-lieve, for it does not move. Pinch it gent-ly by the tail. Now it stirs: it is not dead quite. Charles, this grub is your cat-er-pil-lar; it is, in-deed. That yel-low stuff is silk. The cat-er-pil-lar spun all that silk, and cov-ered it-self up with it; and then it was turned into this grub. Take it and lay it in the sun: we will come and look at it a-gain to-mor-row morn-ing. Well, this is very sur-pris-ing! here ~~is~~ no grub at all to be found. Did not we put it on this sheet of pa-per last night? Yes, we did. And no-bod-y has been in the room to med-dle with it. No, no-bod-y at all has been in the room. Is there noth-ing up-on the sheet of pa-per? Yes, here is a white but-ter-fly. I won-der how it came here, for the win-dows are shut. Per-haps the grub is turned into a but-ter-fly. It is, in-deed; and look, here is the emp-ty shell of the grub. Here is where the but-ter-fly came out. But the but-ter-fly is too big: this shell could not hold him. Yes, it did, be-cause his wings were fold-ed up, and he lay very snug. It is the same, I as-sure you, Charles; all the pret-ty but-ter-flies that you see fly-ing about were cat-er-pil-lars once, and crawled on the ground.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XXXIII.—THE WEEK.

What is to-day, Charles ? To-day is Sun-day.

And what will to-mor-row be ? To-mor-row will be Mon-day.

And what will the next day be ? The next day will be Tues-day.

And the next day ? Wed-nes-day.

And the next ? Thurs-day.

And the next ? Fri-day.

And the next ? Sat-ur-day.

And what will come after Sat-ur-day ? Why, then, Sun-day will come a-gain.

Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wed-nes-day, Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day. That makes sev-en days, and seven days make—a week.

On Sun-day be-gin
The week with-out sin ;
On Mon-day re-sume
Your tasks with-out gloom ;
And pray don't be vex'd
That Tues-day comes next ;
And when it is gone,
Doth Wed-nes-day come on ;
And Thurs-day can ne'er
To fol-low for-bear ;
And Fri-day, no doubt,
Not be-ing left out,
With Sat-ur-day, last,
The week will be past.—*Sara Coleridge.*

LESSON XXXIV.—THE ACORN.

Sup-pose a lit-tle boy is walk-ing out in the fields on some fair day in au-tumn. As he bounds a-long he sees some-thing on the ground, which looks round and smooth like a lit-tle egg. He picks it up. It is an a-corn. He car-ries it a little while, and then throws it a-way. He thinks it a small af-fair and use-less. He for-gets it en-tire-ly. The poor little a-corn lies for-got-ten. The ox comes a-long, and treads it in the ground with-out ev-er know-ing it. It lies and sleeps there in the ox-track dur-ing the cold win-ter. In the spring it swells. The lit-tle sprout peeps out, a root grows down, and two lit-tle leaves o-pen on the top of the ground. It lives and grows. Dur-ing a hun-dred years it grows, while men live and die, and while many a storm beats upon it. It is in time a gi-ant oak-tree. It is cut down, and made into a might-y ship, and la-den with goods. The ship sails round the world, and does her er-rand at many hun-dreds of pla-ces. She bears the flag of her na-tion on her mast, and her na-tion is hon-oured for her sake. What great things may spring from small ones! Who would have thought that such a lit-tle thing could con-tain the might-y oak in it? Be-sides this, that one tree bears a-corns e-nough ev-er-y year to raise a thou-sand more oaks; and these, ev-er-y year, bear e-nough to raise ten thou-sand more. Thus a whole for-est may be shut up in the lit-tle bud of a sin-gle a-corn. What great things may be found in lit-tle things!—*Todd*,

LESSON XXXV.—THE CREATION—SIXTH DAY.

There is an-oth-er sort of liv-ing crea-tures, called in-sects. God made them come out of the earth, and

not out of the wa-ter, like birds and fish-es. In-sects are small, and creep upon the earth; such as ants. Some in-sects can fly al-so; such as bees and but-ter-flies. The bee sucks the juice of flowers, and makes wax and hon-ey. How gay are the wings of the but-ter-fly! they are cov-ered with little feath-ers, too small to be seen. All the in-sects were good and pret-ty when God made them.

At last God made the beasts. They came out of the earth when God spoke. Beasts walk upon the earth: most of them have four legs. You know the names of a great many sorts of beasts. Sheep and cows, dogs and cats, are beasts. But there are many other sorts be-sides. The squir-rel that jumps from bough to bough, the rab-bit that lives in a hole un-der ground, and the goat that climbs the high hills; the stag with his beau-ti-ful horns, the li-on with his yel-low hair, the ti-ger whose skin is marked with stripes. The el-e-phant is the lar-gest of the beasts, the li-on is the strong-est, the dog is the most sen-si-ble, the stag is the most beau-ti-ful, but the lamb is the gen-tlest. The dove is the gen-tlest of the birds, and the lamb is the gen-tlest of the beasts. Now God had filled the world with liv-ing crea-tures, and they were all good; even li-ons and ti-gers were good and harm-less. I have told you of four sorts of living crea-tures. Fish-es. Birds. In-sects. Beasts.—“*Peep of Day.*”

LESSON XXXVI.—A LITTLE MISTAKE.

In a dark night there was once a ship com-ing in-to one of our har-bours. She had been to In-di-a on a long voy-age, and had been gone a year or two. She had a very cost-ly car-go, or load, on board. The cap-tain and

all in her were ho-ping and ex-pect-ing soon to see their friends and their homes. The sail-ors had brought out their best clothes, and were clean and neat. As they came bound-ing a-long o-ver the foam-ing wa-ters, and drew near to the land, the cap-tain told a man to go to the top of the mast and "look out for the light-house." The light-house is a high, round kind of tower, built out on the points of the land, with great lamps light-ed every night in its top, so that ves-sels may see it be-fore they get too near the land. This light-house stood at the en-trance of the har-bour. Soon the man cried out, "Light a-head!" Then they all re-joiced, and knew they were near the har-bour.

While they had been gone, this light-house had been re-moved to an-oth-er place, a-way from where it was when they sailed. But the cap-tain knew noth-ing a-bout that. So they kept sail-ing in what they sup-posed was the old way. In a short time the man at the mast-head cries out, "Break-ers a-head!" that is, rocks just be-fore us, "and the ship is just on them!" The cap-tain cast his eye out on the dark wa-ters, and saw the white foam on the rocks. In a mo-ment he cries out, "Star-board the helm." Now see how much may hang on one lit-tle word. The man at the helm mis-took the word, and thought the cap-tain said, "Lar-board the helm." So he turned it the wrong way. It was done in a mo-ment, in the twink-ling of an eye. But it was turned the wrong way, and the ship struck on the rocks the next mo-ment, and was dashed in a thou-sand pie-ces. The car-go was lost, and ev-er-y soul on board, ex-cept one or two, was drowned. All this hung up-on one lit-tle word, or lit-tle mis-take. If that word had been un-der-stood right, she would not have been lost.

One single mis-take, small as it seemed to be, brought about all this ru-in and death. Do you not see how plain it is, that great re-sults may turn upon very small things? One mo-ment of time turned the scale, and prop-er-ty and lives all go down into the deep. There the goods are des-troyed, and there the hu-man be-ings sleep till the great morn-ing of the res-ur-rec-tion day.—*Todd.*

LESSON XXXVII.—MRS. FRY.

Al-most ev-er-y-bod-y has heard of the no-ble and ex-cel-lent Mrs. Fry, and of her vis-its to the pris-on-ers at New-gate. No-bod-y took an-y in-ter-est in these poor crea-tures, and they were treat-ed with great harsh-ness and cru-el-ty. The con-se-quence of this was, that they be-came so vi-o-lent and des-per-ate, that ev-er-y-bod-y was a-fraid of them, and there was the great-est dif-fi-cul-ty in man-ag-ing them. The keep-ers of the pris-on were a-fraid to go in, e-ven with the food of the pris-on-ers, un-less they had with them a guard of sol-diers with load-ed mus-kets. But Mrs. Fry re-solved to go in a-mong these des-per-ate crea-tures and try to do them good. Her friends were a-larmed when they heard of her in-ten-tion. They told her she would cer-tain-ly be in-sult-ed, or in-jured, if not killed; and tried to per-suade her not to go. But she was re-solved to go, and said she had no fear. Then they want-ed her, at least, to have a guard of sol-diers with her; but she re-fused. With noth-ing in her hand but the new Test-a-ment, she ven-tured in a-mong that hard-ened, law-less crowd. They were men and wom-en more fierce than the hun-gry li-ons in the den in-to which Dan-i-el was thrown. It did seem like a ver-y dan-ger-ous ex-per-i-ment. But

she spoke to them in tones of ten-der-ness and af-fec-tion. It was what they had not been ac-cus-tomed to hear. It acted like a charm up-on their hard-ened hearts. She o-pened her book, and read to them. She closed the book, and spoke to them free-ly of the love of Je-sus. They lis-tened with pro-found at-ten-tion. Sobs and groans were the on-ly sounds heard while she was speak-ing, and tears were seen cours-ing down the cheeks of those who had long been un-used to weep. After that, she of-ten re-peat-ed her vis-its, which re-sult-ed in a great ref-or-ma-tion a-mong those pris-on-ers, man-y of whom were re-claimed from their e-vil ways, and made use-ful mem-bers of so-ci-e-ty. And what was the charm a-bout this no-ble wo-man, and the se-cret of the great power she ex-er-cised o-ver those a-ban-doned pris-on-ers? The charm a-bout her was the spi-rit of love. She con-vinced these poor crea-tures that she re-al-ly loved them, and want-ed to do them good. This made them love her, and then she could do an-y-thing that she want-ed with them.—*R. Newton.*

LESSON XXXVIII.—THE MONTHS.

How much do four weeks make? A month.

And twelve months make a year—Jan-u-a-ry, Feb-ru-a-ry, March, A-pril, May, June, Ju-ly, Au-gust, Sep-tem-ber, Oc-to-ber, No-vem-ber, De-cem-ber.

Jan-u-a-ry brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fin-gers glow.
Feb-ru-a-ry brings the rain,
Thaws the fro-zen lake a-gain.
March brings breez-es, loud and shrill,
Stirs the dan-cing daf-fo-dil.

A-pril brings the prim-rose sweet,
Scat-ters dai-sies at our feet.
May brings flocks of pret-ty lambs,
Skip-ping by their flee-cy dams.
June brings tu-lips, lil-ies, ro-ses,
Fills the chil-dren's hands with po-sies.
Hot Ju-ly brings cooling show-ers,
A-pri-cots, and gil-li-flow-ers.
Au-gust brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the har-vest home is borne.
Warm Sep-tem-ber brings the fruit,
Sports-men then be-gin to shoot.
Fresh Oc-to-ber brings the pheas-ant,
Then to gath-er nuts is pleas-ant.
Dull No-vem-ber brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirl-ing fast.
Chill De-cem-ber brings the sleet,
Bla-zing fire, and Christ-mas treat.

Sara Coleridge.

LESSON XXXIX.—RICE.

The rice plant is a na-tive of In-di-a, but it is grown in many other coun-tries. It may be cul-ti-vat-ed with suc-cess, wher-ev-er the cli-mate is warm, and plen-ty of wa-ter can be ob-tained. Rice does not want rich soil; all that it needs is mois-ture. In some parts of the East, it is grown on-ly du-ring the rain-y sea-son. In Chi-na, they dig can-als round the rice fields, and when the seed is plant-ed, the wa-ter is made to o-ver-flow the field, and cov-er the rice. As soon as it is ripe, the wa-ter is drained off, and the crop gath-ered in. The rice is cut down with a sic-kle, like corn; it is then passed be-tween mill-stones, placed so far a-part as just

to sep-a-rate the grain from the husk, without bruising it. After this it is ready for use. Mr. Todd tells a very pretty story about the manner in which rice is grown in Egypt. Here it is:—

Rice is the food most used in eastern countries, especially in Egypt, even to this day. Every year, when the snows all melt off the mountains, the river Nile rises high up, and overflows its banks, and covers all the country round it with water. The people set down stakes, every man in his land, before the waters come. And when the Nile has risen, and all the ground is covered with water, they go out in their little boats, and sow, or cast their rice upon the waters. The rice sinks down, and sticks in the mud beneath, and when the waters are gone, they find it has taken root and sprouted, and it grows up and gives them a harvest. This is "casting their bread upon the waters, and finding it after many days."

LESSON XL.—THE CREATION—SIXTH DAY.

Now I shall tell you of the last thing God made.

God took some of the dust of the ground, and made the body of a man; then He breathed on it, and gave it a soul; so the man could understand about God. Adam was quite good like God. Adam loved God very much.

God put him in a very pretty garden, full of trees covered with fruit. This garden was called the garden of Eden. God showed Adam all the beasts and birds, and let Adam give them what names he pleased. He said to Adam, "I give you all the fishes, and insects, and birds, and beasts; you are their master." So Adam was king over all things on the earth.

God said to Ad-am, "You may eat of the fruit that grows on the trees in the gar-den." Still God did not let him be i-dle, but told him to take care of the gar-den.

You see how very kind God was to Ad-am.

But Ad-am had no friends to be with him; for the beasts and the birds could not talk to Ad-am. Then God said He would make a wom-an to be a friend to Ad-am. So God made Ad-am fall fast a-sleep; and while he was a-sleep, God took a piece of flesh out of his side, and made it into a wom-an. When Ad-am a-woke, he saw her. He knew that she was made of his flesh and bones, and he loved her very much. Her name was Eve.

You have heard of all the things God made. They were all beau-ti-ful; and all the liv-ing things were quite hap-py; there was no pain; and no sigh-ing, and no sin in all the world.

God had been six days in ma-king the world. And when He had fin-ished it, He rest-ed, and made no more things. The an-gels saw the world that God had made: they were pleased, and sang a sweet song of praise to God. Je-sus Christ the Son of God was pleased, for He loved Ad-am and Eve.—"*Peep of Day.*"

LESSON XLI.—THE YOUNG MINER.

By a sud-den burst of wa-ter into one of the New-cas-tle col-li-er-ies, thir-ty-five men and for-ty-one lads were driv-en into a dis-tant part of the pit, from which there was no pos-si-bi-li-ty of re-turn un-til the wa-ter should be drawn off. While this was ef-fect-ing, though all pos-si-ble means were used, the whole num-ber died, from star-va-tion or suf-fo-ca-tion. When the bod-ies were drawn up from the pit, seven of the youths were

dis-covered in a cave sep-a-rate from the rest. A-mong these was one of very mor-al and re-li-gi-ous hab-its, whose dai-ly read-ing of the sa-cred Scrip-tures to his wid-owed moth-er, when he came up from his la-bours, had been a com-fort in her lone-ly con-di-tion. After his fu-ne-ral, a kind friend of the neg-lect-ed poor went to vis-it her; and while the moth-er showed him, as a relic of her son, his Bible worn and soiled with constant pe-ru-sal, he hap-pened to cast his eyes on a can-dle-box, with which, as a mi-ner, he had been fur-nished, and which had been brought up from the pit with him; and there he dis-covered the fol-low-ing affect-ing rec-ord of the fil-ial af-fec-tion and stead-fast pi-e-ty of the youth. In the dark-ness of the suf-fo-ca-ting pit, with a bit of point-ed iron, he had en-graved on the box his last mes-sage to his moth-er, in these words:—

“Fret not, my dear moth-er—for we were sing-ing and prais-ing God while we had time. Moth-er, fol-low God more than I did. Joseph, be a good lad to God and moth-er.”

This was faith; and oh, what com-fort did it give this poor boy in the hour of death; and what com-fort to the poor wid-ow as she wept over her dear son! May you, dear chil-dren, all have such a faith.—*Todd.*

LESSON XLII.—SHEEP.

One day, Ma-ry Jack-son and her broth-er Tom were walk-ing to-geth-er in a green field; they stopped to look at the sheep that were eat-ing the grass, and at the lit-tle lambs that were skip-ping a-bout.

“Ma-ry,” said her broth-er, “do you see how clean and white their flee-ces are? The fleece is the wool which grows on the sheep’s back. Do you know, Ma-ry,

what is done with the wool when it is cut off the sheep's back?"

"O yes, Tom, I know that; for I have seen folks spin the wool into yarn; and then I knit some of the yarn into this pair of stock-ings; so that these stock-ings, Tom, once grew on a sheep's back."

"But, Ma-ry, do you think that stock-ings are the on-ly things that wool is made into?"—"No, Tom; I know that flan-nel, and blan-kets, and cloth for men's coats, and many oth-er things are made of wool; but I do not know how, for I am sure I could not knit a blan-ket or a coat."

"No, Ma-ry, you could not, in-deed. Fath-er told me that flan-nel, and blan-kets, and cloth, are wov-en; and he said, that when I was old-er, he would take me to a weav-er to see some cloth wov-en."

"But, Tom," said Ma-ry, "does it not hurt the sheep to cut off their wool?"—"No, Ma-ry, I be-lieve it does not hurt them more than it hurts us to have our hair cut. As the sheep are out in the cold win-ter nights, they would be very cold if God had not giv-en them wool to keep them warm; but they are very glad in the sum-mer to have their wool ta-ken from them, be-cause it would make them very hot to have their fleec-es on their backs in warm weath-er."

"Oh, broth-er," said Ma-ry, "how good it is of God to make the wool grow on the sheeps' backs, to keep them warm in win-ter! and when the fine weath-er comes, and the sheep do not want it any more, this same wool makes use-ful things to keep us warm. How good is God!"

LESSON XLIII.—THE TRAVELLER.

Sweet to the morn-ing trav-el-ler
The song a-mid the sky,
Where, twink-ling in the dew-y light,
The sky-lark soars on high.

And cheer-ing to the trav-el-ler
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heav-i-ly he drags
A-long his noon-tide way.

And when be-neath the un-cloud-ed sun
Full wea-ri-ly toils he,
The flow-ing wa-ter makes to him
A sooth-ing mel-o-dy.

And when the eve-ning light de-cays,
And all is calm a-round,
There is sweet mu-sic to his ear,
In the dis-tant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all de-light-ful sounds,
Of eve-ning or of morn,
The sweet-est is the voice of love
That wel-comes his re-turn.—*Southey.*

LESSON XLIV.—TEA.

Tea is the leaf of a pret-ty del-i-cate shrub grow-ing in Chi-na. It has white blos-soms, very much like those of the dog rose. The Chi-nese cul-ti-vate their fa-vour-ite plants with great care, wa-ter-ing and weed-ing them con-stant-ly. They gath-er the leaves three times a year. The ear-li-est har-vest is the most val-u-a-ble. You lit-tle think how much time and la-bour it costs the Chi-nese to pre-pare the tea for our use. They are

care-ful to wear gloves when gath-er-ing it, lest their hands should in-jure the fine green col-our. The leaves are al-lowed to re-main for some hours in open bas-kets. They are then dried in i-ron pans over heat-ed stoves. The next thing to be done is to *curl* the leaves, by rub-bing them gen-tly in the hands. Then they are roast-ed a-gain; and after all the pro-cess is fin-ish-ed, the tea is spread on a table, and every bad leaf is picked out. It is then care-ful-ly packed in boxes and jars, and sent a-way in ships to Eng-land, and to oth-er coun-tries.

Tea was at first im-por-ted into Eng-land in very small quan-ti-ties, and was so scarce and ex-pen-sive, that even the wealth-i-est peo-ple could on-ly very sel-dom ob-tain it. It is said that the East In-dia Com-pa-ny, not quite two hun-dred years ago, made a pres-ent of two pounds two ounces of tea to King Charles the Sec-ond. We should think this a very strange pres-ent for a king *now*, when more than for-ty mil-lion pounds of tea are drunk in Eng-land ev-er-y year, and the poor as well as the rich can en-joy this re-fresh-ing bev-e-rage ev-er-y day.

LESSON XLV.—THE CREATION—SEVENTH DAY.

The sev-enth day was now come, and it was the first Sab-bath. The work of cre-a-tion was fin-ish-ed, and God rest-ed from His work on the sev-enth day. We do not know how this Sab-bath was kept in heav-en, for God does not tell us in the Bi-ble. But I sup-pose that the an-gels praised God for ma-king this world, and for cre-a-ting Ad-am and Eve. And I sup-pose that Ad-am and Eve kept this Sab-bath by thank-ing God for His good-ness to them, and by rest-ing from their work, and

by trying to learn all that they could a-bout God, and a-bout their du-ty to Him. God meant that the Sab-bath should be kept by Ad-am and Eve, and by all their chil-dren. He meant that it should be kept by all the men, and wom-en, and chil-dren who should ev-er live in this world. And He showed them how to keep it; for He rest-ed from His work on the sev-enth day. And, many years after, He said, in the fourth com-mand-ment, RE-MEM-BER THE SAB-BATH DAY TO KEEP IT HO-LY.

My dear chil-dren, let me ask you a plain ques-tion. Do you re-mem-ber the Sab-bath day to keep it ho-ly? I will tell you what it is to keep the Sab-bath ho-ly. You must not do any work—you must not play a-bout the house, or in the fields—you must not think a-bout your play-things, and talk a-bout them, and wish the Sab-bath was over. When you rise in the morn-ing, you must pray to God that He would help you to keep ho-ly the Sab-bath day. And you must ask your fath-er and moth-er to talk to you a-bout God, and tell you what you can do to please Him. And when you are at the Sun-day school, you must lis-ten to ev-er-y word that your teach-er says, and try to re-mem-ber it. And when the min-is-ter prays in the house of God, you must try to un-der-stand him, and pray with him in your heart. And if you see any wick-ed chil-dren play-ing on the Sab-bath, you must tell them that God sees them, and that God has said, RE-MEM-BER THE SAB-BATH DAY TO KEEP IT HO-LY.—*Mrs. Hooker.*

LESSON XLVI.—ANCIENT PAPER.

“Ros-a-mond, come this way!—make haste, run!” cried God-frey.

Ros-a-mond ran; but when she came op-po-site to the

plant, to which her brother was pointing, she stood still, disappointed.

"I see nothing, brother, that is pretty."

"No, but you see something that is useful; or, at least, that was very useful formerly. This is the papyrus, or *paper rush*."

"Very likely," said Rosamond, "but I see nothing like paper, nor like a rush."

"It is not like the little rushes you have seen in the fields, Rosamond; but it is a kind of rush, and it grew at first on the banks of the Nile, in Egypt, you know."

"Yes, I know the Nile is a river in Egypt."

"And the Egyptians used to write all their books upon it, and all that they wrote; because they had no such paper as we use now."

"Very likely," said Rosamond; "but I cannot imagine what part of it they wrote upon, or how they wrote upon it."

"I will explain it to you. Look at this stem of the plant; look, it is composed of thin leaves, as it were, one over the other. It was on these they wrote; of these, when unfolded, they made their sort of paper; they cut off the top of the plant, and the root, which were of no use, and with a sharp knife they divided these leaves or rinds of the stem, and flattened them, and put one over the other, cross-wise; so that one leaf lay breadth-wise, and the other length-wise; and stuck them together with the muddy water of the Nile, or with a sort of paste; and then the leaves were dried and pressed with heavy weights; and sometimes they were polished by rubbing them with a smooth stone."

"Rub as they would," said Rosamond, "they could

never make it into such nice paper as ours; they could not make it white."

"No; but it was better than none. The Romans used to write upon it a great while after the Egyptians."

"And how could they write with a pen and ink upon this leafy paper?"

"They wrote with a hard sort of pen-cil, that made marks on the papyrus."—*Miss Edgeworth.*

LESSON XLVII.—CHAMOIS HUNTING.

In one part of Austria called Styria, there are very fine mountains, and wild creatures like deer, called chamois, leaping among the rocks. There are hunters who spend their time in trying to catch the pretty chamois. Once upon a time a hunter found a chamois with two very little ones in a hole on the top of a high rock. The little chamois were sporting by their mother, and she was watching to see that nobody came near to hurt them. The hunter, holding by both hands to a rock, peeped at the happy family. The old chamois caught sight of him, and ran at him in a fury, and with her horns tried to push him down into the deep place below. The hunter pushed her away with his feet, and still went on coming nearer to the little ones. The poor chamois rushed back to them and showed them how to leap from their hole on to another rock; but the young creatures were too young to jump so far. What would become of them! The hunter with his gun was creeping very close. At last the mother thought of a plan. She made her body into a bridge. She stretched her fore feet as far as the rock beyond, and looked back at her little ones, hoping they

would know what to do. And they did. They sprang up-on her as light-ly as cats, and reached the other side; and then all three were off like the wind, and were soon out of reach of the hunt-er's gun.

What a clev-er cha-mois that was, and what a ten-der moth-er! Oh! what will not a moth-er do to save her lit-tle ones from per-ish-ing!—" *Near Home.*"

LESSON XLVIII.—THE CAMEL.

Cam-el, thou art good and mild,
Do-cile as a lit-tle child;
Thou wast made for use-ful-ness,
Man to com-fort and to bless.
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed;
And through wilds of track-less sand,
In the hot A-ra-bi-an land,
Where no rock its shad-ow throws,
Where no cool-ing wa-ter flows,
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of sing-ing bird;
There thou goest, un-tired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
With thy load of pre-cious things—
Silks for mer-chants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Or-muz, rich-es rare,
Da-mas-cene and In-di-an ware;
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freight-ed like a cost-ly ship!
And when week by week is gone,
And the trav-el-ler jour-neys on
Fee-bly, when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,

Cam-el, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kind-ly, sooth-ing-ly,
As if thou wouldst, cheer-ing, say,
"Jour-ney on for this one day—
Do not let thy heart des-pond!
There is wa-ter yet be-yond!
I can scent it in the air—
Do not let thy heart des-pair!"
And thou guid'st the trav-el-ler there.

Cam-el, thou art good and mild,
Do-cile as a little child;
Thou wast made for use-ful-ness,
Man to com-fort and to bless.
And the des-ert wastes must be
Un-tracked re-gi-ons but for thee!

Mrs. Howitt.

LESSON XLIX.—SUGAR.

Sug-ar is the juice of a cane cul-ti-va-ted in the West In-dies. It is very tall; grow-ing from ten to twen-ty feet high, with a knot-ted stem. The canes are cut down, and the juice is squeezed out and boiled with a little lime in it. As it boils, the scum which ri-ses to the top is care-ful-ly ta-ken off, and as soon as the liq-uid is clear, it is poured into shal-low pans, to cool and hard-en. When the sug-ar has cooled into grains or crys-tals, it is put into large casks. The mo-las-ses, or moist part re-main-ing, is drained off, and the sug-ar is then ready for ex-por-ta-tion.

Sug-ar grows in very hot coun-tries, where Eng-lish peo-ple could not work in the fields. The heat would soon kill them, if they were ex-posed to it. Sug-ar is

made by ne-groes, who first came from Af-ri-ca. Shall I tell you how they used to get the ne-groes? It is a sad story of cru-el-ty and in-jus-tice. Ships went to Af-ri-ca, and the poor Af-ri-cans were caught, torn away from their coun-try, crowd-ed into the ships, and car-ried away to the West In-dies, where they were sold —by the bad men who had sto-len them—to the sug-ar plant-ers. The mas-ters who bought them, made them work all day be-neath the burn-ing sun, and of-ten cru-el-ly flogged them, if their tasks were not fin-ished. This dread-ful traf-fic was called the slave-trade. A few years ago, Eng-lish-men be-gan to feel how wick-ed it was to keep *men* as slaves, and a law was passed, ma-king all the slaves free. Oh, what joy for them! The is-lands, which were so full of suffer-ing and sor-row, are now filled with a hap-py, in-dus-tri-ous peo-ple. Good men have gone to teach the ne-groes a-bout God, and a-bout Je-sus Christ who died to save them, and many of them have be-come true Chris-tians.

In some coun-tries the poor Af-ri-cans are still bought and sold. Do you not hope that the day will soon come when they shall all be set free. and there shall be no more slaves? "For God hath made of one blood all na-tions of men."

LESSON L.—SWARTZ.

Swartz was a mis-sion-a-ry, that is, one who left his own coun-try to preach the Gos-pel to the hea-then. He died at the age of sev-en-ty-two, hav-ing been a mis-sion-a-ry for-ty-eight years in In-dia. He had such a high cha-rac-ter among the hea-then, that he was suf-fered to pass through sav-age and law-less tribes un-mo-lest-ed. They said, "Let him a-lone,—let him pass,—

he is a man of God!" A ty-rant, named Hy-der Al-ly, while he re-fused to en-ter into a trea-ty with oth-ers, said, "Send me Swartz;—send me the Chris-tian mis-sion-a-ry to treat with me, for him on-ly can I trust." The peo-ple had been so cru-el-ly used, that they left their lands and re-fused to raise any-thing. All they had raised had been seized and ta-ken away. The whole coun-try would soon have been in a fam-ine. The hea-then ru-ler prom-ised jus-tice, and tried to in-duce them to go back to their farms; but all in vain. They would not be-lieve him. Swartz then wrote to them, ma-king the same prom-ises. Seven thou-sand men re-tur-ned to their land in one day.

When he came to die, he lay for a time ap-pa-rent-ly life-less. Ge-ricke, a wor-thy fel-low la-bour-er from the same coun-try, sup-pos-ing he was ac-tu-al-ly dead, be-gan to chant over his re-mains a stan-za of the fa-vour-ite hymn which they used to sing to-ge-th-er, to soothe each oth-er in his life-time. The vers-es were sung through, with-out a mo-tion or a sign of life from the still form be-fore him; but when the last clause was o-ver, the voice which was sup-posed to be hushed in death took up the sec-ond stan-za of the same hymn,—com-ple-ted it with a dis-tinct and sweet ut-ter-ance,—and then was hushed,—and was heard no more. The soul rose with the last strain.

How sweet-ly death comes to a good man, who has faith-ful-ly served Je-sus Christ!—*Todd.*

LESSON LI.—THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

There are many high hills in Scot-land, which are called Ben. The high-est of all is Ben Nev-is. On the taps of these Bens ea-gles build their nests. What nests

they are! flat like a floor, and very strong; the great sticks are of-ten placed be-tween two high rocks that hang over a deep place.

The ea-gles of-ten car-ry off the ha-res and rab-bits to their nests, and some-times young lambs.

It is said that once, while peo-ple were ma-king hay in a field, a great ea-gle saw a babe ly-ing a-sleep on a bun-dle of hay, and dart-ing down from a-bove, seized it with its great claws, and flew away. All the peo-ple, in a-larm, hur-ried off to-wards the moun-tains, where they knew this ea-gle had built its nest, and there they could just see the two old birds on the ledge of the rock.

Many cried, and wrung their hands in sor-row for the dear babe, but who would try to save it? There was a sail-or, who was used to climb the tall masts of the ships, and he be-gan to climb the steep sides of the moun-tain. But he had on-ly gone a few steps, when the moth-er start-ed up from the rough stone where she had been sit-ting, looked up at the ea-gle's nest, and be-gan to mount the rock her-self. Though only a poor weak wom-an, she soon got before the sail-or, and sprang from rock to rock, and when she could find no place for her feet, she held fast by the roots and the plants grow-ing on the moun-tain. It was won-der-ful to see how she made her way. Her love to her babe strength-ened her limbs, and God kept her feet from slip-ping. Every one looked ea-ger-ly at her, as she reached the top; they feared lest the fierce birds should hurt her,—but no—when she came into their nest, they screamed, and flew away. There the moth-er found her babe ly-ing a-mong the bones of an-i-mals, and stained with their blood; but the ea-gles had not be-gun to eat it, nor had they hurt a hair of its head. The moth-er bound it with her

shawl tight round her waist, and then began quickly to descend, and this was far more difficult than it had been to get up.

But where was the sail or all this while? He had only got up a little way, and then his head had grown giddy, and he had been forced to return.

See the fond mother, with her babe in her bosom, sliding down the rock, holding now by the yellow broom, and now by the prickly briar, and getting safely down places as steep as the sides of a house. When she had got half way down, she saw a goat leading its two kids into the valley; she knew that it would take its little ones along the easiest path, and she followed the creature, till she met her friends coming up the mountain to meet her. How glad they were to see her again amongst them! Many a mother wished to hold the babe in her arms. How much they wondered to find the eagle's claws had not torn its tender flesh!

What will not a mother do to save her child! I hope this little babe, when it grew older, loved the kind mother who had climbed up the steep rock, to save it from the eagle's cruel claws and bloody beak.—“*Near Home.*”

LESSON LII.—THE MARMOT.

Look at that little creature. Is it a hare? No, it is much stouter than a hare; besides, it has not long ears like a hare. Is it a squirrel? No, it is much bigger than a squirrel, and it has not a long tail like a squirrel. Yet it is very much like a squirrel in its way of eating. See, it is now sitting up, and holding an apple between its fore-paws. Here, little fellow, is a

piece of cake. How tame it is! it takes the cake out of my hand. Ask the cook what is the name of that lit-tle an-i-mal.

It is a mar-mot, and it comes from the moun-tains of Swit-zer-land. Do not be a-fraid of it, for it is very good-na-tured, and though it has sharp teeth, it will not bite you. Only we must take care our lit-tle dog does not fol-low us in, for it hates dogs very much, and will fly at them when it sees them.

Ask the cook what the mar-mot eats. An-y-thing and ev-er-y-thing, meat, pud-ding, and fruit; but it is most pleased if it can get into the dai-ry, to lap the milk, and de-vour the but-ter. It seems very fond of the hot kit-chen fire, for it can-not bear the cold. It likes to lie in this warm bas-ket lined with hay. I wish you could see a mar-mot in its own na-tive moun-tains. It digs a hole in the earth with the help of its com-pan-ions, and lives un-der ground all the win-ter, in a nice large room, lined with moss and hay. It makes the hay it-self. O, what a cle-ver lit-tle hay-ma-ker! It has no scythe to mow with, no fork to toss the hay with, no cart to bring it home in; how then does it make hay? Its teeth are its scythe, and its paws are its fork. The little mar-mots car-ry the hay home them-selves, and make their room com-fort-a-ble be-fore win-ter comes. While they are ma-king hay, one mar-mot keeps watch, perched on a high rock, to see that no man, or dog, or great bird, comes near. If he sees one of these en-e-mies, he whis-tles, and then all the mar-mots hur-ry into their holes a-gain. Well, the mar-mot is a cle-ver little crea-ture in-deed.—“*Near Home.*”

LESSON LIII.—INSTINCT.

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs a-cross?

Who taught the bu-sy bee to fly
A-mong the sweet-est flowers?
And lay her store of hon-ey by,
To eat in win-ter hours?

Who taught the little ants the way
Their nar-row holes to bore?
And through the pleas-ant sum-mer's day
To gath-er up their store?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill;
And teach-es chil-dren, when they pray,
To do His ho-ly will.—*Jane Taylor.*

LESSON LIV.—FLAX.

"What is grow-ing in that field, moth-er, which looks so blue?" asked Ma-ry. "It is flax, my dear," said her moth-er; "let us go through the gate and look at the blue flowers; some of them will be very pret-ty to add to my nose-gay."

So they went through the gate to look at the flax. "But, moth-er," said Ma-ry, "this is not like the flax I see you spin; here are on-ly blue flowers and green stalks and leaves, quite dif-fer-ent from the flax you spin."

"When these flowers are with-ered a-way," said Mrs. Thomp-son, "and the seeds are come in-stead of them,

all the stalks will be pulled up and carried away to a place where they will be soaked in water first, and then they will be beat-en to make them in-te such flax as I spin." "Well," said Ma-ry, "I should not have thought these stalks could ever be made into flax for spin-ning."

"After the stalks are made into thread, it is taken to the weav-er's, and is there wov-en into lin-en, and when the lin-en comes home, it is spread out on the grass and sprink-led with wa-ter as it lies in the sun. This is called bleach-ing it. And do you know, Ma-ry," said Mrs. Thomp-son, "what your frock is made of?" "I think, moth-er," said Ma-ry, "you once told me it was made of cot-ton. Does cot-ton grow like flax in the fields?"

"Cot-ton," said Mrs. Thomp-son, "grows in those parts of the world where the cli-mate is warm, and when it is grow-ing and ready to be picked it looks something like wool. It is some-times called cot-ton wool. Large quan-ti-ties of it are raised in the south-ern parts of the U-ni-ted States."

"Is cot-ton spun into thread, the same as flax is, moth-er?" said Ma-ry.

"Yes, my dear," said her moth-er, "and it is wov-en in the same way as flax, and made into cal-i-co, such as your frock."

LESSON LV.—FAITH.

A child of mine, says Mr. Ce-ail, was play-ing one day with a few beads, which seemed to de-light her won-der-ful-ly. Her whole soul was ab-sorbed in her beads. I said—

"My dear, you have some pret-ty beads there."

"Yes, pa-pa."

"And you seem to be vast-ly pleased with them."

"Yes, pa-pa."

"Well, now, throw them be-hind the fire."

The tears start-ed into her eyes. She looked earnest-ly at me, as though she ought to have a rea-son for such a cru-el sac-ri-fice.

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I nev-er told you to do any-thing which I did not think would be good for you."

She looked at me a few mo-ments long-er, and then, sum-mon-ing up all her for-ti-tude, her breast heav-ing with the ef-fort, she dashed them into the fire.

"Well," said I, "there let them lie; you shall hear more a-bout them an-oth-er time; but say no more a-bout them now."

Some days af-ter, I bought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I re-turned home, I opened the treas-ure, and set it before her; she burst into tears of ec-sta-sy. "Those, my child," said I, "are yours, because you be-lieved me, when I told you it would be bet-ter for you to throw those beads be-hind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treas-ure. But now, my dear, re-mem-ber, as long as you live, what FAITH is. You threw your beads away when I bade you, be-cause you had faith in me, that I never ad-vised you but for your good. Put the same con-fi-dence in God. Be-lieve every thing He says in His Word. Wheth-er you un-der-stand it or not, have faith in Him that He means your good."

LESSON LVI.—KNOWLEDGE.

"What an ex-cel-lent thing is know-ledge!" said a sharp-look-ing, bust-ling lit-tle man, to one who was much old-er than him-self. "Know-ledge is an ex-cel-

lent thing," re-peat-ed he; "my boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They have heard about all sorts of things, and can talk on all sorts of sub-jects. The world is a great deal wi-ser than it used to be. Ev-er-y bod-y knows some-thing of ev-er-y thing now. Do you not think, Sir, that know-ledge is an ex-cel-lent thing?"

"Why, Sir," re-plied the old man, look-ing grave-ly, "that de-pends en-tire-ly on the use to which it is ap-plied. It may be a bless-ing or a curse. Know-ledge is only an in-crease of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing."

"That is what I can-not un-der-stand," said the bust-ling lit-tle man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," meek-ly re-plied the old man, and thus went on:—"When the power of a horse is un-der re-straint, the an-i-mal is use-ful in bear-ing bur-dens, draw-ing loads, and car-ry-ing his mas-ter; but when the re-straint is ta-ken away, the horse breaks his bri-dle, dash-es the car-riage to pie-ces, or throws his ri-der."

"I see! I see!" said the lit-tle man.

"When the wa-ter of a large pond is prop-er-ly con-duct-ed by trench-es, it makes the fields a-round fer-tile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps ev-er-y thing be-fore it, and de-roys the prod-uce of the field."

"I see! I see!" said the lit-tle man, "I see!"

"When a ship is steered a-right, the sail that she hoists up en-a-bles her the soon-er to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she car-ries, the far-ther will she go out of her course."

"I see! I see!" said the lit-tle man, "I see clear-ly!"

"Well, then," con-tin-ued the old man, "if you see

these things so clear-ly, I hope you can see, too, that know-ledge, to be a good thing, must be right-ly ap-plied. God's grace in the heart will ren-der the know-ledge of the head a bles-sing; but, with-out this, it may prove to us no bet-ter than a curse."

"I see! I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

LESSON LVII.—THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

Here are three dogs. How very differ-ent they are from each oth-er. One is very large, an-oth-er is very ug-ly, and the oth-er is very small and pret-ty. Yet the ug-ly dog is by far the clev-er-est and the best. I am sure you will love him most when I tell you some more about him. The ug-ly dog is called a shep-herd's dog. He came from Scot-land, where there are large flocks of sheep fed among the hills, and he is very use-ful to the shep-herds. The large dog is called a wolf-dog; he comes from Ire-land; he is near-ly as large as a po-ny. Wolf-dogs have killed al-most all the wolves in Ire-land. The pret-ty little dog came from Mal-ta. It is a lap-dog. It is called a Mal-tese dog. Lap-dogs are gen-e-ral-ly fed too much, and they be-come la-zy, and i-dle, and un-hap-py. The shep-herd's dog is a far hap-pi-er crea-ture, for he knows he is use-ful to his mas-ter. Let me tell you a short story about a Scotch shep-herd's dog. One day a shep-herd took his lit-tle boy with him, as well as his dog. The child was on-ly three years old. The fath-er left him a-lone, while he looked after some sheep, when sud-den-ly a thick fog came on. The poor man could not find his child. He hoped he had gone home; but when he in-quired, he found his wife had not seen him. Both fath-er and moth-er searched

a-round, but no child was to be seen. Next morn-ing they gave their dog a piece of bread for break-fast as u-su-al. As soon as the dog re-ceived it he ran off with it very quick-ly. The next day the dog did so a-gain. On the third day the shep-herd thought, "I will go and see what the dog does with his bread." He fol-lowed him down many a steep path, till at last he came to a wa-ter-fall. The shep-herd, step-ping from crag to crag, crossed the roar-ing stream. On the oth-er side, in a little hole of the rock, sat his little boy, eat-ing a piece of bread, while the dog lay be-side him, watch-ing his young mas-ter with love and plea-sure in his looks. O, how glad the shep-herd was to find his child! The poor dog had gone with-out his break-fast for two days. The lit-tle boy had been a-fraid of cross-ing the stream, and had not known how to get home. He would have been starved, if it had not been for the faith-ful dog.

Do you not love the shep-herd's dog, though his hair is coarse, and though his tail is short, and his ears stick up? You love him bet-ter than you do the lap-dog.—
"*Near Home.*"

LESSON LVIII.—THE SEASONS.

Win-ter is a drear-y time,
Then we hear the howl-ing blast,
Then the trees are bare as hop-poles,
Rain and hail are fall-ing fast:
Win-ter is a so-cial sea-son,
Then we gath-er round the fire;
Books and mu-sic then de-light us,
Fun and frolic mirth in-spire.

Spring's a va-ri-a-ble sea-son ;
 First comes zeph-yr, mild and meek ;
 Then the east wind nips the blos-som,
 Sun and shower play hide and seek.
 Spring's a sweet and mer-ry sea-son ;
 Spring with gar-lands decks the thorn,
 Fills the groves with songs of joy-ance ;
 Then the lamb and colt are born,

Sum-mer is a sul-try time,
 Then the glare of light op-press-es,
 Li-lacs fall, and gay la-bur-num
 Parts with all her gold-en pres-ses.
 Sum-mer's a de-light-ful sea-son,
 Then we view the gor-ge-ous flowers ;
 Fra-grant scents are waft-ed o'er us,
 While we sit in sha-dy bowers.

Au-tumn time is mel-an-chol-y ;
 Then the win-ter storms are nigh ;
 'Mid the gar-den's fa-ding rel-ics,
 Mourn-ful gusts are heard to sigh.
 Au-tumn's a lux-u-ri-ous sea-son,
 Then the har-vest glads our sight ;
 Fruits grow ripe, and, glit-t'ring pheas-ants,
 You must fall for our de-light.

Sara Coleridge.

LESSON LIX.—THE THREE KINGDOMS.

The va-ri-ous things which God in His good-ness has cre-a-ted, are di-vi-ded into three clas-ses, which are called the three king-doms of na-ture—the An-i-mal, the Veg-e-ta-ble, and the Min-e-ral king-doms.

The crea-tures be-long-ing to the an-i-mal king-dom

are a-live, can feel pleas-ure and pain, they can move from one place to an-oth-er, and are so made that they can feed them-selves, and can take care of their young.

The veg-e-ta-ble king-dom is al-so a-live; and veg-e-ta-bles are so made that they can feed them-selves, if food comes with-in their reach; but they can-not move a-bout in search of it, nor can they take care of the young plants. God has there-fore pro-vided that the young plants, as soon as the seed be-gins to grow, should be able to take care of them-selves; or, rath-er, I should say, He takes care of them, by send-ing them rain from the clouds, and heat from the sun, to feed and warm them, and en-a-ble them to grow.

Min-er-als nei-ther feel nor move, for they are not a-live: they there-fore want no nou-rish-ment them-selves, and they have no young to take care of: but yet you have seen what use-ful things min-er-als are, and how dif-fi-cult it would be for ei-ther an-i-mals or veg-e-ta-bles to do with-out them. We must, there-fore, feel grat-i-tude to-wards the Al-migh-ty for hav-ing made all these ex-cel-lent things, but a-bove all for ma-king us su-pe-ri-or to all the rest of the cre-a-tion; for it is we a-lone whom He has made rea-son-a-ble crea-tures, so that we can learn to know God, to a-dore and love Him, and to be tru-ly thank-ful for all the good things He has giv-en us.—*Mrs. Marcet.*

LESSON LX.—THE HEBREW MOTHER.

Sup-pose you had lived while the chil-dren of Is-ra-el lived in E-gypt. And sup-pose you had walked out some pleas-ant day, in the eve-ning, down to-wards the

river. Look now, and see what is before you! Yonder is a cluster of tall trees, and just under them is a cottage or hov-el. They are poor folks who live there. See, the house is small and has no paint on it, no windows, nothing about it that looks comfortable. This hov-el is the home of slaves. The man and the woman are poor slaves. But just look in. What is that woman doing? See her weaving a little basket with rushes, which she has gathered from the banks of the river. See! she weeps as she twists every flag; and, by the moving of her lips, you see that she is praying. She has finished it. Now watch her. Do you see her go to the corner of the room, and there kneel down, weep and pray over a beautiful little boy? See her embrace and kiss him. Now she lays him in the little basket; now she calls her little daughter, and tells her to take her little brother, and carry him, and lay him down by the cold river's side! There! now she takes the last look of her sweet babe; now she goes back weeping into the house, lifting her heart to God in prayer, while her daughter goes and carries her dear boy, and leaves him on the bank of the river. What will become of him? Will the crocodiles eat him up?—those great creatures which swim about in the river, and climb on the banks, and which have such dreadful teeth; or will the waters carry him off, and drown him? No, no. That poor mother has FAITH in God; and God will take care of her son. The king's daughter will find him, and save him, and that little infant is to be Moses, the leader of Israel, the prophet of God, and the writer of much of the Bible.

—*Todd.*

LESSON LXI.—THE NILE.

Children, you have all heard and read of Egypt. It is a wonderful country. There is no rain there, and yet the land is watered, and very fertile. Of old it was a land of plenty, and the great grain-house from which the old Roman empire used to fetch its bread. And that whole land is watered and made fruitful by one single river. Take that away, and it would at once be only a dreary sand-heap. Every spring that river rises and overflows its banks, and the people have their little canals dug, and their little dams built to catch the water; and then they go out and sow their rice on the waters. The rice sinks down, and the waters after a while dry up, and the rice grows, and they have a great harvest. Thus they "cast their bread upon the waters, and find it after many days." For a great while it was a matter of wonder what made the river rise so, and overflow its banks. At last a man, named Bruce, followed the river till he got far up among the mountains, nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the river, and there he found that these great mountains were covered with snow. It is the melting of this snow in the spring that makes the river rise so high. Up, far among the hills he went, till he came to a little pond, or spring. It was the very fountain and head-water of the Nile! How he sat down and rejoiced over his toil, and how he looked at that little fountain! It was the beginning of great things! Now are we not to believe that for thousands of years before Bruce ever saw it, the eye of God was watching it, as it poured out its waters, and sent them down to fertilize the whole of Egypt? Are we not to believe that the Lord rejoiced over this won-

der-ful work of His, when, for the first time, the gushing stream found its new chan-nel, and marked out the line of its march from the moun-tain to the great sea ?
—*Todd.*

LESSON LXII.—SWALLOWS.

The con-fi-dence which these birds place in the hu-man race is not a lit-tle ex-tra-or-di-na-ry. They not on-ly put them-selves, but their off-spring, in the power of men. I have seen their nests in sit-u-a-tions where they were with-in the reach of one's hand, and where they might have been de-stroyed in an in-stant. I have ob-served them un-der a door-way, the eaves of a low cot-tage, a-gainst the wall of a tool-shed, on the knock-er of a door, and the rafter of a much fre-quent-ed hay-loft.

A pair of swal-lows built their nest a-gainst one of the first-floor win-dows of an un-in-hab-ited house in Mer-ri-on Square, Dub-lin. A spar-row, how-ev-er, took pos-ses-sion of it, and the swal-lows were re-pea-t-ed-ly seen cling-ing to the nest, and en-dea-vour-ing to gain an en-trance to the a-bode which they had e-rect-ed with so much la-bour. All their ef-forts, how-ev-er, were de-feat-ed by the spar-row, who nev-er once quit-ted the nest. The per-se-ve-rance of the swal-lows was at length ex-haust-ed ; they took flight, but short-ly after-wards re-tur-ned, ac-com-pa-nied by a num-ber of their com-pa-nions, each of them hav-ing a piece of dirt in its bill. By this means they suc-ceed-ed in stop-ping up the hole, and the in-tru-der was im-mured in to-tal dark-ness. Soon after-wards the nest was ta-ken down, and ex-hib-ited to sev-e-ral per-sons with the dead spar-row in it. In this case there ap-pears to have been not on-ly a rea-son-ing fac-ul-ty, but the birds must have pos-

sessed the power of com-mu-ni-ca-ting their re-sent-ment and their wish-es to their friends, with-out whose aid they could not thus have a-venge'd the in-ju-ry they had sus-tained.—*Jesse*.

LESSON LXIII.—THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reap-er whose name is Death;
And with his sic-kle keen,
He reaps the beard-ed grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he;
“Have nought but the beard-ed grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back a-gain.”

He gazed at the flowers with tear-ful eyes,
He kissed their droop-ing leaves;
It was for the Lord of Par-a-dise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord hath need of these flower-ets gay,”
The Reap-er said, and smiled.
“Dear to-kens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Trans-plant-ed by my care;
And saints up-on their gar-ments white
These sa-cred blos-soms wear.”

And the moth-er gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all a-gain
In the fields of light a-bove.

Oh! not in cru-el-ty, not in yrrath,
The Reap-er came that day;
'Twas an an-gel vis-it-ed the green earth,
And took the flowers a-way.—*Longfellow.*

LESSON LXIV.—SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER AND SPEAKING
CHIP.

The fol-low-ing in-ci-dent, re-la-ted by Mr. Wil-liams, will give a stri-king i-dea of the feel-ings of an un-taught peo-ple, when ob-serv-ing for the first time the ef-fects of writ-ten com-mu-ni-ca-tion. "As I had come to work one morn-ing with-out my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of char-coal wrote up-on it a re-quest that Mrs. Wil-liams would send me that ar-ti-cle. I called a chief who was su-per-in-tend-ing his por-tion of the work, and said to him, 'Friend, take this; go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Wil-liams.' He was a sin-gu-lar look-ing man, and had been a great war-ri-or; but, in one of the nu-mer-ous bat-tles he had fought, had lost an eye, and giv-ing me an in-ex-press-i-ble look with the oth-er, he said, 'Take that! she will call me fool-ish and scold me, if I car-ry a chip to her.' 'No,' I re-plied, 'she will not; take it and go im-me-di-ate-ly; I am in haste.' Per-ceiv-ing me to be in ear-nest, he took it, and asked, 'What must I say?' I re-plied, 'You have noth-ing to say; the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of as-ton-ish-ment and con-tempt he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can this speak? Has this a mouth?' I de-sired him to take it im-me-di-ate-ly, and not spend so much time in talk-ing a-bout it. On ar-riv-ing at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Wil-liams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest, whith-er the chief, re-solv-ing to see the re-sult of this

mys-te-ri-ous pro-ceed-ing, fol-lowed her close-ly. On re-ceive-ing the square from her, he said, 'Stay, daugh-ter how do you know that this is what Mr. Wil-liams wants?' 'Why,' she re-plied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the as-ton-ish-ed war-ri-or, 'but I did not hear it say an-y-thing.' 'If you did not, I did,' was the re-ply, 'for it made known to me what he want-ed, and all you have to do is to re-turn with it as quick-ly as pos-si-ble.' With this the chief leaped out of the house; and catch-ing up the mys-ter-i-ous piece of wood he ran through the set-tle-ment with the chip in one hand and the square in the oth-er, hold-ing them up as high as his arms would reach, and shout-ing as he went, 'See the wis-dom of these Eng-lish peo-ple; they can make chips talk, they can make chips talk!' On giv-ing me the square, he wished to know how it was pos-si-ble thus to con-verse with per-sons at a dis-tance. I gave him all the ex-pla-na-tion in my power; but it was a cir-cum-stance in-volv-ed in so much mys-ter-y, that he ac-tu-al-ly tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. Du-ring sev-er-al fol-low-ing days we fre-quently saw him sur-round-ed by a crowd, who were lis-ten-ing with in-tense in-ter-est, while he nar-ra-ted the won-ders which this chip had per-formed."—*Williams's "Missionary Enterprises."*

LESSON LXV.—THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

The same hand that wrote the texts in the Bi-ble, paint-ed the lil-y. God has paint-ed the skies, and made the stars to flash and spar-kle, and turned the clouds of the morn-ing and the eve-ning in-to pal-a-ces of gold, or rolled them up like great float-ing moun-tains of sil-ver. He does not glue the clouds to the sky, nor hang them

up there like great sheets of lead, nor spread them out like lakes of ink, but He rolls them from one beautiful form in-to an-oth-er. He folds the heav-ens in fes-toons, and hangs the rain-bow o-ver the earth like a great wreath of flowers. He paints the grass on which you tread, the deep-est green; and in the sum-mer morn-ing, when the world sits si-lent, as if wait-ing for a choir of an-gels to lift up their voi-ces and praise Him, or when the great red sun goes down at night, like a joy-ous child go-ing to his pil-low, how beau-ti-ful it is! What a look the sun throws back when he turns the lake in-to a great ba-sin of gold!

And the spring! When the win-ter goes a-way, what a res-ur-rec-tion! The riv-er bursts from the chains of ice that held it so fast; the lit-tle seed that lay freez-ing in the ground be-gins to sprout; the lit-tle bird whose notes seem to trem-ble for joy, the small in-sect that leaps up and ut-ters his hum of glad-ness, the moun-tains with their thin veil of blue o-ver their fa-ces, the buds that swell and burst, and the ver-y trees that seem to clap their hands for joy—all preach a-bout God!

“Con-sid-er the lil-ies!” We must, my dear chil-dren, stud-y the works of God. Oh! He *might* have made the grass to be col-oured like the mud in the street; the trees to shoot up their branch-es like i-ron wire, with-out a green leaf to cov-er them; the morn-ing sky to be black, like the pall on a cof-fin; and He *might* have made ev-er-y beast to howl in pain, and ev-er-y bird to shriek in notes of ag-o-ny, and ev-er-y bush to bris-tle with thorns, and ev-er-y flow-er to hang its head in a sick-ly yel-low, with a fra-grance like that of an old grave; and the spark-ling brooks *might* have been made to

lie still and dead ; but in-stead of that He has made the flowers to smile on us,—has hung, as it were, a whole flower gar-den lift-ed up on a sin-gle ap-ple-tree ; and has clothed the pear, the peach, and the cher-ry trees in beau-ti-ful flowers, like a queen's robe thrown o-ver each tree. The fields of grain send a-broad their per-fume. The ver-y po-ta-to has a charm-ing flower. All these hath God made, not to be eat-en or drunk, or burned up, but to make our hearts glad and our eyes de-light-ed. Con-sid-er the flow-ers.—*Todd.*

LESSON LXVI.—A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

"I won-der," said a spar-row, "what the ea-gles are a-bout, that they don't fly a-way with the cats. And now I think of it, a civ-il ques-tion can-not give of-fence." So the spar-row fin-ish-ed her break-fast, went to the ea-gle, and said :—

"May it please your roy-al-ty, I see you and your roy-al race fly a-way with the kids and the lambs that do no harm ; but there is not a crea-ture so ma-lig-nant as a cat. She prowls a-bout our nests, eats up our young, bites off our own heads. She feeds so dain-ti-ly that she must be her-self good eat-ing. She is light-er to car-ry than a kid, and you would get a fa-mous grip in her loose fur. Why do you not feed up-on cat?"

"Ah," said the ea-gle, "there is sense in your ques-tion ! I had the worm, too, here this morn-ing, ask-ing me why I did not break-fast up-on spar-row. Do I see a mor-sel of worm's skin on your beak, my child?"

The spar-row cleaned his bill up-on his bo-som, and said, "I should like to see the worm who came to you with that in-qui-ry." "Stand for-ward, worm," the

cagle said. But, when the worm appeared, the sparrow snapped him up and ate him. Then he went on with his argument against the cats.—*Henry Morley.*

LESSON LXVII.—A BABY ELEPHANT.

Of the two young elephants which were taken in the Corral, the smallest (ten months old) was sent down to my house at Colombo, where he became a general favourite with the servants. He attached himself especially to the coachman, who had a little shed erected for him near his own quarters in the stables. But his favourite resort was the kitchen, where he received a daily allowance of milk and plantains, and picked up several other delicacies besides. He was innocent and playful in the extreme, and when walking in the grounds he would trot up to me, twine his little trunk round my arm, and coax me to take him to the fruit-trees. In the evening the grass-cutters now and then indulged him by permitting him to carry home a load of fodder for the horses, on which occasions he assumed an air of gravity that was highly amusing, showing that he was deeply impressed with the importance and responsibility of the service entrusted to him. Being sometimes permitted to enter the dining-room, and helped to fruit at dessert, he at last learned his way to the side-board; and on more than one occasion having stolen in, during the absence of the servants, he made a clear sweep of the wine-glasses and china in his endeavours to reach a basket of oranges. For these, and similar pranks, we were at last forced to put him away. He was sent to the government stud, where he was affectionately

re-ceived and a-dopt-ed by Si-ri-bed-di, a tame fe-male el-e-phant, and he now takes his turn of pub-lic du-ty in the de-part-ment of the Com-mis-sion-er of Roads.—*Ten-
nent's "Ceylon."*

LESSON LXVIII.—THE RAVEN.

Ra-ven on the blast-ed tree,
Sit-ting, croak-ing mourn-ful-ly,
I would have a word with thee!

Ra-ven, thou art si-lent now,
On the splin-tered for-est bough,
Glan-cing on me thy bright eye,
I shall ask—do thou re-ply!

In that far-gone aw-ful time,
When the earth was purged of crime,
And old No-ah and the sev-en
In the go-pher ark were driv-en—

RAVEN.

I was there.

POET.

I know it, bird.

And when rain no more was heard,
Plash-ing down in tor-rents wild;
When the face of heav-en grew mild,
And from moun-tain sum-mits brown
The sub-si-ding floods went down,
And the pris-oned crea-tures fain
Scent-ed the young earth a-gain;
Where-fore, when the pa-tri-arch forth
Sent thee to look round the earth,
And bring ti-dings to his door,
Cam'st thou to the ark no more?

RAVEN.

Nar-row was the ark, but wide
And fair the earth on ev-er-y side ;
And all a-round in glens and plains
Lay of life the lorn re-mains ;
Man, and beast, and bird, like seed
Scat-tered on the har-vest mead :
How could I re-turn to bear
'Ti-dings ? I was feast-ing there !

POET.

Ra-ven, lo ! I thought the same ;
But in af-ter years ye came
To the ex-iled pro-phet good,
Bring-ing him his dai-ly food.

RAVEN.

Yes,—by Che-rith brook there grew
Might-y ce-dars not a few ;
And a ra-ven tree was there,
Spread-ing forth its branch-es bare.
'Twas our home, when thith-er ran
From the king, an aw-ful man,
Robed and san-dalled as in haste,
With a gir-dle round his waist ;
Strong-ly built, with brow se-vere,
And the bear-ing of a seer.
Down by Che-rith brook he lay ;
And at morn and set of day
Thus a voice un-to us said,
“ By you must this man be fed ;
Bring him flesh, and bring him bread ! ”

And by us he was sup-plied,
Dai-ly, morn and ev-en-tide,
Un-til Che-rith brook was dried !

POET.

Won-drous mir-a-cle of love !

RAVEN.

Doth it thus thy spir-it move ?
Deep-er truth than this shall reach thee ;
Christ, He bade the ra-ven teach thee.
“ They plough not,” said He, “ nor reap,
Nor have cost-ly hoards to keep ;
Store-house none, nor barn have they,
Yet God feeds them ev-er-y day !
Fret not, then, your souls with care
What to eat or what to wear,
He who hears the ra-ven’s cry,
Look-eth with a pit-y-ing eye
On His hu-man fam-i-ly.”

POET.

Ra-ven, thou art spir-it-cheer-ing ;
What thou say’st is worth the hear-ing ;
Nev-er more be it a-verred
That thou art a dole-ful bird !—*Mary Howitt.*

LESSON LXIX.—ICEBERGS.

One morn-ing, ear-li-er than the u-su-al time of ri-sing,
the stew-ard a-wa-kened us with the news that ice-bergs
were close at hand. This was charm-ing in-tell-i-gence,
for so late in the sea-son they are but rare-ly met with.
We were all soon on deck, and for a wor-thy ob-ject.
One was a grand fel-low, with two great domes, each as
large as that of St. Paul’s; the low-er part was like

frost-ed sil-ver. Where the heat of the sun had melt-ed the sur-face, and it had fro-zen a-gain, in its grad-u-al de-cay it had as-sumed all sorts of an-gu-lar and fan-tas-tic shapes, re-flect-ing from its green trans-pa-rent mass, thou-sands of pris-mat-ic col-ours ; while be-low the gen-tle swell dal-lied with its cliff-like sides. The ac-tion of the waves had worn a-way a great por-tion of the base o-ver the wa-ter, in-to deep nooks and caves, de-stroy-ing the bal-ance of the mass ; while we were pas-sing, the cri-sis of this te-di-ous pro-cess chanced to ar-rive ; the huge white rock tot-tered for a mo-ment, then fell in-to the calm sea, with a sound like the roar of a thou-sand can-non ; the spray rose to a great height in-to the air, and large waves rolled round, spread-ing their wide cir-cles o-ver the o-cean, each ring di-min-ish-ing till at length they sank to rest. When the spray had fal-len a-gain, the glit-ter-ing domes had van-ish-ed, and a long low is-land of rough snow and ice lay on the sur-face of the wa-ter.

There is some-thing im-press-ive and dis-mal in the fate of these cold and lone-ly wan-der-ers of the deep. They break loose by some great ef-fort of na-ture from the shores and riv-ers of the un-known re-gions of the north, where, for cen-tu-ries per-haps, they have been ac-cu-mu-la-ting, and com-mence their drear-y voy-age, which has no end but in an-ni-hil-a-tion. For years they may wan-der in the Po-lar sea, till some strong gale or cur-rent bears them past its i-ron lim-its ; then by the pre-dom-i-nance of winds and wa-ters to the south, they float past the des-o-late coasts of New-found-land. Al-ready the sum-mer sun makes sad hav-oc in their strength, melt-ing their lof-ty heights ; but each night's frost binds up what is left, and still on, on, glides the

great mass, slowly, solemnly. You can-not perceive that it stirs, the great-est storm does not rock it, the keen-est eye can-not discover a motion, but moment by moment, day by day, it passes to the south, where it wastes a-way, and van-ish-es at last.

In June and July they are most numerous, and there is oft-en much danger from their neighbourhood in the dark moon-less nights; but the thermometer, if consulted, will always indicate their approach; it fell eight de-grees when we neared the ice-berg which I have now de-scribed, and the cold was sen-sibly felt.—
“*Hochelaga.*”

LESSON LXX.—THE CORNISH MINER.

Deep down in the shaft of a Corn-ish mine, two mi-ners were bu-sy put-ting in a shot for blast-ing. They had fin-ished their work, and were a-bout to give the sig-nal for be-ing hoist-ed up. One at a time was all that the man at the wind-lass could man-age. Whilst the first was reach-ing the top, the sec-ond was to kin-dle the match, and then in his turn to mount with all speed.

Whilst they were stand-ing to-geth-er, one of them thought that the match was too long, and took a cou-ple of stones, a sharp and a flat one, to cut it short-er. He did cut it of the right length, but, hor-ri-ble to re-late, kin-dled it at the same time. And the two men were still be-low!

Both shout-ed ve-he-ment-ly to the man a-bove at the wind-lass, both sprang at the bas-ket; but the wind-lass-man could not move it with them both. What a mo-ment for the poor mi-ners! In-stant and ter-ri-ble death hangs o-ver them, when one gen-e-rous-ly re-sig-nus him-self.

“Go aloft, Jack,” says he, and sits down quietly; “in one minute I shall be in heaven.” The basket bounds upwards, the explosion instantly follows, bruising Jack’s face as he looks over; he is safe above ground, but what of poor Will who saved him? At length all was still. One by one they eagerly descended, dreading to find only his shattered remains. But he was safe; God was with the miner in his living tomb, and caused the rocks to form an arch over him, so that he was found alive and little injured.

The story of this man’s prompt and calm heroism, recorded in the newspapers of the day, attracted the admiration and interest of a gifted visitor in that neighbourhood. He thought it worth investigating, found it to be accurately true, and received from Will’s own lips the explanation—“I was ready, but Jack was not!” What a power in this answer of strong and simple faith, from a humble Christian, unlearned of man, but taught of God. He knew that “his sins were forgiven him for his Saviour’s sake.” He that hath the Son of God hath life. O reader, whose eye follows this story, are you “like-wise ready?”

LESSON LXXI.—FISH OUT OF WATER.

A rich turbot was told of a family of perches in Ceylon, that, when its native pool is drying up, crawls over land with open gills, and crosses dusty roads to find another. An inquisitive mackerel was his informant.

“My dear Mac,” said the turbot, “what possesses you that you must tell me this? I have long been thinking that there must be, somewhere over the land,

much bet-ter wa-ter than this great salt wash of ours; but I can-not walk, Mac; some-bod-y must take me to it."

As he spoke, a net de-scend-ed through the sea. "O," said the tur-bot, "this is too good. Here is some one of-fer-ing to pull me up." So he jumped brisk-ly in; was ta-ken up, and car-ried o-ver-land with a great deal of care. The best of wa-ter was pro-vided for him in the fish ket-tle.

The mack-e-rel, when his friend leapt in-to the net, swam off, for he sup-posed it would be time e-nough for him to im-i-tate the perches, when the dry-ing up be-gan.
—*Henry Morley.*

LESSON LXXII.—SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.

One eve-ning, whilst ri-ding in the vic-in-i-ty of Kan-dy, my horse e-vinced some ex-cite-ment at a noise which ap-proached us in the thick jun-gle, and which con-sist-ed of a re-pe-ti-tion of the e-jac-u-la-tion *urmph!* *urmph!* in a hoarse and dis-sat-is-fied tone. A turn in the for-est ex-plained the mys-te-ry, by bring-ing me face to face with a tame el-e-phant, un-ac-com-pa-nied by an-y at-tend-ant. He was la-bour-ing pain-ful-ly to car-ry a heav-y beam of tim-ber, which he bal-anced a-cross his tusks, but the path-way be-ing nar-row, he was forced to bend his head to one side to per-mit it to pass end-ways; and the ex-er-tion and in-con-ve-ni-ence com-bined, led him to ut-ter the dis-sat-is-fied sounds which dis-turbed the com-po-sure of my horse. On see-ing us halt, the el-e-phant raised his head, re-con-noi-tred us for a mo-ment, then flung down the tim-ber, and vol-un-ta-ri-ly forced him-self back-wards a-mong the brush-wood so as

to leave a pas-sage, of which he ex-pect-ed us to a-vail our-selves. My horse hes-i-ta-ted ; the el-e-phant ob-served it, and im-pa-tient-ly thrust him-self deep-er in-to the jun-gle, re-pea-ting his cry of *wmph!* but in a voice ev-i-ident-ly meant to en-cour-age us to ad-vance. Still the horse trem-bled, and anx-i-ous to ob-serve the in-stinct of the two sa-ga-cious an-i-mals, I fore-bore any in-ter-fe-rence. A-gain the el-e-phant of his own ac-cord wedged him-self fur-ther in a-mong the trees, and man-i-fest-ed some im-pa-tience that we did not pass him. At length the horse moved for-ward ; and when we were fair-ly past, I saw the wise crea-ture stoop and take up its heav-y bur-then, turn and bal-ance it on its tusks, and re-sume its route as be-fore, hoarse-ly snort-ing its dis-con-tent-ed re-mon-strance.—*Tennant's "Ceylon."*

LESSON LXXIII.—LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Lit-tle trav-el-lers Zi-on-ward,
Each one en-ter-ing in-to rest,
In the king-dom of your Lord,
In the man-sions of the blest ;
There to wel-come Je-sus waits,
Gives the crowns His fol-low-ers win ;
Lift your heads, ye gold-en gates,
Let the lit-tle trav-el-lers in.

Who are they whose lit-tle feet,
Pa-cing life's dark jour-ney through,
Now have reached that heav-en-ly seat,
They had ev-er kept in view ?

"I from Green-land's fro-zen land ;"

"I from In-di-a's sul-try plain ;"

"I from Af-ric's bar-ren sand ;"

"I from is-lands of the main."

All our earth-ly jour-ney past,
Ev-er-y tear and pain gone by,
Here to-ge-th-er met at last,
At the port-al of the sky;
Each the wel-come "come" a-waits,
Con-que-rors o-ver death and sin,
Lift your heads, ye gold-en gates!
Let the lit-tle trav-el-lers in!—*Edmeston.*

LESSON LXXIV.—CARE OF CLOTHES.

The mas-ter of a school was ac-ci-den-tal-ly look-ing out of the win-dow one day, and saw one of the boys throw-ing stones at a hat, which was put upon the fence for that pur-pose.

When the hour set a-part for at-tend-ing to the gen-e-ral bus-i-ness of the school had ar-rived, and all were still, he said, "I saw one of the boys throw-ing stones at a hat to-day; did he do right or wrong?"

There were one or two faint mur-murs, which sound-ed like "wrong;" but the boys gen-e-ral-ly made no an-swer.

"Per-haps it de-pends a lit-tle upon the ques-tion whose hat it was. Do you think it does de-pend upon that?" "Yes, Sir."

"Well, then, sup-pose it was not his own hat, and he was throw-ing stones at it with-out the own-er's con-sent, would it be plain, in that case, wheth-er he was do-ing right or wrong?"

"Yes, Sir; wrong," was the u-ni-ver-sal re-ply.

"Sup-pose it was his own hat, would he have been right? Has a boy a right to do what he pleas-es with his own hat?"

"Yes, Sir;" "Yes, Sir." "No, Sir;" "No, Sir," answered the boys, con-fu-sed-ly.

"Well," said the mas-ter, "there are two sen-ses in which a hat may be said to be-long to any per-son. It may be-long to him be-cause he bought it and paid for it; or it may be-long to him be-cause it fits him and he wears it. In oth-er words, a per-son may have a hat as his prop-er-ty, or he may have it only as a part of his dress. Now, you see that, ac-cord-ing to the first of these sen-ses, all the hats in this school be-long to your fath-ers. There is not, in fact, a sin-gle boy in this school who has a hat of his own.

"Your fath-ers bought your hats. They worked for them, and paid for them. You are only the wear-ers, and con-se-quent-ly ev-er-y gen-e-rous boy will be care-ful of the prop-er-ty which is in-trust-ed to him; but which, strict-ly speak-ing, is not his own."—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON LXXV.—THE THREE TROUTS.

There were once three lit-tle sil-ver trouts who lived in a stream of clear wa-ter, which ran be-tween two high green banks. The banks pro-tect-ed it from the winds and storms, so that the wa-ter was al-ways smooth; and as the sun shone there, it was a very de-light-ful place. Be-sides, these lit-tle fish-es had plen-ty to eat and drink, and no-thing to trou-ble them; so that you would have ex-pect-ed them to be per-fect-ly hap-py. But, a-las! it was not so; these lit-tle trouts were so fool-ish as to be dis-con-tent-ed and un-hap-py; and God heard their com-plain-ing. So He told the lit-tle fish-es that each of them might wish for what-ev-er he pleased, and it should be grant-ed. So the first lit-tle trout said, "I

am tired of mo-ping up here in the wa-ter, and of hav-ing to stay all the time in one place; I should like to have wings to fly in the air as the birds do, and go where I pleased."

The next said, "I am a poor ig-no-rant lit-tle fish, and I do not know how to pro-tect my-self from dan-ger; I should like to have a great deal of know-ledge, and un-der-stand all a-bout hooks and nets, so that I may al-ways keep out of dan-ger."

The other lit-tle trout said, "I too am a poor igno-rant lit-tle fish, and for that rea-son I do not know what is best for me; my wish is, that God would take care of me, and give me just what He sees best for me; I do not want a-ny-thing that He does not choose to give me."

So God gave wings to the first, and he was very hap-py, and soared a-way in-to the air, and felt very proud, and de-spised his com-pan-ions whom he had left in the riv-er. He liked so much to fly, that he flew a-way off, till he came to a great des-ert where there was no wa-ter—no-thing but sand as far as he could see. By this time he was tired of fly-ing, and was faint and thirs-ty, but he could see no wa-ter. He tried to fly far-ther, but could not; his wings failed, and he fell down pant-ing on the hot sand, where he died mis-e-ra-bly.

And God gave the sec-ond lit-tle fish know-ledge, as he had de-sired, and he un-der-stood all kinds of dan-ger, but in-stead of be-ing hap-pi-er, he was all the time in ter-ror. He was a-fraid to go in-to the deep wa-ter, lest the great fish-es there should swal-low him up; and he was a-fraid to go in-to the shal-low wa-ter, lest it should dry up and leave him. If he saw a fly, or any thing

that he would like to eat, he did not venture to touch it, lest there should be a hook concealed under it. So he pined away and died.

But God loved the other little trout, and took care of him, and kept him from all dangers, so that he was the happiest little trout that ever lived.—*Henry Brooke.*

LESSON LXXVI.—THE RIVER AMAZON.

This river flows through Brazil. It is the largest in the world. It is the longest, the widest, and the deepest; it may well, therefore, be called the largest river. It is nearly two thousand miles long; it is one hundred and eighty miles wide at the mouth; in some places it is more than one hundred and twenty feet deep.

This large river is also beautiful, for its banks are clothed by beautiful trees. Monkeys sport among the branches and parrots scream.

Both monkeys and parrots are often caught to be sold as pets, but they are often killed to be served up for supper. There is no animal considered such good eating as a monkey. The most splendid of the parrot tribe are the macaws. They are valued for their feathers of red, blue, and yellow. The Indians make splendid feather dresses. Small feathers glued on a cotton cap turn it into a splendid crown. Long feathers make a sceptre. A feather mantle completes the splendour of the Indian kings.

There are vast plantations of cacao trees close by the Amazon. These are the trees whence chocolate and cocoa are made; they are low and stumpy, and they are quite different from *cocoa nut* trees. There

are rich Port-u-guese gen-tle-men who own these plan-ta-tions, and who live in ele-gant vil-las by the river side. They lead ver-y i-dle lives, for they need on-ly ex-ert them-selves once a year, when the fruit is ripe. Then the fruit is gath-ered, cut o-pen, the pips ta-ken out, dried in the sun, packed up, and put on board the ships go-ing up the Am-a-zon.

The trees which yield In-di-a rub-ber grow on the banks of the Am-a-zon. They are called Ser-in-ga trees. The In-di-a rub-ber is the sap. There are poor In-di-ans who live by col-lect-ing this sap. They in-hab-it wretch-ed huts close to the wa-ter, and un-der the deep shad-ow of the tall trees.

See that poor man go-ing out to col-lect sap. He goes up to a tree, and wounds it with a knife, then fast-ens a cup un-der the place to catch the milk-y stuff that slow-ly ooz-es forth. In one day he has wound-ed one hun-dred and twen-ty trees. He has walked man-y miles, for the trees do not stand close to-ge-th-er ; they are scat-tered a-mong the oth-er trees of the for-est.

Next day, the poor man goes out a-gain to col-lect the In-di-a-rub-ber milk. He finds a lit-tle in each cup. Al-to-ge-th-er he brings home two gal-lons in a ba-sin. His daugh-ter can make this milk in-to shoes. She takes it in-to a lit-tle thatched hut, where there is a small fur-nace in a jar. She dips a last (which she holds by a han-dle) in-to the milk ; then dries it by hold-ing it in the smoke of the fur-nace for a min-ute ; then dips it a-gain, and dries it, and so goes on till the In-di-a rub-ber is thick-ly spread up-on the last. She then lays it in the sun till next day. With those two gal-lons of milk she makes ten pair of shoes in a-bout two hours. Next day the girl comes and cuts off the shoes from

their lasts. Now they are ready to go up the river in the ships.—“*Far Off.*”

LESSON LXXVII.—AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

Mung-o Park, the celebrated Af-ri-can trav-el-ler, gives the fol-low-ing live-ly and in-ter-est-ing ac-count of the hos-pi-ta-ble treat-ment which he re-ceived from a ne-gro wom-an: “Be-ing ar-rived at Se-go, the cap-i-tal of the king-dom of Bam-bar-ra, sit-u-a-ted on the banks of the Ni-ger, I wished to pass o-ver to that part of the town in which the king re-sides; but, from the num-ber of per-sons ea-ger to ob-tain a pas-sage, I was un-der the ne-ces-si-ty of wait-ing two hours. Du-ring this time, the peo-ple who had crossed the riv-er, car-ried in-for-ma-tion to Man-song, the king, that a white man was wait-ing for a pas-sage, and was com-ing to see him. He im-me-di-ate-ly sent o-ver one of his chief men, who in-formed me that the king could not pos-si-bly see me un-til he knew what had brought me in-to his coun-try; and that I must not pre-sume to cross the riv-er with-out the king’s per-mis-sion. He there-fore ad-vised me to lodge, for that night, at a dis-tant vil-lage to which he pointed; and said that, in the morn-ing, he would give me fur-ther in-struc-tions how to con-duct my-self. This was ver-y dis-cour-a-ging. How-ev-er, as there was no rem-e-dy, I set off for the vil-lage; where I found, to my great mor-ti-fi-ca-tion, that no per-son would ad-mit me in-to his house. From pre-ju-di-ces in-fused in-to their minds, I was re-gard-ed with as-ton-ish-ment and fear; and was o-bli-ged to sit the whole day with-out vic-tuals, in the shade of a tree.

“The night threat-ened to be ver-y un-com-fort-

able; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; the wild beasts, too, were so numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches. About sun-set, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me; and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat; and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused it to be broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of the family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night.

“They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated were these: ‘The winds roared, and the rains fell.—The poor

white man, faint and wea-ry, came and sat un-der our tree.—He has no moth-er to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus*.—Let us pity the white man; no moth-er has he to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn.' Tri-ling as these e-vents may ap-pear to the read-er, they were to me af-fect-ing in the high-est de-gree. I was op-pressed by such un-ex-pect-ed kind-ness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morn-ing I pre-sent-ed to my com-pas-sion-ate land-la-dy two of the four brass but-tons which re-mained on my waist-coat; the on-ly re-com-pence it was in my power to make her."—*Park's "Travels."*

LESSON LXXVIII.—THE LADY-BIRD.

Oh! la-dy-bird, la-dy-bird, why do you roam
So far from your chil-dren, so far from your home?
Why do you, who can rev-el all day in the air,
And the sweets of the grove and the gar-den can share,
In the fold of a leaf who can find a green bower,
And a pal-ace en-joy in the tube of a flower,—
Ah! why, sim-ple la-dy-bird, why do you ven-tur,
The dwel-ings of men so fam-il-i-ar to en-ter?
Too soon you may find that your trust is mis-placed,
When by some cru-el child you are wan-ton-ly chased;
And your bright scar-let coat, so be-spot-ted with black,
Is torn by his bar-ba-rous hands from your back:
Ah! then you'll re-gret you were tempt-ed to rove
From the tall climb-ing hop, or the ha-zel's thick grove,
And will fond-ly re-mem-ber each ar-bour and tree,
Where late-ly you wan-dered con-tent-ed and free:—
Then fly, sim-ple la-dy-bird! fly a-way home,
No more from your nest and your chil-dren to roam.

Charlotte Smith.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Oh! green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold;
The thrush from the holy, the lark from the cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the bright vernal sky to the soft grassy mound,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.
The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad over head.
Oh! such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the season of ill.
Through sunshine and shower, may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven.

Heber.

LESSON LXXIX.—THE ANTS' EGGS.

The little ants, which, you know, live together in great numbers, in their small houses, are very attentive indeed in taking care of their eggs. All the eggs are laid by *one of the ants*, which is called the *queen ant*. She does not lay them in any particular place, but anywhere about the ant nest. And she does not take the least care of them herself.

As soon as the eggs are laid, there are other ants, called *workers*, which immediately take them up in their mouths, and keep turning them backward and forward with their tongues to moisten them.

They lay the eggs in heaps, placing them in different rooms, and constantly take care of them till they are hatched. Frequently in the course of the day they remove them from one part of the nest to another, as they may need more or less heat, or more or less moisture.

After the eggs are hatched, which happens in a few days, the workers are very careful of the little worms or grubs, as they are called. They get them food constantly; and every day, an hour before sun-set, they regularly remove them to little cells lower down in the earth, where they will be safe from the cold, and in the morning carry them back again. If it is going to be cold or wet, however, they let them remain in the lower cells.

What is very remarkable, the workers do all this, earlier or later, in the morning and evening, according as the sun rises or sets earlier or later. For as soon as the sun shines on the outside of their nest, the ants that are at the top go below in great haste to rouse their companions, and these quickly carry the grubs to the upper part of the nest, where they leave them a quarter of an hour, and then carry them into rooms, where the sun can not shine directly upon them. Sometimes the older grubs in one nest amount to seven or eight thousand, and the younger ones to as many. The older ones eat the most, and the workers have to work very hard to supply them with food, which they do several times a day. They take great pains, too, to keep the grubs clean, and for this purpose the workers are continually passing their tongues over them.

After the young grubs have fully grown, they wrap

them-selves up in a silk-en case, which they spin out of their own bod-ies, and now they be-gin to change their ap-pear-ance and shape, and each one is called a pu-pa.

These pu-pæ, in-side of the silk-en ca-ses which are called *co-coons*, al-though they do not eat, re-quire as much care as the grubs did. Ev-er-y morn-ing and eve-ning, they are car-ried up and down in the nest as the eggs were ; and if at an-y time the nest is crushed by the foot of some an-i-mal which is pass-ing o-ver it, the ants are all bus-y in pick-ing out the co-coons from the earth, and in put-ting the nest in or-der a-gain.

Do the work-ers know when the pu-pæ are ful-y grown, and that it is time for them to come out of the co-coons? Do they know, too, that the pu-pæ are too weak to do this a-lone? for just at the right time, three or four be-gin to pull off some of the silk-en threads from one end of the co-coon, to make it thin-ner. They make sev-er-al small o-pen-ings, and cut the threads one by one which sep-ar-ate these o-pen-ings, till a hole is made large e-nough to let the pris-on-ers out.

They do all this ver-y gen-tly ; and then, with e-qual care, pull off the old skins which are on the pu-pæ, and watch them for sev-er-al days, and teach them how to find their way through all the rooms and wind-ings of the nest.—*Gallaudet*.

LESSON LXXX.—THE LIGHTS OF HEAVEN.

God wished man to be a-ble to meas-ure time, in or-der to learn its val-ue and reg-u-late its em-ploy-ment ; and what did He do for that end? He put in the sky a per-fect, mag-ni-fi-cent clock, which shows the days, the weeks, the months, the sea-sons, and the years ; a clock

which no one winds up, and which yet goes al-ways, and nev-er gets out of or-der. Ob-serve in-deed these words, "And God said, let there be lights in the fir-ma-ment of heav-en, to di-vide the day from the night;" but was it *on-ly* to di-vide the day from the night, which is cer-tain-ly ne-ces-sa-ry to reg-u-late the re-pose and work of man? No; for it is added, "And let them be for signs, and for sea-sons, and for days, and for years."

You hear—there is the clock of the world. The face of that clock is the vault of heav-en, which re-vo-lves o-ver our heads; a vault star-ry at night, and shi-n-ing with light du-ring the day, whose edges, like those of a watch, rest on the ho-ri-son. But where on this glo-ri-ous face are the hands? God, to point out the hour on it, has placed two hands there, the great and the small. They are two glo-ri-ous hands, which al-ways go on, and which nev-er go too slow or too fast. The large hand is the "great-er light which rules the day," and which ap-pears to rise each morn-ing in the east, and to re-tire to rest ev-er-y night in the west; and the lit-tle hand is the "less-er light which rules the night," and which moves in the same di-rec-tion as the sun, but twelve times as quick-ly, pro-ceed-ing thus in a month all round the face of the clock,

How beau-ti-ful is all this. The moon, by its four quar-ters, which con-tin-ue each a lit-tle more than sev-en days, gives us the weeks and the months. The sun, by his course in the heav-ens, gives us the four sea-sons, and the years; at the same time that by the ro-ta-tion of the heav-ens a-bove our heads, he gives us days and hours. He gives them so well, too, that the best watch-ma-kers reg-u-late their watch-es by his noon,—and that from the old-est times men have meas-ured on sun-

di-als, the reg-u-lar course of his shad-ow. You have all seen some in gar-dens, or coun-try church-es; and you rec-ol-lect that in Je-ru-sa-lem, as ear-ly as the reign of A-haz, or seven hundred and thirty years be-fore Christ, there was one in the pal-ace of the kings.*

But now, what I want you tho-rough-ly to com-pre-hend, is the u-til-i-ty, or ra-ther the ne-ces-si-ty of this help for man. Ah! it is no small thing for him to have con-tin-u-al-ly be-fore him that clock of the heav-ens, to learn how to meas-ure his time, to be reg-u-lar-ly re-mind-ed of his task, of the rap-id course of years, and of the short-ness of life. With-out this help man would have been de-gra-ded on earth, and his life would quick-ly have passed a-way, like a use-less dream.—*Gausson*.

LESSON LXXXI.—AN ADVENTURE OF MUNGO PARK.

On his re-turn from the in-te-ri-or of Af-ri-ca, Mr. Park was en-coun-tered by a par-ty of armed men, who said that the king of the Fou-lahs had sent them to bring him, his horse, and ev-er-y-thing that be-longed to him, to Foo-la-doo; and that he must there-fore turn back and go a-long with them. "With-out hes-i-ta-ting," says Mr. Park, "I turned round and fol-lowed them, and we trav-elled to-geth-er near a quar-ter of a mile with-out ex-chang-ing a word; when com-ing to a dark place in the wood one of them said, in the Man-din-goe lan-guage, "This place will do;" and im-me-di-ate-ly snatched the hat from my head. Though I was by no means free from ap-pre-hen-sions, yet I was re-solved to show as few signs of fear as pos-si-ble; and there-fore told them that un-less my hat was re-turned to me I would pro-ceed no

* Isaiah xxxviii. 8; 2 Kings xx. 11.

far-ther; but be-fore I had time to re-ceive an an-swer, an-oth-er drew his knife, and seiz-ing on a met-al but-ton which re-mained up-on my waist-coat, cut it off, and put it in-to his pock-et. Their in-ten-tion was now ob-vi-ous; and I thought that the eas-i-er they were per-mit-ted to rob me of ev-er-y-thing, the less I had to fear. I there-fore al-lowed them to search my pock-ets with-out re-sist-ance, and ex-am-ine ev-er-y part of my ap-par-el, which they did with the most scru-pu-lous ex-act-ness. But ob-serv-ing that I had one waist-coat un-der an-oth-er, they in-sist-ed that I should cast them off; and at last, to make sure work, they stripped me quite na-ked. E-ven my half boots, though the sole of them was tied to my foot with a bro-ken bri-dle-rein, were mi-nute-ly in-spect-ed. Whilst they were ex-am-in-ing the plun-der, I begged them to re-turn my pock-et com-pass; but when I point-ed it out to them, as it was ly-ing on the ground, one of the ban-dit-ti, think-ing I was a-bout to take it up, cocked his mus-ket, and swore that he would shoot me dead on the spot if I pre-sumed to put my hand on it. After this, some of them went a-way with my horse, and the re-main-der stood con-sid-er-ing wheth-er they should leave me quite na-ked, or al-low me some-thing to shel-ter me from the heat of the sun. Hu-man-i-ty at last pre-vailed; they re-turned me the worst of the two shirts, and a pair of trow-sers, and as they went a-way, one of them threw back my hat, in the crown of which I kept my mem-o-ran-dums, and this was prob-a-bly the rea-son they did not wish to keep it.

“After they were gone, I sat for some time look-ing round me with a-maze-ment and ter-ror. Which-so-ev-er way I turned, noth-ing ap-peared but dan-ger and dif-fi-

cul-ty. I saw my-self in the midst of a vast wil-der-ness, in the depth of the rain-y sea-son, na-ked and a-lone, sur-round-ed by sav-age an-i-mals, and by men still more sav-age. I was five hun-dred miles from the near-est Eu-ro-pe-an set-tle-ment. All these cir-cum-stan-ces crowd-ed at once up-on my rec-ol-lec-tion; and, I confess, my spir-its be-gan to fail me. I con-sid-ered my fate as cer-tain, and that I had no al-ter-na-tive but to lie down and die. The in-flu-ence of re-lig-ion, how-ever, aid-ed and sup-port-ed me. I re-flect-ed that no hu-man pru-dence or fore-sight could pos-si-bly have a-vert-ed my pres-ent suf-fer-ings. I was in-deed a stran-ger in a strange land; yet I was still un-der the pro-tect-ing eye of that Prov-i-dence who has con-des-cend-ed to call Him-self the stran-ger's friend. At this mo-ment, pain-ful as my feel-ings were, the ex-tra-or-di-na-ry beau-ty of a small moss ir-re-sist-i-bly caught my eye. I men-tion this, to show from what tri-ling cir-cum-stan-ces the mind will some-times de-rive con-so-la-tion; for, though the whole plant was not lar-ger than my fing-ers, I could not con-tem-plate the del-i-cate struc-ture of its parts with-out ad-mi-ra-tion. Can that Be ing, thought I, who plant-ed, wa-tered, and brought to per-fec-tion, in this ob-scure part of the world, a thing of so small im-port-ance, look with un-con-cern on the sit-u-a-tion and suf-fer-ings of crea-tures formed aft-er his own im-age? Sure-ly not! Re-flec-tions like these would not al-low me to des-pair. I start-ed up, and dis-re-gard-ing both hun-ger and fa-tigue, trav-elled for-wards, as-sured that re-lief was at hand, and I was not dis-ap-point-ed."—*Park's "Travels."*

LESSON LXXXII.—CASABIANCA.

There was a lit-tle boy, a-bout thir-teen years old, whose name was Cas-a-bi-an-ca. His fath-er was the com-man-der of a ship-of-war called the Or-i-ent. The lit-tle boy ac-com-pa-nied his fath-er to sea. His ship was once en-gaged in a ter-ri-ble bat-tle up-on the riv-er Nile.

In the midst of the thun-ders of the bat-tle, while the shot were fly-ing thick-ly a-round, and strew-ing the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his fath-er, faith-ful-ly dis-charg-ing the du-ties which were as-signed to him. At last his fath-er placed him in a par-tic-u-lar part of the ship, to per-form some ser-vice, and told him to re-main at his post till he should call him a-way. As the fath-er went to some dis-tant part of the ship to no-tice the pro-gress of the bat-tle, a ball from the en-e-my's ves-sel laid him dead up-on the deck.

But the son, un-con-scious of his fath-er's death, and faith-ful to the trust re-posed in him, re-mained at his post, wait-ing for his fath-er's or-ders. The bat-tle raged dread-ful-ly a-round him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet. The ship took fire, and the threat-en-ing flames drew near-er and near-er. Still this no-ble-heart-ed boy would not dis-o-bey his fath-er. In the face of blood, and balls of fire, he stood firm and o-be-di-ent. The sail-ors be-gan to de-sert the burn-ing and sink-ing ship, and the boy cried out, "Fath-er, may I go?" But no voice of per-mis-sion could come from the man-gled bod-y of his life-less fath-er; and the boy, not know-ing that he was dead, would rath-er die than dis-o-bey. And there that boy stood at his post, till

ev-er-y man had de-sert-ed the ship ; and he stood and per-ished in the flames.

Oh what a boy was that ! Ev-er-y-bod-y who ev-er heard of him, thinks that he was one of the no-blest boys that ev-er was born. Rath-er than dis-o-bey his fath-er, he would die in the flames.—*Abbott.*

LESSON LXXXIII.—CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burn-ing deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the bat-tle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beau-ti-ful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A crea-ture of he-ro-ic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on ; he would not go
With-out his fath-er's word ;
That fath-er, faint in death be-low,
His voice no long-er heard.

He called a-loud—" Say, fath-er, say,
If yet my task is done."
He knew not that the chief-tain lay
Un-con-scious of his son.

"Speak, fath-er," once a-gain he cried,
"If I may yet be gone ;"
And but the boom-ing shot re-plied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Up-on his brow he felt their breath,
And in his wa-ving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave de-spair ;

And shout-ed but once more a-loud,
"My fath-er, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreath-ing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splen-dour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream-ed a-bove the gal-lant child
Like ban-ners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thun-der sound—
The boy,—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far a-round
With frag-ments strewed the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pen-non fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the no-blest thing that per-ish-ed there
Was that young faith-ful heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

LESSON LXXXIV.—THE ELEPHANT.

Robert. Moth-er, I have been to see an el-e-phant this morn-ing. Un-cle John took me.

Mother. It was ver-y kind of him to do so. And what do you think of the el-e-phant, Rob-ert?

R. He is a won-der-ful an-i-mal, moth-er. I thought, at first, he looked ver-y ug-ly and fright-ful, he was so large, and heav-y and clum-sy. I was a good deal a-fraid of him; but pret-ty soon, when the keep-er spoke to him, and told him to do some things, I found that he was ver-y gen-tle and kind, and that he was not so awk-ward as I, at first, thought he was. He could not do much, though, if he had not that long trunk.

M. That long trunk, Robert, is one more ver-y stri-king proof of the de-sign, and con-tri-vance, and skill of our heav-en-ly Fa-ther. He has ta-ken care, in a great va-ri-e-ty of ways, to pro-vide for the wants, and for the com-fort of beasts, and birds, and fish-es, and in-sects, as well as for ours. And, as *the end* for which He made them is ver-y dif-fer-ent from that for which He made us, so He has giv-en them bod-ies dif-fer-ent from ours; and bod-ies ex-act-ly suit-ed to the dif-fer-ent pla-ces and ways in which they live.

R. Yes, moth-er, how dif-fer-ent a bird is made from a fish.

M. True, my son, and how man-y dif-fer-ent kinds of birds there are; and in man-y things how dif-fer-ent they are made from each oth-er, so as to be suit-ed to their dif-fer-ent ways of liv-ing, and to the coun-try, and to the cli-mate in which they live. Just so it is with beasts. There are a great man-y dif-fer-ent kinds, and each kind has *some-thing pe-cu-li-ar to it-self*, to lead us to ad-mire the wis-dom, and power, and good-ness of God.

R. The el-e-phant, moth-er, has some-thing ver-y pe-cu-li-ar in-deed,—that long trunk of his.

M. Yes, and the el-e-phant has great need of his trunk. He would be ver-y help-less with-out it. The neck of four-foot-ed an-i-mals is u-su-al-ly long in pro-portion to the length of their legs, so that they may be a-ble to stoop down and reach their food on the ground with-out dif-fi-cul-ty.

R. Moth-er, I should think some an-i-mals would get ver-y tired, hold-ing their heads down as long as they do to get their food.

M. It would be so, my son; but God has pro-vi-ded some-thing to pre-vent this dif-fi-cul-ty. There is a

tough, strong, ten-don-like strap, braced from their head to the mid-dle of the back, which sup-ports the weight of the head ; so that, al-though it is large and heav-y, it may be held down long with-out an-y pain or un-eas-i-ness. *We* do not have this strap, be-cause we do not need to bend our head in the same way as beasts do. Our heads are suf-fi-cient-ly sup-port-ed with-out it. *God pro-vides such things on-ly when they are ne-ces-sa-ry ; and this shows how He has de-sign in ev-er-y-thing that He makes.* The el-e-phant, as you saw, is a ver-y tall an-i-mal, and his head is a good way from the ground ; and yet his neck is ver-y short, so that he can-not, with-out kneel-ing or ly-ing down, bring his mouth to the ground. This short neck, so dif-fer-ent from that of oth-er an-i-mals, whose heads are far from the ground, has one great ad-van-tage. It makes it so much eas-i-er for the el-e-phant to sup-port the weight of his ver-y large head and heav-y tusks. But, some-how or oth-er, the dif-fi-cul-ty of hav-ing so short a neck, es-pe-cial-ly in get-ting food and drink, was to be rem-e-died ; and the ad-mir-a-ble trunk, which God de-signed and made on pur-pose for the el-e-phant, re-moves en-tire-ly all this dif-fi-cul-ty. Still more, it has man-y ad-van-ta-ges, and ver-y great ones, too, o-ver the long necks of oth-er an-i-mals.

R. I saw the el-e-phant do some things with his trunk, moth-er, which oth-er an-i-mals could not do with their long necks and teeth and paws al-to-geth-er. But do tell me a lit-tle more par-tic-u-lar-ly a-bout the trunk. Is it bone or flesh, moth-er ?

M. It is not bone, my son ; it is a hol-low, flesh-y tube, made of mus-cles and nerves, and cov-ered with a skin of a black-ish col-our, like that of the rest of the bod-y.

R. There must be a great man-y mus-cles in it, I

should think, moth-er, or the el-e-phant could not make so man-y dif-fer-ent kinds of mo-tions with it.

M. You are right, Rob-ert. M. Cu-vi-er, a ver-y learn-ed man in France, who knew a great deal, and who wrote sev-er-al cu-ri-ous books a-bout the -dif-fer-ent kinds of an-i-mals, tells us that he has found *there are more than thir-ty thou-sand dis-tinct mus-cles in the trunk of an el-e-phant!*—Gallaudet.

LESSON LXXXV.—THE RIGHT USE OF TIME.

When the cel-e-bra-ted Bar-on Trenck came out of the dun-geons of Mag-de-burg, where day and night can-not be dis-tin-guished, and where the king of Prus-sia had kept him ten years, he thought he had re-mained there on-ly a com-par-a-tive-ly short space of time, be-cause he had had com-par-a-tive-ly few thoughts; and his as-ton-ish-ment was ver-y great, when he was told how man-y years had passed.

Bar-ba-rous peo-ple are ig-no-rant of the val-ue of hours, and as they do not think of count-ing them, they spend them fool-ish-ly. The sav-a-ges of A-mer-i-ca, af-ter their hunts and war ex-pe-di-tions, pass whole weeks and months in sleep-ing and in play-ing, with-out sus-pect-ing that they are los-ing an-y-thing; and it has oft-en been said that the pro-gress of a peo-ple in civ-il-i-za-tion may be meas-ured by the es-ti-mate that it makes of time, and by the care that it takes to count it. But if that is true of a peo-ple, how much more so of a Chris-tian? You must see the val-ue he sets on time. His hours are no more his own, they be-long to his Mas-ter who has re-deemed him; he knows that he must give an ac-count of them, and he wish-es to do so

as a faith-ful stew-ard ; he re-mem-bers that time is short, and that " now is the day of sal-va-tion." How oft-en then will he let the prayer of Mo-ses rise to heav-en, " Lord, teach me so to num-ber my days, that I may ap-ply my heart un-to wis-dom ;" and how oft-en will he look at the clock of heav-en, to re-mem-ber the hours of prayer ! Look at that girl who has been con-vert-ed ; at that man who has be-come a se-ri-ous Chris-tian. Ah ! when they think of that word of St. Paul, " Re-deem the time," they cry out, " O my God, I have in-deed much to re-deem. I have lost so much be-fore know-ing thee ; so much e-ven since I have known thee. I have lost so much in bad ac-tions, so much in bad words, so much in bad thoughts, so much e-ven in those hours in which I seemed to be do-ing good ; in prayer, when my heart did not pray ; in pub-lic wor-ship, when my mind was full of wan-der-ing thoughts ; in the read-ing and hear-ing of thy word, while I did not at-tend, nor pay re-gard to it. O my Sav-iour, let me by thy grace re-deem this time so pre-cious. May I be found do-ing thy work when thou com-est in the clouds ; and may thy clock in heav-en re-mind me oft-en, as it did the Is-ra-el-ites, of the hour of prayer." At eve-ning, when you see the glo-ri-ous sun set-ting, then say, " This calls me to prayer. One day more, my God, hast thou giv-en me. O grant that while I wait for that day when I shall see the sun set for the last time, I may be a-ble to say to thee ev-er-y eve-ning, as did my dy-ing Sa-viour, ' My Fa-ther, in-to thy hands I com-mit my spir-it, for thou hast re-deemed me, O Lord God of truth.' " And at night, when you see the moon walk-ing si-lent-ly a-mid the skies, re-mem-ber Je-sus Christ in Geth-sem-a-ne, pray-ing for you in ag-o-ny un-der the rays of the full

moon; think al-so of His re-turn in the clouds of heav-en; for you know not wheth-er in your case *that* shall be at eve-ning or at mid-night, or at cock-crow, or at break of day. And then a-gain, when in the fresh-ness of a beau-ti-ful morn-ing you see the sun re-ap-pear on the hor-i-zon and a-wake all na-ture, say, "O my Lord and my God, be my light. Thou art the light of the world; thou art the Sun of right-eous-ness; thou bring-est life and heal-ing in thy wings. Come this day to warm and de-light my soul."—*Gaussen*.

LESSON LXXXVI.—FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

For a-bout three weeks af-ter Christ-mas, im-mense num-bers of lit-tle fish, a-bout four inch-es in length, called tom-my-cods, come up the St. Law-rence and St. Charles; for the pur-pose of catch-ing these, long nar-row holes are cut in the ice, with com-fort-a-ble wood-en hou-ses, well warmed by stoves, e-rect-ed o-ver them. Man-y mer-ry par-ties are formed to spend the eve-ning fish-ing in these pla-ces; bench-es are ar-ranged on ei-ther side of the hole, with planks to keep the feet off the ice; a doz-en or so of la-dies and gen-tle-men oc-cu-py these seats, each with a short line, hook, and bait, low-ered through the ap-er-ture be-low in-to the dark riv-er. The poor lit-tle tom-my-cods, at-trac-ted by the lights and air, as-sem-ble in my-ri-ads un-der-neath, pounce ea-ger-ly on the bait, an-nounce their pres-ence by a ver-y faint tug; and are trans-ferred im-me-di-ate-ly to the fash-ion-a-ble as-sem-bly a-bove. Two or three Can-a-dian boys at-tend to con-vey them from the hook to the bas-ket, and to ar-range in-vi-ta-tions for more of them by put-ting on bait. As the fish-ing pro-ceeds,

sand-wich-es and hot ne-gus are hand-ed a-bout, and songs and chat as-sist to pass the time a-way. Pres-ent-ly plates of the dain-ty lit-tle fish, fried as soon as caught, are passed round as the re-ward of the pis-ca-to-ri-al la-bours. The young peo-ple of the par-ty var-y the a-muse-ment by walk-ing a-bout in the bright moon-light, sli-ding o-ver the pat-ches of glace ice, and vis-it-ing oth-er friends in neigh-bour-ing cab-ins; for while the tom-my-cod sea-son lasts, there is quite a vil-lage of these lit-tle fish-ing hou-ses on the riv-er St. Charles.—*“Hochelaga.”*

LESSON LXXXVII.—INSTINCT OF A DOG.

Two men, named Mur-di-son and Mil-lar, were tried in 1773 for sheep-steal-ing. It seems that these per-sons set-tled in the Vale of Tweed, the one as a sheep farm-er, the oth-er as his shep-herd, and car-ried on for some time an ex-ten-sive sys-tem of rob-ber-y on the flocks of the sur-round-ing farm-ers. A dog, be-long-ing to Mil-lar, was so well trained, that he had on-ly to show him du-ring the day the par-cel of sheep which he de-sired to have; and, when dis-missed at night for the pur-pose, Yar-row went right to the pas-ture where the flock had fed, and car-ried off the quan-ti-ty shown to him. He then drove them be-fore him by the most se-cret paths to Mur-di-son's farm, where the dis-hon-est mas-ter and ser-vant were in read-i-ness to re-ceive the boo-ty. Two things were re-mark-a-ble—in the first place, that if the dog, when thus dis-hon-est-ly em-ployed, ac-tu-al-ly met his mas-ter, he ob-served great cau-tion in re-cog-ni-zing him, as if he had been a-fraid of bring-ing him un-der sus-pi-cion; se-cond-ly, that he showed a dis-tinct sense that the il-le-gal trans-ac-tions in which he was en-gaged were not of a na-ture to en-dure day-

light. The sheep which he was directed to drive were oft-en re-luc-tant to leave their own pas-tures, and some-times the in-ter-ven-tion of riv-ers and oth-er ob-sta-cles made their pro-gress pe-cu-li-ar-ly dif-fi-cult. On such oc-ca-sions Yar-row con-tin-ued his ef-forts to drive his plun-der for-ward, un-til the day be-gan to dawn, a sig-nal which, he con-ce-ived, ren-dered it ne-ces-sa-ry for him to de-sert his spoil, and slink home-wards by a cir-cu-i-tous road.

An-oth-er in-stance of sim-i-lar sa-gac-i-ty a friend of mine dis-cov-ered in a beau-ti-ful lit-tle 'span-iel, which he had pur-chased from a deal-er in the ca-nine race. When he en-tered a shop, he was not long in ob-serv-ing that his lit-tle com-pan-ion made it a rule to fol-low at some in-ter-val, and to es-trange it-self from its mas-ter so much as to ap-pear to-tal-ly un-con-nect-ed with him. And when he left the shop, it was the dog's cus-tom to re-main be-hind him till it could find an op-por-tu-ni-ty of seiz-ing a pair of gloves, or silk stock-ings, or some sim-i-lar prop-er-ty, which it brought to its mas-ter. The poor fel-low prob-ab-ly saved its life by fal-ling in-to the hands of an hon-est man.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LESSON LXXXVIII.—THE BETTER LAND.

“ I hear thee speak of a bet-ter land ;
 Thou call'st its chil-dren a hap-py band ;
 Moth-er ! oh where is that ra-di-ant shore ?—
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the or-ange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myr-tle boughs ?”
 “ Not there, not there, my child.”

“ Is it where the feath-er-y palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe un-der sun-ny skies ?

Or 'midst the green is-lands of glit-ter-ing seas,
Where fra-grant for-ests per-fume the breeze,
And strange bright birds; on their star-ry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glo-ri-ous things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far a-way in some re-gion old,
Where the riv-ers wan-der o'er sands of gold?
Where the burn-ing rays of the ru-by shine,
And the di-a-mond lights up the se-cret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the cor-al strand;
Is it there, sweet moth-er, that bet-ter land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gen-tle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can-not pic-ture a world so fair,—
Sor-row and death may not en-ter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fade-less bloom,
For be-yond the clouds, and be-yond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LESSON LXXXIX.—HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Rob-in-et, a peas-ant of Lor-raine, a prov-ince of France, af-ter a hard day's wōrk at the next mar-ket-town, was run-ning home with a bas-ket in his hand. "What a de-li-cious sup-per shall I have!" said he to him-self; "this piece of kid, well stewed down, with the on-ions sliced, thick-ened with my meal, and seas-oned with my salt and pep-per, will make a dish fit for the bish-op of the di-o-cese. Then I have a good piece of bar-ley loaf at home to fin-ish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now at-tract-ed his no-tice, and he spied a squir-rel nim-bly run-ning up a tree, and pop-

ping in-to a hole be-tween the branch-es. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice pres-ent a nest of young squir-rels will be to my lit-tle mas-ter; I'll try if I can get it." Up-on this he set down his bas-ket in the road, and be-gan to climb up the tree. He had half as-cend-ed, when cast-ing a look at his bas-ket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, fer-ret-ing out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all pos-si-ble speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Rob-in-et looked af-ter him, "Well," said he, "then I must be con-tent-ed with plain soup—and no bad thing either."

He trav-elled on, and came to a lit-tle pub-lic-house by the road-side, where an ac-quaint-ance of his was sit-ting on a bench drink-ing. He in-vi-ted Rob-in-et to take a draught. Rob-in-et seat-ed him-self by his friend, and set his bas-ket on the bench close by him. A tame ra-ven which was kept at the house came sli-ly be-hind him, and perch-ing on the bas-ket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Rob-in-et did not per-ceive the theft till he had got on his way a-gain. He re-turned to search for his bag, but could hear no ti-dings of it. "Well," said he, "my soup will be the thin-ner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least."

He went on a-gain, and ar-rived at a lit-tle brook, over which was laid a nar-row plank. A young wom-an com-ing up to cross it at the same time, Rob-in-et gal-lant-ly offer-ed his hand. As soon as she had reached the mid-dle, either through fear or sport she shrieked out, and cried she was fal-ling; Rob-in-et has-ten-ing to sup-port her with his other hand, let his bas-ket drop in-to the stream. As soon as she was safe o-ver, he jumped in and re-cov-ered it, but when he took it out, he

per-ceived that all the salt was melt-ed, and the pep-per washed a-way. Noth-ing was now left but the on-ions.

"Well!" said Rob-in-et, " then I must sup to-night up-on roast-ed on-ions and bar-ley bread. Last night I had the bread a-lone. To-mor-row morn-ing it will not sig-ni-fy what I had." So say-ing he trudged on sing-ing gai-ly as be-fore.—"*Evenings at Home.*"

LESSON XC.—OBERLIN.

Not quite a hun-dred years ago, a high val-ley in the Vos-ges moun-tains, called the Ban de la Roche, was in-hab-it-ed by a poor and i-so-la-ted peo-ple, who, though liv-ing in the heart of the French prov-ince of Al-sace, and scarce-ly a doz-en leagues from Stras-burg, were yet al-most in a state of bar-ba-rism. Their houses were mis-e-ra-ble cab-ins, their chil-dren grew up with scarce-ly any in-struc-tion. The land was as un-prom-is-ing as its in-hab-it-ants; on the moun-tain side it was so steep, as to threat-en ev-e-ry mo-ment to slide down; in the plain, in-un-da-ted with wa-ters, which, hav-ing no prop-er bed, spread in all di-rec-tions. Nor was there much to cul-ti-vate; the soil was too sto-ny, and the cli-mate too cold, to grow vines, or even wheat, with much suc-cess; and the po-ta-to, which had been in-tro-duced in-to the coun-try du-ring the great fam-ine in 1709, had ut-ter-ly de-gen-e-ra-ted, be-cause no pains had been ta-ken to im-prove it. Then there were no prac-ti-ca-ble roads ei-ther com-mu-ni-ca-ting with Stras-burg, or even lead-ing from one vil-lage to an-oth-er, and where there are no roads, i-de-as are as sta-tion-a-ry as men and car-ria-ges, and ev-er-y one con-tin-ues in his ig-no-rance. As for trade and man-u-fae-tures, they did not ex-ist. You will al-rea-dy have guessed that the Bi-ble was lit-tle

known in this des-o-late re-gion; for the Bi-ble does not per-mit those who lis-ten to it, to re-main in such a con-di-tion. It ap-pears to con-cern it-self only a-bout re-li-gi-on, but it re-al-ly em-bra-ces e-very-thing; in-struc-tion, schools, trade, com-merce, ag-ri-cul-ture, civ-il-i-za-tion, com-fort; so that the first thing to be done, when it is de-sired to keep peo-ple in ig-no-rance, is to pre-vent them from read-ing the Bi-ble—just as wick-ed men put out the light, when they are go-ing to com-mit a crime.

In-to this lit-tle ter-ri-to-ry, where rude-ness, ig-no-rance, pov-er-ty, and un-be-lief, seemed to have es-tab-lished them-selves as in an is-land of the South Sea, or among a tribe of Hot-ten-tots, came one day, in the year 1767, a young pas-tor, twen-ty-seven years of age, named O-ber-lin, who had ac-cept-ed this hum-ble po-si-tion be-cause no one else was wil-ling to do so. A pi-ous and be-nev-o-lent heart anx-ious to do good, an o-pen and cul-ti-va-ted mind to de-vise the best meth-ods, and a per-se-ve-ring will to car-ry them in-to prac-tice; these are three things es-sen-ti-al to use-ful-ness, and O-ber-lin pos-sessed them all in a rare de-gree. He set to work im-me-di-ate-ly, stri-ving to do two things, to re-new the peo-ple by the Gos-pel, and the coun-try by civ-il-i-za-tion; thus fol-low-ing the ex-am-ple of our Lord Je-sus Christ, who dis-pensed at once tem-po-ral and spi-rit-u-al bles-sings. On the Sun-days he preached the Gos-pel, and by pro-claim-ing the love of our heav-en-ly Fa-ther, who "so loved the world that He gave His only be-got-ten Son, that who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth in Him should not per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life," he melt-ed the hard-est hearts, and made his pa-rish-ion-ers his friends, whilst he made them friends of Je-sus Christ. He

even called them *his children*, and they called him *their father*. Then, during the week, he set out at their head, pick-axe on shoulder, dug channels to receive the waters, raised walls to support the soil, opened highways between the villages, and constructed a road and a bridge to communicate with Stras-burg. This was not all. He imported potatoes from Germany to renew the species, and flax seed from Riga in Russia to naturalize it in the Ban de la Roche; he established a savings' bank, encouraged industry, sent at his own expense intelligent youths to Stras-burg, to learn to become masons, carpenters, glaziers, farriers, and wheelwrights; introduced cotton spinning; and by his influence, which spread widely, attracted into the district the family of Le Grand, of Basle, who founded a large ribbon factory, and became in temporal and spiritual things a rich blessing to the whole country. After a ministry of sixty years he fell asleep, at the age of eighty-six, in the midst of his weeping family, leaving a Christian people where he had found heathens, and a prosperous country in place of a rude and savage one.

Do not think that Oberlin did all this without opposition; you know what *his Master* and *ours* has said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Oberlin found the truth of this, as others have done; but he tried to "overcome evil with good," and he succeeded. One day he was secretly warned that some peasants, opposed to the Gospel and to his instructions, had resolved to surprise him in a lonely place, and to ill-treat him, in order to deter him from carrying on his reforms. A Sunday was fixed upon for the execution of the scheme. On this day Oberlin took for his text the

words of our Sav-iour, "Re-sist not evil, but who-so-ev-er shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the oth-er al-so." After the ser-vice, those who were in the plot as-sem-bled at the house of one of their num-ber to pre-pare for their deed, when sud-den-ly the door o-pened, and O-ber-lin en-tered a-lone. "My friends," he said, "here I am; I know your pur-pose. You wish to punish me; doubt-less, be-cause you think me de-serv-ing of pun-ish-ment. Well, if I have been dis-o-be-di-ent to the truth which I preach to you, pun-ish me; I would rath-er sur-ren-der my-self to you, than that you should be guilt-y of the mean-ness of ly-ing in wait." What do you think these bad men did? They en-treat-ed his par-don, and from that mo-ment they strove to ef-face the mem-o-ry of their crime by do-ing all they could to pro-mote his be-nev-o-lent ob-jects.

Here is a man who did the work pre-pared for him by God, and for which God had pre-pared him. For who can think that O-ber-lin could have done bet-ter else-where than in the Ban de la Roche, or that any oth-er per-son could have done his work bet-ter than he did? Ask his *chil-dren*, who still show to stran-gers with af-fec-tion-ate pride the tomb of their good pas-tor, if he was not a-ble to say at his death, "I have fin-ish-ed the work which Thou gavest me to do."—*A. Monod.*

LESSON XCI.—THE PEACH.

A farm-er brought to his chil-dren five beau-ti-ful peach-es. They saw this fruit for the first time, and they were en-chant-ed with the love-ly peach-es with ro-sy cheeks and vel-vet down. The fath-er gave one to each of his four chil-dren, and the fifth to his wife. In the

evening, as they were re-ti-ring to rest, he asked, "Now, how have you liked your beau-ti-ful peach-es?"

"Ver-y much, dear fath-er," said the eld-est; "so ac-id and so soft! I have kept the stone of mine, that I may have a tree of my own."

"Well done," said the fath-er, "that was thought-ful; and you will make a good farm-er."

"I," said the young-est, "have eat-en mine, but I threw a-way the stone. My moth-er gave me be-sides half of hers. Oh! it ta-sted so sweet and melt-ing!"

"You have not done well," said the fath-er, "and yet it was nat-u-ral, for greed-i-ness is com-mon to chil-dren."

Then be-gan the sec-ond son, "I have cracked the stone which my lit-tle broth-er threw a-way, and there was a ker-nel in-side, which ta-sted like a nut. As for my peach, I sold it for as much as will buy twelve when I go to town."

But the fath-er shook his head. "Pray to God," said he, "to keep you from the sin of cov-et-ous-ness. And you, Ed-ward?"

"I have giv-en mine to George, our neigh-bour's son, who has lain so long in a fe-ver."

"Now," asked the fath-er, "who has en-joyed his peach the most?"

The three oth-ers cried out, "Broth-er Ed-ward!" but he a-lone was si-lent, and his moth-er kissed him with tears in her eyes—*Krummacher*.

LESSON XCII.—EYES AND NO EYES; THE ART OF SEEING.

"Well, Rob-ert, where have you been walk-ing this af-ter-noon?" said a tu-tor to his pu-pil, at the close of a hol-i-day.

Robert. I have been to Broom-heath, and so round by the wind-mill up-on Camp Mount, and home through the mead-ows by the riv-er side.

Tutor. Well, that is a pleas-ant round.

Robert. I thought it ver-y dull, Sir; I scarce-ly met with a sin-gle per-son. I would much rath-er have gone a-long the turn-pike-road.

Tutor. Why, if see-ing men and hors-es was your ob-ject, you would in-deed have been bet-ter en-ter-tained on the high road. But did you see Wil-li-am?

Robert. We set out to-geth-er, but he lagged be-hind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Tutor. That was a pit-y. He would have been compan-y for you.

Robert. O, he is so te-di-ous, al-ways stop-ping to look at this thing and that! I would rath-er walk a-lone. I dare say he has not got home yet.

Tutor. Here he comes. Well, Wil-li-am, and where have you been?

William. O, the pleas-ant-est walk! I went all o-ver Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down a-mong the green mead-ows by the side of the riv-er.

Tutor. Why, that is just the round Robert has been ta-king, and he com-plains of its dul-ness, and pre-fers the high road.

William. I won-der at that, I am sure; I hard-ly took a step that did not de-light me, and I have brought home my hand-ker-chief full of cu-ri-os-i-ties.

Tutor. Sup-pose, then, you give us an ac-count of what a-mused you so much. I fan-cy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

William. I will do it read-i-ly. The lane lead-ing to

the heath, you know, is close and sand-y, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. How-ev-er, I spied a cu-ri-ous thing e-nough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of some-thing green, quite dif-fer-ent from the tree it-self. Here is a branch of it.

Tutor. Ah, this is a mis-tle-toe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Dru-ids of old in their re-lig-i-ous rites. It bears a ver-y sli-my white ber-ry, of which bird-lime may be made, whence the Lat-in name *Vis-cus*. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix them-selves up-on oth-er plants; whence they have been hu-mor-ous-ly styled *par-a-sit-i-cal*, as being hang-ers on, or de-pend-ents. It was the mis-tle-toe of the oak that the Dru-ids par-tic-u-lar-ly hon-oured.

William. A lit-tle far-ther on, I saw a green wood-peck-er fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Tutor. That was to seek for in-sects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that pur-pose, and do much dam-age to the trees by it.

William. What beau-ti-ful birds they are!

Tutor. Yes; they have been called, from their col-our and size, the Eng-lish par-rot.

William. When I got up-on the heath, how charm-ing it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the pros-pect on ev-er-y side so free and un-bound-ed! Then it was all cov-ered with gay flowers, man-y of which I had nev-er ob-served be-fore. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my hand-ker-chief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flowers, and man-y

oth-ers of all col-ours, of which I will beg you pres-ent-ly to tell me the names.

Tutor. That I will, read-i-ly.

William. There was a flock of lap-wings up-on a marsh-y part of the heath, that a-mused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept fly-ing round and round just o-ver my head, and cry-ing *pe-wit* so distinct-ly, one might al-most fan-cy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was bro-ken, and oft-en tum-bled close to the ground; but as I came near he al-ways con-trived to get a-way.

Tutor. Ha, ha! you were fine-ly ta-ken in then. This was all an ar-ti-fice of the bird's to en-tice you a-way from its nest; for they build up-on the bare ground, and their nests would eas-i-ly be ob-served, did they not draw off the at-ten-tion of in-tru-ders, by their loud cries, and coun-ter-feit lame-ness.

William. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, oft-en o-ver shoes in wa-ter. How-ev-er, it was the cause of my fal-ling in with an old man and a boy who were cut-ting and pi-ling up turf for fu-el; and I had a good deal of talk with them, a-bout the man-ner of pre-par-ing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a crea-ture I nev-er saw be-fore—a young vi-per, which they had just killed, to-ge-th-er with its dam. I have seen sev-er-al com-mon snakes, but this is thick-er in pro-portion, and of a dark-er col-our than they are.

Tutor. True; vi-pers fre-quent those turf-y, bog-gy grounds pret-ty much, and I have known sev-er-al turf-cut-ters bit-ten by them.

William. They are ver-y ven-o-mous, are they not?

Tutor. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

William. Well. I then took my course up to the wind-mill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I'll tell you what I mean to do, if you will give me leave.

Tutor. What is that?

William. I will go again, and take with me a county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Tutor. You shall have it; and I will go with you, and take my pocket spy-ing glass.

William. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many drag-on flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Tutor. I can tell you what that bird was—a king-fisher; the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it

catch-es in the man-ner you saw. It builds in holes in the bank; and is a shy, re-tired bird, nev-er to be seen far from the stream which it in-hab-its.

William. I must try to get an-oth-er sight of him, for I nev-er saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I fol-lowed this lit-tle brook till it en-tered the riv-er, and then took the path that runs a-long the bank. On the op-pos-ite side I ob-served sev-er-al lit-tle birds run-ning a-long the shore, and ma-king a pi-ping noise. They were brown and white, and a-bout as big as a snipe.

Tutor. I sup-pose they were sand-pi-pers, one of the nu-mer-ous fam-i-ly of birds that get their liv-ing by wa-ding a-mong the shal-lows, and pick-ing up worms and in-sects.

William. There were a great man-y swal-lows, too, sport-ing up-on the sur-face of the wa-ter, that en-ter-tained me with their mo-tions. Some-times they dashed in-to the stream; some-times they pur-sued one an-oth-er so quick-ly that the eye could scarce-ly fol-low them. In one place, where a high steep sand-bank rose di-rect-ly a-bove the riv-er, I ob-served man-y of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Tutor. Those were sand-mar-tins, the small-est of our four spec-ies of swal-lows. They are of a mouse col-our a-bove and white be-neath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their sit-u-a-tion are se-cure from all plun-der-ers.

William. After I had left the mead-ows, I crossed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Look-ing in-to it, I saw in one of the sides, a clus-ter of what I took to be shells; and

up-on go-ing down, I picked up a clod of marl which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there I can-not i-mag-ine.

Tutor. I do not won-der at your sur-prise, since man-y phil-os-o-phers have been much per-plexed to ac-count for the same ap-pear-ance. It is not un-com-mon to find great quan-ti-ties of shells and re-li-cs of ma-rine an-i-mals e-ven in the bow-els of high moun-tains ver-y re-mote from the sea.

William. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was set-ting; and I stood look-ing at it till it was quite lost. What a glo-ri-ous sight! The clouds were tinged with pur-ple, and crim-son, and yel-low of all shades and hues, and the clear sky va-ried from blue to a fine green at the ho-ri-zon. But how large the sun ap-pears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is o-ver head.

Tutor. It does so; and you may prob-a-bly have ob-served the same ap-pa-rent en-lar-ge-ment of the moon at ri-sing.

William. I have; but pray what is the rea-son for this?

Tutor. It is an op-ti-cal de-cep-tion, de-pend-ing up-on prin-ci-ples which I can-not well ex-plain to you, till you know more of that branch of sci-ence; but what a num-ber of new i-deas this af-ter-noon's walk has af-ford-ed you! I do not won-der that you found it a-mu-sing; it has been ver-y in-struct-ive too. Did you see noth-ing of these sights, Rob-ert?

Robert. I saw some of them; but I did not take par-tic-u-lar no-tice of them.

Tutor. Why not?

Robert. I do not know. I did not care a-bout them; and I made the best of my way home.

Tutor. That would have been right, if you had been sent on a mes-sage; but as you on-ly walked for a-muse-ment, it would have been wi-ser to have sought out as man-y sour-ces of it as pos-si-ble. But so it is; one man walks through the world with his eyes o-pen, and an-oth-er with them shut; and up-on this dif-fer-ence de-pends all the su-pe-ri-or-i-ty of know-ledge the one ac-quires a-bove the oth-er. I have known sail-ors who had been in all quar-ters of the world, and could tell you noth-ing but the signs of the tip-pling-hou-ses they fre-quent-ed in the dif-fer-ent ports, and the price and qual-i-ty of the li-quor. On the oth-er hand, a Frank-lin could not cross the Chan-nel with-out ma-king some ob-ser-va-tions use-ful to man-kind. While man-y a va-cant, thought-less youth is whirled through Eu-rope with-out gain-ing a sin-gle i-dea worth cross-ing a street for; the ob-serv-ing eye and in-qui-ring mind find mat-ter of im-prove-ment and de-light in ev-er-y ram-ble in town or co un-try. Do *you*, then, Wil-li-am, con-tin-ue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, Rob-ert, learn that eyes were giv-en you to use.—*Dr. Aikin.*

LESSON XCIII.—THE FROST.

The frost looked out one still clear night,
And whis-pered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the val-ley, and over the height,

In si-lence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blus-ter-ing train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bus-tle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the moun-tain and pow-dered its crest ;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In dia-mond beads ; and over the breast

Of the quiv-er-ing lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The down-ward point of many a spear
That he hung on its mar-gin, far and near,
Where a rock would rear its head.

He went to the win-dows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fai-ry crept ;
Wher-ev-er he breathed, wher-ev-er he stept,

By the light of the moon were seen
Most beau-ti-ful things : there were flowers and trees,
There were bev-ies of birds, and swarms of bees ;
There were cit-ies, with tem-ples and tow-ers, and these
All pic-tured in sil-ver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hard-ly fair ;
He peeped in the cup-board, and find-ing there
That all had for-got-ten for him to pre-pare,—

“ Now just to set them a think-ing,
I’ll bite this bas-ket of fruit,” said he ;
“ This cost-ly pit-cher I’ll burst in three,
And the glass of wa-ter they’ve left for me
Shall *tchick* ! to show them I’m drink-ing.”

Miss Gould.

LESSON XCIV.—THE LOST CHILD AND THE LAMB.

A lit-tle child wan-dered from its moth-er’s cot-tage to
the green mead-ows in search of flowers. Pleased with
the pur-suit, and find-ing new pleas-ures the more she
sought, it was nearly night before she thought of re-turn-

ing. But in vain she turned her steps. She had lost her way. The thick clumps of trees that she had passed were no guide, and she could not tell wheth-er home was be-tween her and the set-ting sun or not.

She sat down and wept. She looked in all di-rec-tions in hope of see-ing some one to lead her home-ward, but no one ap-peared. She strained her eyes, now dim with tears, to catch a sight of the smoke curl-ing from the cot she had left. It was like look-ing out on the o-cean, with no sail in view. She was a-lone in, as it were, a wil-der-ness. Hours had passed since she had left her moth-er's arms. A few hours more, and the dark night would be a-round her, the stars would look down up-on her, and her hair would be wet with the dew.

She knelt on the ground and prayed. Her moth-er in the cot-tage was be-yond the reach of her voice, but her heav-en-ly Fath-er she knew was al-ways near, and could hear her fee-blest cry. Ma-ry had been taught to say "Our Fath-er," and in this time of sor-row, when friends were far away, and there was none to help, she called upon Him who has said to lit-tle chil-dren, "Come unto me."

Ma-ry had closed her eyes in prayer, and when she o-pened them, com-fort-ed in spir-it, and al-most re-signed to her fate, wil-ling to trust God for the fu-ture, and to sleep, if need-ful, in the grass, with His arm a-round her and His love a-bove her, she es-pied a lamb. It was seek-ing the ten-der-est herbs a-mong the tall grass, and had strayed a-way from its moth-er and the flock, so that Ma-ry saw at a glance she had a com-pan-ion in her sol-i-tude, and her heart was glad-nened as if she heard the voice and saw the face of a friend.

The lamb was hap-py also. It played at her side, and

took the lit-tle tufts of grass from her hand as read-i-ly as if Ma-ry had been its friend from in-fan-cy.

And the lamb leaped a-way, and looked back to see if its new-found play-mate would fol-low. Ma-ry's heart went out af-ter the lamb, as it gam-bolled be-fore her. Now the lit-tle thing would sport by her side, and then would rush for-ward as if about to for-sake her al-to-geth-er; but soon it would re-turn, or wait un-til she came up with it. Ma-ry had no thought, no anx-i-e-ty what-ev-er as to whith-er the lamb was lead-ing her. She was lost; she had no friend to help her in her dis-tress; the lamb had found her in her lone-li-ness, and she loved it, and loved to fol-low it, and she would go wher-ev-er it should go. So she went on, un-til she be-gan to be wea-ry of the way, but not of her com-pan-y.

The sun was just set-ting—a sum-mer sun, and her shad-ow stretched a-way be-fore her as if she were tall as a tree. She was think-ing of home, and won-der-ing if she should ev-er find the way back to her moth-er's house and her moth-er's heart, when the lamb all of a sud-den sprang a-way over a gen-tle knoll, and as she reached it her sport-ing play-mate had found the flock from which it had strayed, and they were all, the lamb and Ma-ry, with-in sight of home. The lamb had led Ma-ry home.

Who has not some-times felt as this child, away from his fath-er's house, in search of plea-sure till he is lost? He knows not whith-er to look for some one to guide him home-ward. He prays. His eye of faith, blind-ed just now with tears of grief be-cause he has wan-dered, catch-es sight of the Lamb, who leads him to his Fath-er's house, where his tears are wiped away, and he is wel-comed and fold-ed in the arms of e-ter-nal love.—*Abbott.*

LESSON XCV.—A LESSON OF FAITH.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor chil-dren," said a But-ter-fly to a qui-et Cat-er-pil-lar, who was strol-ling a-long a cab-bage-leaf in her odd lum-ber-ing way. "See these lit-tle eggs," con-tin-ued the But-ter-fly; "I don't know how long it will be be-fore they come to life, and I feel very sick and poor-ly; and if I should die, who will take care of my ba-by but-ter-flies when I am gone? Will *you*, kind, mild, green Cat-er-pil-lar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Cat-er-pil-lar; they can-not, of course, live on *your* rough food. You must give them ear-ly dew, and hon-ey from the flow-ers; and you must let them fly a-bout, on-ly a lit-tle way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings prop-er-ly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pit-y you can-not fly your-self. But I have no time to look for an-oth-er nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I can-not think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cab-bage leaf! What a place for young but-ter-flies to be born up-on! Still, you will be kind, will you not, to the poor lit-tle ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a re-ward. Oh, how diz-zy I am! Cat-er-pil-lar! you will re-mem-ber a-bout the food." And with these words the But-ter-fly closed her eyes and died; and the green Cat-er-pil-lar, who had not had the op-por-tu-ni-ty of e-ven say-ing, Yes, or No, to the re-quest, was left stand-ing a-lone by the side of the But-ter-fly's eggs.

"A pret-ty nurse she has cho-sen, in-deed, poor la-dy!" ex-claimed she, "and a pret-ty bus-i-ness I have in hand! Why, her sen-ses must have left her, or she nev-er would have asked a poor crawl-ing crea-ture like me to bring

up her dain-ty lit-tle ones. Much they'll mind me, tru-ly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly a-way out of my sight when-ev-er they choose. Ah! how sil-ly some peo-ple are, in spite of their paint-ed clothes and the gold-dust on their wings." How-ev-er, the poor But-ter-fly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cab-bage leaf; and the green Cat-er-pil-lar had a kind heart, so she re-solved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so ver-y anx-ious. She made her back quite ache with walk-ing all night long round her young charges, for fear a-ny harm should hap-pen to them; and in the morn-ing says she to her-self, "Two heads are bet-ter than one. I will con-sult some wise an-i-mal up-on the mat-ter, and get ad-vice. How should a poor crawl-ing crea-ture like me know what to do with-out ask-ing my bet-ters?"

But still there was a dif-fi-cul-ty—whom should the Cat-er-pil-lar con-sult? There was the shag-gy Dog, who some-times came in-to the gar-den. But he was so rough, he would most like-ly whisk all the eggs off the cab-bage-leaf with one brush of his tail, if she called him near to talk to her, and then she should nev-er for-give her-self. There was the 'Tom Cat, to be sure, who would some-times sit at the foot of the ap-ple tree, bask-ing him-self and warm-ing his fur in the sun-shine; but he was so sel-fish and in-dif-fer-ent,—there was no hope of his giv-ing him-self the trou-ble to think a-bout but-ter-flies' eggs. "I won-der which is the wis-est of all the an-i-mals I know," sighed the Cat-er-pil-lar, in great dis-tress; and then she thought of the Lark, and she fan-cied that be-cause he went up so high, and no-bod-y knew where he went to, he must be ver-y clev-er, and know a great deal; for to go up ver-y high (which

she could nev-er do) was the Cat-er-pil-lar's i-dea of per-fect glor-y.

Now in the neigh-bour-ing corn-field there lived a Lark, and the Cat-er-pil-lar sent a mes-sage to him, to beg him to come and talk to her ; and when he came she told him all her dif-fi-cul-ties, and asked him what she was to do, to feed and rear the lit-tle crea-tures so dif-fer-ent from her-self. "Per-haps you will be a-ble to in-quire and hear some-thing a-bout it next time you go up high," ob-served the Cat-er-pil-lar, tim-id-ly. The Lark said, "Per-haps he should ;" but he did not sat-is-fy her cu-ri-os-i-ty an-y fur-ther. Soon af-ter-wards, how-ev-er, he went sing-ing up-wards in-to the bright blue sky. By de-grees his voice died a-way in the dis-tance till the green Cat-er-pil-lar could not hear a sound. It is noth-ing to say she could not see him ; for, poor thing, she nev-er could see far at an-y time, and had a dif-fi-cul-ty in look-ing up-wards at all, e-ven when she reared her-self up most care-ful-ly, which she did now ; but it was of no use. So she dropped up-on her legs a-gain, and re-sumed her walk round the But-ter-fly's eggs, nib-bling a bit of the cab-bage leaf now and then, as she moved a-long.

"What a time the Lark has been gone !" she cried, at last. "I won-der where he is just now ! I would give all my legs to know ! He must have flown up high-er than u-su-al this time, I do think ! How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that cu-ri-ous blue sky. He al-ways sings in go-ing up and com-ing down, but he nev-er lets an-y se-cret out. He is ver-y ver-y close !"

And the green Cat-er-pil-lar took an-oth-er turn round the But-ter-fly's eggs.

At last, the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Cat-er-pil-lar al-most jumped for joy, and it was not long be-fore she saw her friend de-scend with hushed note to the cab-bage bed.

"News, news, glo-ri-ous news, friend Cat-er-pil-lar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't be-lieve me!"

"I be-lieve ev-er-y-thing I am told," ob-served the Cat-er-pil-lar, has-ti-ly.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these lit-tle crea-tures are to eat;" and the Lark nod-ded his beak to-wards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew and the hon-ey out of flowers, I am a-fraid," sighed the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"No such thing, old la-dy! Some-thing sim-pler than that. Some-thing that you can get at quite eas-i-ly."

"I can get at noth-ing quite eas-i-ly but cab-bage leaves," mur-mured the Cat-er-pil-lar in dis-tress.

"Ex-cel-lent! my good friend," cried the Lark, ex-ult-ing-ly; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cab-bage leaves."

"*Never!*" said the Cat-er-pil-lar, in-dig-nant-ly. "It was their dy-ing moth-er's last re-quest that I should do no such thing."

"Their dy-ing moth-er knew noth-ing a-bout the mat-ter," per-sist-ed the Lark; "but why do you ask me, and then dis-be-lieve what I say? You have nei-ther faith nor trust."

"Oh, I be-lieve ev-er-y-thing I am told," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"Nay, but you do not," re-plied the Lark; "you won't be-lieve me e-ven a-bout the food, and yet that is but a

be-gin-ning of what I have to tell you. Why, Cat-er-pil-lar, what do you think those lit-tle eggs will turn out to be?"

"But-ter-flies, to be sure," said the Cat-er-pil-lar.

"*Cat-er-pil-lars!*" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew a-way, for he did not want to stay and con-test the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild, green Cat-er-pil-lar, once more be-gin-ning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is fool-ish and sau-cy in-stead. Per-haps he went up *too* high this time. Ah, it's a pit-y when peo-ple who soar so high are sil-ly and rude nev-er-the-less. Dear! I still won-der whom he sees and what he does up yon-der."

"I would tell you, if you would be-lieve me," sang the Lark, de-scend-ing once more.

"I be-lieve ev-er-y-thing I am told," re-it-er-a-ted the Cat-er-pil-lar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you some-thing else," cried the Lark; "for the best of my news re-mains be-hind. *You will one day be a but-ter-fly your-self.*"

"Wretch-ed bird!" ex-claimed the Cat-er-pil-lar, "you jest with my in-fe-ri-or-i-ty—now you are cru-el as well as fool-ish. Go a-way! I will ask your ad-vice no more."

"I told you you would not be-lieve me," cried the Lark, net-tled in his turn.

"I be-lieve ev-er-y-thing that I am told," per-sist-ed the Cat-er-pil-lar; "that is"—and she hes-i-ta-ted—"ev-er-y-thing that it is *rea-son-a-ble* to be-lieve. But to tell me that but-ter-flies' eggs are cat-er-pil-lars, and that cat-er-pil-lars leave off crawl-ing, and get wings and be-come but-ter-flies! Lark, you are too wise to be-lieve such non-sense your-self, for you know it is im-poss-ible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark, warmly. "Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage leaf, that, you call *any-thing im-possible*."

"Non-sense!" shouted the Caterpillar; "I know what's possible, and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you! you would be wise, Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder world above? Oh, Caterpillar! what comes to you from thence receive as I do, upon trust."

"That is what you call——"

"*Faith*," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn Faith?" asked the Caterpillar. At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs! Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would say; and the Lark sang to her of the wonders of the earth below, and of the heavens above. And the Caterpillar talked

all the rest of her life to her re-lations of the time when she should be a but-ter-fly.

But none of them be-lieved her. She nev-er-the-less had learnt the Lark's les-son of Faith, and when she was go-ing in-to her chrys-a-lis grave, she said, "I shall be a But-ter-fly some day! But her re-la-tions thought her head was wan-der-ing, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a But-ter-fly and was go-ing to die a-gain, she said, "I have known man-y won-ders—I have faith—I can trust e-ven now for what shall come next!"—*Mrs. Alfred Gatty.*

LESSON XCVI.—THE OLD EAGLE TREE.

In a re-mote field, in a dis-tant coun-try, stood a large tu-lip tree, ap-pa-rent-ly of a cen-tu-ry's growth, and one of the most gi-gan-tic of that splen-did spe-cies. It looked like the fath-er of the sur-round-ing for-est. A sin-gle tree of huge di-mens-ions stand-ing all a-lone is a sub-lime ob-ject. On the top of this tree an old ea-gle, com-mon-ly called the "Fish-ing Ea-gle," had built her nest ev-er-y year for man-y years, and un-mo-lest-ed raised her young. What is re-mark-a-ble, as she pro-cured her food from the o-cean, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the "Old Ea-gle Tree."

On a warm, sun-ny day, some la-bour-ers were sow-ing corn in an ad-join-ing field. At a cer-tain hour of the day the old ea-gle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gath-er food for her young. As she this day re-tur-ned with a large fish in her claws, the men sur-round-ed the tree, and by yell-ing, and hoot-ing, and throw-ing stones, so scared the poor bird, that she dropped her fish, and they car-ried it off in triumph.

The men soon dis-persed ; but a boy, named Jo-seph, who was with them, sat down un-der a bush near by, to watch, and to be-stow un-a-vail-ing pit-y. The bird soon re-turned to her nest with-out food. The ea-glets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clam-or-ous that the boy was great-ly moved. The par-ent bird seemed to try to soothe them ; but their ap-pe-tites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched her-self on a limb of the tree near them, and looked down in-to the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

Her in-de-cis-ion was but mo-ment-a-ry ; a-gain she poised her-self, ut-tered one or two sharp notes, as if tell-ing them to lie still, bal-anced her bod-y, spread her wings, and was a-way a-gain for the sea ! Jo-seph was de-ter-mined to see the re-sult. His eye fol-lowed her till she grew small—small-er—a mere speck in the sky—and then dis-ap-peared.

She was gone near-ly two hours, a-bout doub-le her u-su-al time for a voy-age, when she a-gain re-turned on a slow, wea-ry wing, fly-ing un-com-mon-ly low, in or-der to have a heav-i-er at-mo-sphere to sus-tain her, with an-oth-er fish in her tal-ons.

On near-ing the field, she made a cir-cuit round it, to see if her en-e-mies were a-gain there. Find-ing the coast clear, she once more reached the tree, droop-ing, faint, and wea-ry, and ev-i-dent-ly near-ly ex-haust-ed. A-gain the ea-glets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the dis-tri-bu-tion of a din-ner such as—save the cook-ing—a king might ad-mire.

"Glo-ri-ous bird !" cried the boy in ec-sta-sy, and a-loud. "What a spi-rit ! Oth-er birds can fly swift-er ; oth-ers can sing more sweet-ly ; oth-ers scream more

loud-ly; but what oth-er bird, when per-se-cu-ted and robbed—when wea-ry—when dis-cour-aged—when so far from the sea—would do this!

“Glo-ri-ous bird! I will learn a les-son from thee to-day. I will nev-er for-get, here-aft-er, that when the spi-rit is de-ter-mined, it can do al-most an-y-thing. Oth-ers would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned o-ver the cru-el-ty of man, and sighed o-ver the wants of the nest-lings; but thou, by at once re-cov-er-ing the loss, hast for-got-ten all.

“I will learn of thee, no-ble bird! I will re-mem-ber this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do some-thing in the world; *I will nev-er yield to dis-cour-age-ments.*”—*Todd.*

LESSON XCVII.—NOT AGAINST THE RULES.

In a cer-tain school such a case as this once oc-curred. A num-ber of lit-tle girls be-gan to a-muse them-selves du-ring play-time, with run-ning a-bout a-mong the desks in pur-suit of one an-oth-er; and they told their teach-er, in ex-cuse for it, that they did not know that it was “a-against the rules.”

“It is not a-against the rules,” said the teach-er; “I have nev-er made an-y rule a-against run-ning a-bout a-mong the desks.”

“Then,” asked a boy, “did we do wrong?”

“Do you think it would be a good plan,” the teach-er in-quired, “to make it a com-mon a-muse-ment for the girls to hunt each oth-er a-mong the desks?”

“No!” they re-plied si-mul-ta-ne-ous-ly.

“Why not? There are some rea-sons. I do not know, how-ev-er, wheth-er you will have the in-ge-nu-ity to think of them.”

"We may o-ver-turn the desks," said one.

"Yes," said the teach-er; "they are ver-y slight-ly fas-tened down, in or-der that I may eas-ily al-ter their po-si-tion."

"We might up-set the ink-stands," said an-oth-er.

"Some-times," ad-ded a third, "we might run a-against the scho-lars who are sit-ting in their seats."

"It seems, then, you have in-gen-u-i-ty e-nough to dis-cov-er rea-sons why you may not run a-bout; why did not these rea-sons pre-vent you from do-ing so?"

"We did not think of them be-fore."

"True; that is the ex-act state of the case. When per-sons are so ea-ger to pro-mote their own en-joy-ment as to for-get the rights and the com-forts of oth-ers, it is sel-fish-ness. Now, is there any rule in this school a-against sel-fish-ness?"

"No," they re-plied.

"You are right; there is not—but sel-fish-ness is wrong—very wrong, in what-ev-er form it ap-pears—here and ev-er-y-where else; and that, wheth-er I make rules a-against it or not."

"You see," con-tin-ued the teach-er, "that though there is but one rule of the school, I by no means in-tend to say that there is *on-ly one way of do-ing wrong here*. That would be ver-y ab-surd. *You must not do an-y-thing which you may by pro-per re-flec-tion know to be in it-self wrong*. This, how-ev-er, is a u-ni-ver-sal prin-ci-ple of du-ty. If I should at-tempt to make rules which would spec-i-fy and pro-hib-it ev-er-y pos-si-ble way by which you might do wrong, my laws would be in-nu-mer-a-ble, and e-ven then I should fail of se-curing my ob-ject, un-less you had the dis-po-si-tion to do your du-ty. No

leg-is-la-tion could e-nact laws so fast as a per-vert-ed
in-gen-u-i-ty might find means to e-vade them.

LESSON XCVIII.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all
people.”—LUKE ii. 10.

From heav-en a-beve to earth I come,
To bear good news to ev-er-y home ;
Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring,
Where-of I now will say and sing :

To you this night is born a child,
Of Ma-ry, cho-sen moth-er mild ;
This lit-tle child of low-ly birth
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

’Tis Christ our God, who, far on high,
Hath heard your sad and bit-ter cry ;
Him-self will your sal-va-tion be ;
Him-self from sin will make you free.

He brings those bles-sings, long a-go
Pre-pared by God for all be-low ;
Hence-forth His king-dom o-pen stands
To you, as to the an-gel bands.

These are the to-kens ye shall mark,
The swad-dling clothes and man-ger dark ;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heav-ens and earth were made.

Now let us all with glad-some cheer
Fol-low the shep-herds, and draw near,
To see this won-drous gift of God,
Who hath His on-ly Son be-stowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes !
Who is it in yon man-ger lies ?
Who is this child so young and fair ?
The bles-sed Christ-child li-eth there.

Wel-come to earth, thou no-ble Guest,
Through whom e'en wick-ed men are blest !
Thou com'st to share our mis-e-ry ;
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee ?

O Lord, who hast cre-a-ted all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy in-fant bed
Where ass and ox but late-ly fed ?

Were earth a thou-sand times as fair,
Be-set with gold and jew-els rare ;
She yet were far too poor to be
A nar-row cra-dle, Lord, for Thee.

For vel-vets soft, and silk-en stuff,
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Where-on Thou King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heav-en art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain
The truth to us, poor fools and vain,
That this world's hon-our, wealth, and might,
Are naught and worth-less in Thy sight.

Ah, dear-est Je-sus, ho-ly child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, un-de-filed,
With-in my heart ; that it may be
A qui-et cham-ber kept for Thee.

My heart for ver-y joy doth leap,
My lips no more can si-lence keep ;

I, too, must sing, with joy-ful tongue,
That sweet-est, an-cient cra-dle-song :

“Glo-ry to God in high-est heaven,
Who un-to man His Son hath given !
While an-gels sing with pi-ous mirth,
A glad new year to all the earth !”—*Luther*. 1540.

(Written for his little son Hans.—Translated by Miss Winkworth.)

LESSON XCIX.—A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

The Nat-u-ral Bridge is en-tire-ly the work of God. It is of so-lid lime-stone, and con-nects two huge moun-tains to-ge-th-er, by a beau-ti-ful arch, over which there is a great wag-gon road. Its length from one moun-tain to the other is near-ly eight-y feet, its width thir-ty-five, its thick-ness for-ty-five, and its per-pen-dic-u-lar height a-bove the wa-ter mark is not far from two hun-dred and twen-ty feet. A few bush-es grow on its top, by which the trav-el-ler may hold as he looks o-ver. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks pro-ject-ing ten or fif-teen feet o-ver the wa-ter, and from two to three hun-dred feet from its sur-face, all of lime-stone. The vis-it-or soft-ly creeps out on a shag-gy pro-ject-ing rock, and look-ing down a chasm from for-ty to six-ty feet wide, he sees, near-ly three hun-dred feet be-low, a wild stream dash-ing and foam-ing a gainst the rocks be-neath, as if ter-ri-fied at the rocks above. This stream is called Ce-dar Creek. He sees un-der the arch trees whose height is sev-en-ty feet; and yet, as he looks down up-on them, they ap-pear like small bush-es. I saw sev-er-al birds fly un-der the arch, and they looked like in-sects. I threw down a stone, and count-ed, thir-ty-four be-fore it reached the wa-ter. All hear of

heights and depths, but here they *see* what is high, and they trem-ble, and *feel* it to be deep. The aw-ful rocks pre-sent their ev-er-last-ing a-but-ments, the wa-ter mur-murs and foams far be-low, and the two moun-tains rear their proud heads on each side, sep-a-ra-ted by a chan-nel of grand and ter-ri-ble beau-ty. Those who view the sun, moon, and stars, and al-low that none but God could make them, will here feel that none but an *Al-might-y* God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from be-low, is as pleas-ing as that from the top is aw-ful ; seen from be-neath, the arch would seem to be a-bout two feet in thick-ness. Some i-dea of the dis-tance from the top to the bot-tom may be formed from the fact that, as I stood on the bridge and my com-pan-ion be-neath, nei-ther of us could speak suf-fi-cient-ly loud to be heard by the oth-er. A man from ei-ther view does not ap-pear more than four or five inch-es in height.

As we stood un-der this beau-ti-ful arch, we saw the place where vis-it-ors have oft-en ta-ken the pains to en-grave their names upon the rock. Here Wash-ing-ton climbed twen-ty-five feet and carved his name, where it still re-mains. Some, wish-ing to im-mor-tal-ize their names, have en-gra-ven them deep and large, whilst oth-ers have tried to climb up and in-sert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, am-bi-tious to place his name a-bove all o-thers, came very near los-ing his life in the at-tempt. Af-ter hav-ing with much fa-tigue climbed up as high as pos-si-ble, he found that a per-son who had oc-cu-pied this place be-fore, had been tall-er than him-self, and had con-se-quent-ly writ-ten his name a-bove his reach. But he was not thus to be dis-

encouraged. He opened a large knife, and began to cut in the soft lime-stone, places for his hands and feet. With much patience and industry he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph; but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in this condition, and what was worse, his friends were too frightened to do anything for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied the rock with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labour. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look down, lest his head should become dizzy. His companions stood on the top of the rock encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, did not forsake him. His course was rather oblique than perpendicular. The most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends, and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and he dared not meet it. He made a last effort and succeeded. He had

cut his way nearly two hundred and fifty feet from the water, and in little more than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy, but he himself was completely exhausted. He fainted immediately on reaching the top, and it was some time before he could be recovered.—*Todd*

LESSON C.—CONFESSION; OR, THE WAY TO RESTORE PEACE
OF MIND.

Two boys, on a pleasant winter evening, asked their father to permit them to go out upon the river to skate. The father hesitated, because though within certain limits he knew there was no danger, yet he was aware that above a certain turn of the stream, the current was rapid, and the ice consequently thin. At last, however, he said, "You may go, but you must on no account go above the bend."

The boys accepted the condition, and were soon among their companions, shooting swiftly over the smooth, black ice, sometimes gliding in graceful curves before the bright fire which they had made in the middle of the stream, and sometimes sailing a-way in to the dim distance in search of new and unexplored regions. Presently a plan was formed by the other boys, for going in a cheerful company far up the stream to explore its shores, and then return again in half-an-hour to their fire. Our boys sighed to think of their father's prohibition to them. They faintly and hesitatingly hinted that the ice might not be strong enough, but their caution had no effect upon their comrades; and the whole party set forth, and were soon flying with full speed toward the limit prescribed.

"My son," said his father, "I have observed, for a day or two, that you have not been happy, and you are evidently un-happy now. I know that you must have done something wrong; but you may do just as you please about telling me what it is. If you freely confess it, and submit to the punishment, whatever it may be, you will be happy again; if not, you will continue to suffer. Now you may do just as you please."

"Well, father, I will tell you all. Do you remember that you gave us leave to go up-on the river and skate the other evening?"

"Yes."

"Well, I disobeyed you, and went up-on the ice where you told us not to go. I have been un-happy ever since, and I resolved to tell you, and ask you to forgive me."

We need not detail the conversation that followed. He made a full confession, and by doing it, he relieved himself of his burden, re-stored peace to his mind, and went away from his father with a light and happy heart. He no more dreaded to meet him, nor to hear the sound of his voice.

He could now be happy with his sister again, and look upon the beautiful stream winding in the valley, without feeling his heart sink within him, under a sense of guilt,—while all the time his brother, who would not come and acknowledge his sin, had his heart still darkened, and his countenance made sad by the gloomy recollection of un-forgiven sin. Yes, *confession of sin* has an almost magic power in *re-storing peace of mind*.—Abbott.

TRAINING SCHOOL READER.

BY

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise th' invisible, universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,
And lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder out of west and east,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!

All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce ;
 Brought from under every star
Blown from over every main,
And mixt as life is mixt with pain,
 The works of peace with works of war !
 War himself must make alliance
 With rough labour and fine science,
Else he would but strike in vain.

And is the goal so far away ?
Far, how far, no man can say,
 Let us have our dream to-day.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing Commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
'Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailéd fleets, and arméd towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of Peace, and crown'd with
 all her flowers.—*Tennyson.*

TRAINING SCHOOL READER.

LESSON I.—THE LOST CAMMEL ; OR, HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him : “ You have lost a camel,” said he to the merchants.

“ Indeed we have,” they replied.

“ Was he not blind of his right eye, and lame in his left leg ?” said the dervise.

“ He was,” replied the merchants.

“ Had he lost a front tooth ?” said the dervise.

“ He had,” rejoined the merchants.

“ And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other ?”

“ Most certainly he was,” they replied ; “ and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him.”

“ My friends,” said the dervise, “ I have never *seen* your camel, nor ever *heard* of him but from you.”

“ A pretty story, truly !” said the merchants ; “ but where are the jewels that formed a part of his cargo ?”

“ I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels,” repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search,

nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:—

“I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

“I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other.”

This story is not without its moral. A habit of observation—of noticing what is going on around us—is of great use in storing the mind with knowledge, and preparing us for usefulness.

LESSON II.—THE WOOD-PECKER.

Mother. Did you ever see a wood-pecker?

Robert. O yes! I have wondered what he keeps knocking against the tree for, so long and so hard, with his bill. I should think he would get very tired sometimes.

Mother. He is very hungry, and is working for his food. You would be glad to work, too, Robert, for your food, if you could not get it in any other way. And you *should* be willing to work for it, which, perhaps, you may yet have to do.

Robert. What is the wood-pecker's food, mother?

Mother. It is, principally, worms and insects, which he finds in the trunks of old, decayed trees.

Robert. But why does he make so much noise in finding them?

Mother. The worms and insects are deep in the wood, where other kinds of birds never could reach them.

His bill is long, straight, hard, and sharp; and like a wedge at the tip of it. His tongue is round, something like a worm; very long, so that it can come out three or four inches beyond the bill; and has at the end of it a stiff, sharp, bony thorn. This bony end of the tongue has little teeth, as it were, on each side of it, standing backward, like the barb of a fishhook.

With his bill he *chisels out* a hole in the wood; and this is what he was doing, when you saw him knocking (as you said), and heard a great noise that he made. He keeps chiseling, till he comes to where the worms or insects are; and then, he suddenly darts out his long tongue upon them; seizes them with the sharp, hooked end of it; and draws them into his mouth.

The wood-pecker chisels a hole for its nest, in which to lay its eggs; and these holes, often, are very deep, so that the eggs may be safe. The eggs are usually laid on the rotten wood; but, sometimes, moss or wool is put into the nest, for the eggs to lie on.

You see what contrivance and skill are shown in the bill and tongue of this curious bird. You know the

design with which they were made,—to enable the wood-pecker to get food, and to make a nest; and you are just as sure that God made them, and made them for this purpose, as that a chisel was made by some one, and that it was made to cut with, into wood. A man has a mallet to drive the chisel with; but the wood-pecker's head is *his mallet*, and his skull is unusually thick, that his head may bear the jarring which his hard knocks make.

I read lately an account of a wood-pecker which, I think, will interest you.

He made a deep hole, just as exactly and neatly as if it had been made with a mallet and chisel, to the very centre of the branch of a young, tough, white oak tree. The branch was from three to five inches round. He did this to find a worm, called a *borer*. The worm had made a hole in the branch, about as large round as a goose quill, four or five inches below the hole chiseled out by the wood-pecker. The worm was going upward, inside of the branch, when the wood-pecker made his hole, just in the right place, to catch the worm with his barbed tongue, and devour him.

These worms injure the trees; and the wood-pecker, and other birds, which devour worms and insects, do a great deal of good. It is quite a pity that they should be killed.—*Gallaudet*.

LESSON III.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother, Peterkin,
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found :
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.”

“ I find them in the garden, for
There's many hereabout ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now, tell us what 'twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That 'twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
And knew not where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword, the country round
They wasted far and wide,
And many a childing-mother then,
And new-born infant, died ;
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun !
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
And our good Prince Eugene.”

“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.

“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory.

“ And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win.”

“ But what good came of it at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.

“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;

“ But ’twas a famous victory.”—*Southey*.

LESSON IV.—THE FIGURE OF THE EARTH.

The world on which we live is a sphere or globe. To our sight, indeed, it appears *flat*, not round ; but this is only because we are able to see so small a portion of it at once. It was formerly supposed to be an immense plain ; but this was a false conjecture. We have many proofs of the roundness of the earth. If we look at any distant object, we *invariably* see the highest part of it first ; and as we approach, more of it becomes visible, the lowest portion being always the last to appear in sight. So, in receding from any object, the lowest part is always the first to disappear, and the remainder gradually vanishes, the topmost point being always the last to fade from our view. If the world were a plain, this would not be the case. The same thing may be observed by the sea coast, in looking at distant ships. At first, the top of the mast only is seen, then the sails and ropes, and at last, the whole hull. In sailing on board a ship away from the land, objects in the same manner become invisible to us, exactly in the order of their height. For this reason sailors at sea, when looking out for land, always ascend the mast, well knowing that they will be able to discern it from that height before it is visible from the deck.

There are other proofs of the rotundity of the earth. Navigators, by sailing onwards as nearly as possible in the same direction, have at length reached the place from which they started, thus sailing *round* the earth. Magellan was the first who performed this voyage. Captain Cook afterwards found, during his voyages in the Southern Ocean, that the course round the earth diminishes gradually as the Pole is approached.

The eclipses of the moon also furnish ocular proof of the roundness of the earth. In these eclipses, the earth being between the sun and moon, her shadow is thrown upon the moon ; the shadow thus seen is always circular.

The earth, to be a perfectly true sphere, ought to measure in every direction the same distance from its centre. This is not, however, the case. Its diameter is rather greater at the equator than at the poles. That is, the earth is a little *elevated* at the equator, and a little *flattened* at the poles.

The knowledge of the spherical form of the earth has given great encouragement to maritime enterprise, and to the art of navigation. It has been the foundation of all the modern voyages of discovery, and we cannot doubt that the diffusion of Christianity and of civilization will be more rapid, from the facilities thus given for intercourse between distant nations, and researches into the remotest regions.

LESSON V.—THE SOUL THINKS.

Robert. What a curious thing that is which is inside of my head, mother ! It thinks a great deal, and while I am awake, it keeps thinking, always, about something or other.

Mother. Try if you can stop thinking.

Robert. I cannot, mother ; can you ?

Mother. No, my son ; I have been thinking ever since I was a little girl.

Robert. But not always, mother.

Mother. Why not, Robert ?

Robert. Mother, you have been asleep a great deal of the time, and we do not always dream when we are asleep. Some nights I do not dream at all.

Mother. Well I have thought a great deal while I was awake.

Robert. So have I, mother. I do not think I could count all the different things that I have been thinking about Oh! mother, do tell me what that curious thing is, that is inside of my head, that keeps thinking so. You said you would.

Mother. I will, my son. Look at me. Be attentive, and never forget what I am going to tell you. That something inside of you which thinks, and keeps thinking, is your SOUL.—*Gallaudet.*

LESSON VI.—THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

Washington, when a boy, was taught to be accurate in all his statements. He told things exactly as they were, and repeated words just as they had been spoken. If he had committed a fault, he did not try to conceal it, or lay the blame upon others.

Whatever his errors were—and the best child in the world sometimes does wrong—he always spoke of them to his mother without disguise, and without delay. This was the foundation of that noble frankness and contempt of deceit which distinguished him through life, and made him revered by all.

Once, from an indiscretion of his boyhood, a considerable loss was incurred. He knew that it would interfere with favourite plans of his mother, give pain to her feelings, and perhaps awaken her severe displeasure. But he did not hesitate in his duty. He went immediately to her, and made a full acknowledgment; and she said, "I had rather this should have taken place than that my son should be guilty of a falsehood."

She was careful not to injure him by indulgence, or

luxurious food. She required him to rise early, and never permitted him to be idle. Labours were sometimes assigned him which the children of wealthy parents might have accounted severe. Thus he acquired strength, firmness of frame, and disregard of hardship.

He was taught to have certain hours for certain employments, and to be punctual. The systematic improvement of time, thus early taught, was of immense service when the mighty concerns of a nation devolved on him: then he found leisure for the transaction of the smallest affairs, in the midst of the most important and conflicting duties.

It was observed by those who surrounded his person, that he neglected nothing, and was never known to be in a hurry. He was remarkable for neatness, yet spent but little time in arranging his dress.

His habits of early rising, and strict attention to order, gave him time for everything, so that the pressure of public business never rendered him inattentive to private duty, domestic courtesy, or kind hospitality. In winter he rose two hours before day, and in summer was ready to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the dawn.

Such benefits did a man, whom the world beheld with admiration, derive from the counsels of a mother, who accustomed him to habits of early rising, order, and industry. His obedience to her was cheerful and unvarying. Even after he attained mature years, and a nation regarded him as its deliverer and ruler, the expression of her slightest wish was a law.—*Abbott.*

LESSON VII.—THE HONEY BIRD.

I saw to-day, for the first time, the honey bird. This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a

chaffinch, and of a light grey colour, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveller, endeavouring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward, in a wavy course, in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then, and looking back to ascertain if the traveller is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up a position on a neighbouring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupifying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domicile, the honey bird will often lead to a second, and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences, which they use on the occasion. The wild bee of southern Africa corresponds exactly with the domestic garden bee of England. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa—bees' wax forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the Gold and Ivory Coasts, and the deadly district of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa.—*Cumming*.

It is a lovely little thing,
Ever on its wandering wing;
Peering with its piercing look
Into every woodland nook;
Seeking where the wild bees dwell,
And store the sweet and secret cell;

Only tarrying where it mæets
With the fragrant honey sweets.
If the honey bird could speak,
With its little active beak,
It would tell us, " Do like me ;
Where honey's *not*, I *pass the tree*."

LESSON VIII.—KING CANUTE.

Upon his royal throne he sate,
In a monarch's thoughtful mood ;
Attendants on his regal state
His servile courtiers stood.
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
To win his smile, his favour gain.
They told him e'en the mighty deep
His kingly sway confessed ;
That he could bid its billows leap,
Or still its stormy breast !
He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
" Be then my boasted empire tried !"
Down to the ocean's sounding shore
The proud procession came,
To see its billows' wild uproar
King Canute's power proclaim ,
Or, at his high and dread command,
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.
Not so thought he, their noble king,
As his course he sea-ward sped ;—
And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head ;—
He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
He lifted his sceptre there ;
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear :—
And while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word ;
The briny deep its waves tossed high,
By his mandate undeterred,
As threatening, in their angry play,
To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch, with upbraiding look,
Turned to the courtly ring ;
But none the kindling eye could brook
E'en of his earthly king ;
For in that wrathful glance they see
A mightier monarch wronged than he !

Canute ! thy regal race is run ;
Thy name had passed away,
But for the meed this tale hath won,
Which never shall decay ;
Its meek, unperishing renown,
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian, in his mighty pride,
Forged fetters for the main ;
And, when its floods his power defied,
Inflicted stripes as vain ;—
But it was worthier far of thee
To know thyself, than rule the sea !

Bernard Barton.

LESSON IX.—CONTINENTS.

The most accurate representation of the earth, is a globe or ball, with the land and water marked out upon it, in their proper forms and dimensions. Since, however, for many purposes, a globe is found inconvenient, maps have been invented, and the shapes of the countries are drawn upon them, with as much exactness as can be attained in describing a *round* surface upon a *flat* one.

The top of the map represents the north, and its bottom the south, its right side the east, and its left the west.

In looking at a map of the world, we discover that it consists of masses of land, varying in size and shape, surrounded by a wide expanse of water. The water covers a far larger space upon the earth than the land, the latter occupying only about one-fourth part, and the former three-fourths of its entire surface. The distribution of the land is extremely unequal, the northern hemisphere containing a much greater proportion than the southern.

Of the masses of land into which the surface of the earth is divided, the most extensive are termed Continents. Of these there are two,—the Eastern, including Europe, Asia, and Africa, called also the *old* world, from having long been the only part of the habitable globe known to Europeans; and the Western, containing North and South America, which was unknown till its discovery by Columbus, in 1492. This is often termed the *new* world. The direction of the land in the two continents is different. In the old world it is from south-west to north-east, whilst in the new it is from north to south. The boundary line of the land is everywhere broken and indented by the waves of the sea, yet there are general

resemblances in the outline of the two continents. Along the northern side of both, a wide tract of land extends, whilst both gradually taper to a point at their southern extremities,—Africa and South America. The remaining two great divisions of the old world, Europe and Asia, present the same features of likeness; each terminates in the south in three peninsulas, the central peninsula of each having an island lying south of it. It may be observed, that with one exception in each continent, (Yucatan in América, and Jutland in Europe,) peninsulas generally stretch in a southerly course. The coast line of the old world is far more rough and indented by the ocean than that of the new; the shores of Europe being the most deeply broken, giving to it a longer coast in proportion to its extent, and thus imparting to it superior maritime and commercial advantages.

LESSON X.—THE SOUL GROWS.

Mother. Robert, can you tell me what the soul is?

Robert. My soul, mother, is that something inside of me which thinks.

Mother. You have a body and a soul. I have a body and a soul. Eliza has a body and a soul. And every man and woman, and boy and girl, has a body and a soul.

Robert. Mother, have very little babies souls?

Mother. Yes, my son; but, you know, they do not think much, till they grow older.

Robert. Mother, does the soul grow?

Mother. Not like the body. But the soul is able to think more and more; and to understand more and more; and to learn more and more; and to know more and more a great many good and useful things. So we may say the soul grows.

Robert. But we do not give the soul food, mother, to make it grow, as we do the body.

Mother. No, my son. We cannot feed the soul, as we do a little child, when it is hungry. But we teach the soul a good many things. And this teaching is the food of the soul.

Robert. Mother, I wish you would teach me a great many things, so that my soul may grow fast, and be as large as uncle John's.

Mother. That I shall be glad to do, my son, and I hope you will make as good a man as your uncle John, too.—*Gallaudet.*

LESSON XI.—CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN.

Charles. Well, friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose, you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.

Penn. Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

Charles. What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

Penn. The best security in the world.

Charles. I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

Penn. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles; I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

Charles. Ah! and what may that be?

Penn. Why, I depend upon themselves—on the workings of their own hearts—on their notions of justice—on their moral sense.

Charles. A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

Penn. And why not among them, as well as others?

Charles. Because, if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

Penn. That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting-grounds, for farms for themselves! Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

Charles. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

Penn. I am not afraid of it.

Charles. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds, too, I suppose?

Penn. Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

Charles. No, indeed! How, then, will you get their lands?

Penn. I mean to buy their lands of them.

Charles. Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

Penn. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands?

Charles. How, man! no right to their lands?

Penn. No, friend Charles, no right at all. What right hast thou to their lands?

Charles. Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give to one another.

Penn. The right of discovery! A strange kind of right, indeed! Now, suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thine island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head,—what wouldst thou think of it?

Charles. Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

Penn. Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away,—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

Charles. I must say that I should, friend William; how can I say otherwise?

Penn. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in a heathen? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in His justice and mercy, and thereby insure His blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.—
“*Evenings at Home.*”

LESSON XII.—THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is a very curious creature, and though classed with lizards, it is yet very distinct from all the other animals belonging to that family. Its shape, it is true, somewhat resembles that of a lizard, but its skin is shagreened like that of a crocodile; and its tail, which is used by the animal to retain a firm hold of the branches which serve it for a habitation, is round, strong, and flexible, like that of some kinds of monkeys. It has no visible external ear, and its skull is raised in a very remarkable and pyramidal form. The skeleton of the chameleon is indeed as curious as its external form, for it has no breast-bone, properly so called, but the ribs are continued all round its body, so as each to form an entire circle.

The lungs are very large, so much so, indeed, that when they are filled with air the body of the animal becomes nearly transparent; and this was supposed by Cuvier to be the cause of the curious changes of colour for which this animal is noted: in this, however, he was probably in error, as it appears to be due to two layers of differently coloured pigment in the skin, which change their position, the upper one covering or revealing the other, at the will of the animal. It is capable of so long

an abstinence from food as to give rise to the fable of its living on air.

Its eyes are very remarkable; not only from their being large and projecting, but from their being covered with skin, except a little circle in the centre, and from their motions being quite independent of each other. The animal, when in search of prey, hangs from the branch of a tree by its flexible tail, its colour being green, or brown, according as it is nearest the leaves, or the bark; and it rolls its strange-looking eyes, one backward and the other forward, watching in two opposite directions at the same time. As soon as an insect appears, both the extraordinary eyeballs are rolled round so as to bring them to bear on the devoted victim; and as soon as it arrives within reach, the tongue is projected with unerring precision, and returns to the mouth with the prey adhering to it, the tongue being covered with a sticky juice. This tongue is fleshy and cylindrical, except at the tip, and the animal, by a curious mechanism, can project it above six inches. It is, indeed, the only part of the chameleon's body that it can move with swiftness; all its other movements being languid and sluggish in the extreme.

It was accurately described by Aristotle under the name of the little lion. The most common species is a native of Egypt, Barbary, and the south of Spain, and it has also been found in the East Indies.—*Mrs. Loudon.*

LESSON XIII.—THE CARE OF GOD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy :—
“ Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

“ Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle, than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ;
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

“ One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers, lest they fall.
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;
God provideth for the morrow !”—*Heber.*

LESSON XIV.—ISLANDS.

Besides the continents, many smaller tracts of land are scattered amidst the waters of the ocean : these are termed Islands. They number several thousands, and are of dimensions so various, that, whilst the largest—Australia—is little inferior in extent to the continent of Europe, multitudes of others are mere specks upon the surface of the sea, consisting but of a few acres of rugged rock or barren sand. Islands also differ in their position and origin. A large number stretch away from the

shores of some continent, from which the nearest seem but slightly detached, appearing to have been separated from it originally by some great convulsion of nature. Among these are the British Isles, Newfoundland, and several of the islands on the Asiatic coast.

Some rise solitary or in clusters amidst the ocean, from whose depths they appear to have been upheaved by volcanic agency. St. Helena is an example of a single island, and the Marquesas and Society Isles, of groups, thus situated far from any other land.

Many of the islands of the Pacific are of coralline formation. Captain Basil Hall gives an interesting account of the way in which these formations take place, and of the method in which the coral insect works.

“The examination of a coral reef, during the different stages of one tide, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time, it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and rugged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that in a short time the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common of the worms at Loo-Choo is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion, in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken, about high-water, it is a solid hard stone; but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches

every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colours; some are as fine as a thread, and several feet long, of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue colour: others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long. The growth of the coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus, a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance; and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts, in succession, reach the surface, and there stop, forming, in time, a level field, with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and, being prevented from going higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But this growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved."

Another voyager describes the manner in which the coral rock, when it has arrived at the surface of the water, becomes covered with soil and vegetation, and prepared for human habitation:—"To be constantly covered with water seems necessary to the existence of the animalcules, for they do not work beyond low-water mark; but the coral, sand, and other broken remnants thrown up by the sea, adhere to the rock, and form a solid mass with it, as high as the common tides reach. The new bank is not long in being visited by sea birds; salt plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed; a cocoa-nut, or the drupe of a pandanus, is thrown on shore; land birds visit it and deposit the seeds of shrubs and trees; every high tide, and still more every gale, adds something to the bank; the form

of an island is gradually assumed ; and, last of all, comes man to take possession."

LESSON XV.—THE SOUL NOT MATERIAL.

Mother. Tell me, Robert, is your soul anything like a pebble, a rose, or a watch ?

Robert. No, mother, but my body is ; because my body has weight, hardness, form, colour, and parts ; and so has a pebble, a rose, or a watch.

Mother. How many things can you see, Robert ?

Robert. Mother, I cannot tell you how many things I can see. I can see almost everything.

Mother. Can you see my soul, Robert ?

Robert. No, mother, and you cannot see mine. I cannot see my own soul ; but I can think how it thinks.

Mother. When you see things, what do you see ?

Robert. I see how they look, mother. I see whether they are round or square ; or long or short ; or large or small ; or red or white.

Mother. Then you see their form and their colour.

Robert. Yes, mother, and I can see how far off they are.

Mother. You can hear a great many different things, making a great many different kinds of sound.

Robert. Yes, mother, I can hear the bell when it rings ; and the stage-horn when the driver blows it ; and the flute when uncle John plays on it ; and the chickens, and the ducks, and the cow, and the sheep, and Eliza when she cries. Oh ! how many things I can hear !

Mother. Can you hear my soul, Robert ?

Robert. I can hear you, when you speak, mother.

Mother. Yes, I think what I am going to say to you, and then I think to have my tongue and my lips move :

and I speak, and you hear the sound of my voice. Put your ear to this watch. Do you hear anything?

Robert. Yes, mother, it goes tick-tick, tick-tick.

Mother. Now put your ear close to my head. I am going to think. Try, if you can hear my thinking.

Robert. No, mother, I cannot at all.

Mother. My soul, then, makes no noise when it is thinking, and you cannot hear my soul; you can only hear my voice when I tell you what I am thinking.

Robert. The soul must be very different from any thing that I can see or hear.

Mother. Yes, my son. And can you taste, or smell, or touch my soul?

Robert. No, mother; and I cannot taste, or smell, or touch my own soul.

Mother. You cannot tell, then, whether your soul is round or square, or long or short, or red or white, or black or green, or yellow. You do not know that it has any form or colour at all. You cannot tell whether your soul sounds like a bell, or like a flute, or like any other thing. You do not know that it has any sound at all. You cannot tell whether your soul tastes like any thing. You do not know that it has any taste at all. You cannot tell whether your soul smells like any thing. You do not know that it has any smell at all. You cannot tell whether your soul is hard or soft, or whether it feels like any thing. You do not know that it can be felt at all.

Robert. What do you call all those things, mother, that I can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch?

Mother. We call them matter; and we say they are material.

Robert. Then my body is material.

Mother. Yes, my son, but your soul is not material : or, what is the same thing, your soul is immaterial.

Robert. Mother, I suppose your soul, too, is immaterial ; for I cannot see it, or hear it, or taste it, or smell it, or touch it.

Mother. Yes, everybody's soul is immaterial. Remember, my son, that you have a body and a soul. Your body you can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch. It is like the pebble, the rose, and the watch. It is matter. It is material. Your soul has not form, or colour, or sound, or taste, or smell, or hardness, or softness. It is not matter. It is immaterial ; or, what is the same thing, we call it spirit. The rose, the pebble, and the watch have no spirit.—*Gallaudet.*

LESSON XVI.—FIRE-SIDE PHILOSOPHY.

“ You are but a little fellow, Frank,” said Philip to his younger brother, “ and yet you live in a better and a far more commodious house than a king had formerly. There are ships crossing the sea in every direction, to bring what is useful to you from every part of the earth. The elephant-hunter of Ceylon has dug his traps, and with difficulty and danger taken his prey, that you may have a cup and ball, and play with ivory dominoes. By the shores of the frozen rivers, in the uninhabited regions of the north, hunters have taken the industrious beaver, or the little arctic fox, that you may have a cap or hat made of their fur. The seal-fisher, in the same dreary seas, wrapped up in skins, has gone on his hazardous voyage, that you may wear shoes made of fine and elastic leather.

“ In China, they are gathering the tea-leaf for you. In America, they are planting cotton for you. In the West India Islands, the poor negro is toiling in the sun, to provide you with sugar, and rice, and coffee. In Italy, they are feeding the silkworms for you. In Saxony, they are shearing their sheep to make you a nice warm jacket. In Spain, they have grown and dried various kinds of fruits, that you may enjoy a plum-pudding or a mince-pie; and merchants, coming in ships from the same country, have brought oranges and nuts for your eating. And at this very time, travellers and voyagers are exploring new and wonderful regions, that you may know all respecting them, and benefit by their productions, without you yourself stirring one mile from home.

“ In England, steam-engines are spinning and weaving, and grinding and thumping, and tearing and driving for you; some stationary, like old-world giants—and others whirling along railroads, by twenties and thirties together, like ponderous dragons, each carriage like a vertebra of its enormous spine; others are pumping in mines, drawing up, with their monstrous arms, all metals and minerals that can be useful to you—coal to warm you, and iron and tin, and lead and salt. Fleets are stationed round our happy country to protect and defend it, and that you may sleep and wake without fear of invasion.

“ And, little boy as you are, no one could injure you, or steal you from your parents, without lawyers, judges, nay even the Queen herself, were it necessary, interfering in your behalf. Besides all this, at this very moment, men of learning and talent are employed in writing you delightful and instructive books; and printers, engravers, and bookbinders are all working for

you, and scheming how they can best please and surprise you. It is a famous thing to live in England—grand Old England, in these days!”

“Well, Master Philip,” said his sister, who had been listening to his harangue, “may I inquire where you gained all this learning?”

“Not out of my own head, I assure you, Katy; but I heard papa read some remarks, a great deal like what I have said, from the introduction to Dr. Arnott’s clever book; and because I was much pleased with them, I wanted to make Frank feel the same pleasure.”

Mrs. Howitt.

LESSON XVII.—THE ROOKERY.

Mr. S. Rooks are a species of crow. But they differ from the carrion crow and raven, in not feeding upon dead flesh, but upon corn and other seeds and grass, though indeed they pick up beetles and other insects and worms. See what a number of them have lighted on yonder ploughed field, almost blackening it over. They are searching for grubs and worms. The men in the field do not molest them, for they do a great deal of service by destroying grubs, which, if suffered to grow to winged insects, would injure the trees and plants.

F. But do they not hurt the corn?

Mr. S. Yes; they tear up a good deal of green corn; but, upon the whole, rooks are reckoned the farmer’s friends.

F. Do all rooks live in rookeries?

Mr. S. It is their nature to associate together, and build in numbers on the same or adjoining trees. They have no objection to the neighbourhood of man, but

readily take to a plantation of tall trees, though it be close to a house; and this is commonly called a rookery. They will even fix their habitations on trees in the midst of towns.

F. I think a rookery is a sort of town itself.

Mr. S. It is: a village in the air, peopled with numerous inhabitants; and nothing can be more amusing than to view them all in motion, flying to and fro, and busied in their several occupations. The spring is their busiest time. Early in the year they begin to repair their nests, or build new ones.

F. Do they all work together, or every one for itself?

Mr. S. Each pair, after they have coupled, builds its own nest; and, instead of helping, they are very apt to steal the materials from one another. If both birds go out at once in search of sticks, they often find at their return the work all destroyed, and the materials carried off. However, I have met with a story which shows that they are not without some sense of the criminality of thieving. There was in a rookery a lazy pair of rooks, who never went out to get sticks for themselves, but made a practice of watching when their neighbours were abroad and helping themselves from their nests. They had served most of the community in this manner, and by these means had just finished their own nest; when all the other rooks in a rage fell upon them at once, pulled their nest in pieces, beat them soundly, and drove them from their society.

F. But why do they live together, if they do not help one another?

Mr. S. They probably receive pleasure from the company of their own kind, as men and various other creatures do. Then, though they do not assist one another

in building, they are mutually serviceable in many ways. If a large bird of prey hovers about a rookery, for the purpose of carrying off any of the young ones, they all unite to drive him away. And when they are feeding in a flock, several are placed as sentinels upon the trees all round, to give alarm if any danger approaches.

F. Do rooks always keep to the same trees?

Mr. S. Yes; they are much attached to them; and when the trees happen to be cut down, they seem greatly distressed, and keep hovering about them as they are falling, and will scarcely desert them when they lie on the ground.—“*Evenings at Home.*”

LESSON XVIII.—THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

Pride, ugly Pride, sometimes is seen,
By haughty looks, and lofty mien :
But oftener it is found that Pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide :
And while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits and does its mischief there.
Now if you really wish to find
If pride be lurking in your mind,
Inquire if you can bear a slight,
Or patiently give up your right.
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry temper start
In any corner of your heart ?
Can you at once confess a crime,
And promise for another time ?
Or say you've been in a mistake,
Nor try some poor excuse to make,

But freely own that it was wrong,
To argue for your side so long?
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are?
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one;
Nor think of triumph when you've done?
Can you in business or in play
Give up your wishes or your way;
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?
And never try to overbear,
Nor say a word that is not fair?
Does laughing at you in a joke,
No anger nor revenge provoke;
But can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company?
Or when you find that you could do
The harm to them they did to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?
Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part:
And when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have Pride;
Some one will suit you as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so;
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your Pride.

Jane Taylor.

LESSON XIX.—MOUNTAINS.

The prominences on the surface of the land, according to their elevation, form mountains, hills, or slopes. Mountains are sometimes insulated, ascending abruptly from a level country, as the Peak of Teneriffe. Such mountains are frequently volcanic. The usual arrangement is, however, in groups, the different members of which are connected at the base. These groups, being generally narrow and elongated, are styled chains. A grand chain generally consists of several parallel ridges, the loftiest and boldest ridge being in the middle. The extremities of a chain are often of a very inferior elevation, the greatest heights being attained at varying intermediate points. Secondary ranges frequently branch off from a main chain, and follow a different direction, as the Appenines from the Alps. The direction of some chains is parallel to the equator; that of others is parallel to the meridian. The great mountain systems of the two continents follow the prevailing direction of the land in each; those of the western world run north and south; those of the eastern, east and west. In like manner, the direction of secondary ranges, as the Appenines in Italy, the Ghauts in India, and the Dovrefield in Norway, correspond to the greatest length of their respective peninsulas. It is very common for the declivities of a chain to slope gradually on one side, and to have a steeper inclination on the other. The Andes are more abrupt towards the Pacific Ocean than towards the interior of South America; the Alps are steeper on the side of Italy than of Switzerland; the Pyrenees decline more rapidly towards Spain than France; and the Ghauts of India are precipitous on the west, and sloping in the

opposite direction. There are few appearances more deceptive than that amount of inclination which a distant mountain exhibits to the eye; the apparent steepness very far exceeding the real declivity. The Silla mountain, near Caraccas, rising to the height of from eight to nine thousand feet, at an angle of $53^{\circ} 28'$, probably makes the nearest approach to perpendicularity of any great elevation yet known. Occasional interruptions occur in the general direction of a chain, from its component parts spreading out laterally, beyond which the general direction is resumed. These deviating masses, common in the Andes, are called mountain-knots.—*Milner*.

LESSON XX.—THE SOUL IMMORTAL.

Robert. Will my soul live, mother, after my body is dead?

Mother. Robert, your soul will never die. Your body will die, and be laid in the grave, and turn to dust. But your soul will never die. It will live always.

Robert. I do not understand you, mother.

Mother. Look here, Robert; I will make as many marks on this slate as there are days in one year. There, I have made the marks. Now, do you count them.

Robert. I have counted them, mother, and there are three hundred and sixty-five.

Mother. That is right: there are three hundred and sixty-five days in one year, and if I were to make as many marks again, they would amount to as many as there are days in two years. Now, suppose I were to fill all the slate full of marks on both sides, how many years do you suppose they would all represent?

Robert. I do not know, mother. Perhaps they would represent as many as ten years.

Mother. Well, they would,—about that. Now, suppose I were to fill ten slates full, how many years would that amount to?

Robert. One hundred, mother ; because ten tens make one hundred.

Mother. Suppose this room were full of slates—as full as it could hold, one piled on the top of another, and every slate were full of marks, and every mark made one year, how many years would they all make?

Robert. Oh ! I do not know, mother—I could not count them.

Mother. Suppose every room in this house were full of slates, all covered with marks, and every house in this town full of them, and you should carry them all into a large field, and pile them all, one on the top of another, how many years would they all make?

Robert. Oh, mother, nobody could tell ! It would take you all your life to count them.

Mother. Well, my son, your soul will live as many years as could be represented by all the marks on all the slates.

Robert. And will my soul die then, mother?

Mother. No, Robert, it will not die then ; but will keep on living. It will live as many years again as all the marks on the slates in the great pile ; and then it will not die—it will still keep on living. It will live as many years as all the marks would amount to on a hundred such piles of slates—on a thousand such piles of slates—on as many such piles as you can think of, from the ground away up to the sky, one on the top of another. And even then your soul will not die—it will still keep on living. Your soul will live for ever. It will never, never die.

Robert. Oh, mother, how long my soul will live! I cannot think how long it will live. But where will it live? Where will it go to when I die? Who will take care of my soul? What will it do? Will it keep thinking? Will your soul, and mine, and dear sister Eliza's, go to the same place, mother, after we are all dead? Do you know? If you do, do tell me. I wish to know all about it, very much indeed.

Mother. Robert, I am afraid we have not time now, but it shall not be long before I will tell you more. You will have a great deal to learn about your soul; and about where it is going to, after your body is dead and laid in the grave; and what you must do, that your soul may be happy for ever. For, remember, your soul will never die. Your soul will live for ever.—*Gallaudet.*

LESSON XXI.—THE HERO AND THE ROBBER.

Alexander. What, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alexander. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done of which you can complain?

Alexander. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Robber. Alexander, I am your captive. I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alexander. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take

the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Robber. I must then answer your question by asking another. How have you passed your life?

Alexander. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alexander. Still, what are you but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

Robber. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alexander. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and dis-

cipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

Alexander. Leave me—take off his chains, and use him well. Are we then so much alike? *Alexander* a robber! Let me reflect.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XXII.—THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is widely diffused through the vast forests of Africa, and is met with in herds of various numbers. The male is very much larger than the female. He is provided with two enormous tusks. These are long, tapering, and beautifully arched; their length averages from six to eight feet, and they weigh from sixty to a hundred pounds each. Near the equator, elephants attain a greater size than to the southward. I am in possession of a pair of tusks of the African bull elephant, the larger of which measures ten feet nine inches in length, and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. The females, unlike the Asiatic elephants in this respect, are also provided with tusks. Old bull elephants are found singly, or in pairs, or consorting together in small herds, varying from six to twenty individuals. The young bulls remain for many years in the company of their mothers, and these are met together in large herds of from twenty to a hundred. The food of the elephant consists of the branches, leaves, and roots of trees, and also of a variety of bulbs, of the situation of which he is advised by his exquisite sense of smell. To obtain these, he turns up the ground with his tusks,

and whole acres may be seen thus ploughed up. Elephants consume an immense quantity of food, and pass the greater part of the day and night in feeding. Like the whale in the ocean, the elephant on land roams over wide and extensive tracts. He is extremely particular in always frequenting the freshest and most verdant districts of the forest, and when one district is parched and barren, he will forsake it for years, and wander to great distances in quest of better pasture.

The elephant entertains an extraordinary horror of man, and a child can put a hundred of them to flight, by passing a quarter of a mile to windward; and when thus disturbed, they go a long way before they halt. It is surprising how soon these sagacious animals are aware of the presence of a hunter in their domains. When one troop has been attacked, all the other elephants frequenting the district are aware of the fact within two or three days, when they all forsake it, and migrate to distant parts. The elephant is more inaccessible and more rarely seen than any other quadruped, except some rare antelopes. They choose for their resort the most lonely and secluded depths of the forest, at a very great distance from the rivers or fountains at which they drink. In warm weather they visit these waters nightly, but in cool and cloudy weather they drink only every third or fourth day. About sundown the elephant leaves his midday haunt, and commences his march to the fountain, probably from twelve to twenty miles distant. This he generally reaches between the hours of nine and midnight, when having slaked his thirst, and cooled his body by spouting large volumes of water over his back with his trunk, he resumes the path to his forest solitudes. Having slept, they proceed to feed, exten-

sively spreading out from one another, and proceeding in a zigzag course, they smash and destroy all the finest trees which lie in their way. The number of trees which a herd of bull elephants will thus destroy is incredible. They are extremely capricious, and on coming to a group of five or six trees, they break down, not unfrequently, the whole of them, when perhaps, having tasted only one or two small branches, they pass on, and continue their wanton work of destruction.

The appearance of the elephant is inconceivably majestic and imposing. His gigantic bulk and colossal height, combined with his sagacity and peculiar habits, impart to him an interest which no other animal can call forth. The pace of the elephant, when undisturbed, is a bold, free, sweeping step, and from the spongy formation of his foot, his tread is extremely light and inaudible, and all his movements are attended with a peculiar gentleness and grace. This, however, only applies to the elephant when roaming undisturbed in his jungle, for when once roused by the hunter, he proves the most dangerous enemy, and is far more difficult to conquer than any other beast of chase.—*Cumming*.

LESSON XXIII.—THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now, I suppose, that having tried,
And found the secret of your Pride,
You wish to drive it from your heart,
And learn to act a humbler part.
Well, are you sorry and sincere?
I'll try to help you then, my dear:
And first, the best and surest way,
Is to kneel down at once and pray;

The lowly SAVIOUR will attend,
And strengthen you and stand your friend.
Tell Him the mischief that you find
For ever working in your mind,
And beg His pardon for the past,
And strength to overcome at last.
But then you must not go your way,
And think it quite enough to pray;
That is but doing half your task,
For you must *watch*, as well as *ask*.
You pray for strength, and that is right,
But then it must be strength to fight,
For where's the use of being strong,
Unless you conquer what is wrong?
Then look within, ask every thought,
If it be humble as it ought.
Put out the smallest spark of Pride,
The very moment 'tis descried;
And do not stay to think it o'er,
For while you wait, it blazes more.
If it should take you by surprise,
And beg you just to let it rise,
And promise not to keep you long,
Say, "*No: the smallest* Pride is wrong."
And when there's something so amiss,
That Pride says, "Take offence at *this*,"
Then, if you feel at all inclined
To brood upon it in your mind,
And think revengeful thoughts within,
And wish it were not wrong to sin;
Oh, stop at once; for if you dare
To wish for sin, that sin is there!
'Twill then be best to go and pray

That God would take your pride away ;
Or if just then you cannot go,
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know ;
And beg His mercy to impart
That best of gifts,—a humble heart.
Remember, too, that you must pray,
And watch and labour *every* day ;
Nor think it wearisome or hard,
To be *for ever* on your guard.
No, every morning must begin
With resolutions not to sin ;
And every evening recollect
How much you've failed in this respect !
Ask whether such a guilty heart
Should act a proud or humble part :
For as the SAVIOUR was so mild,
Inquire if Pride becomes a child ;
And when all other means are tried,
Be humble that you've so much pride.

Jane Taylor.

LESSON XXIV.—USE OF MOUNTAINS.

The numberless varieties in the contour and elevation of mountains diversify the surface of the earth, furnish every variety of grand and beautiful scenery, and minister to the gratification of its rational inhabitants. But they have been made to subserve far higher purposes, by the care of Him who called them into being. As the boundaries of nations, they offer a check to intercommunication which seems a disadvantage ; but the difficulties connected with aggressive wars between communities thus separated, have undoubtedly contributed to promote peace and maintain independence.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies; and the friends of liberty and religion have often found a secure asylum in their fastnesses from the invasion of arbitrary power. The winds, stopped in their progress by gigantic walls, are diverted from their course; for, incapable of being pent up, they escape by counter-currents in various directions, contributing more entirely to combine anew the atmosphere, and preserve it pure and salubrious. The clouds, arrested by the same obstacle, have their vapours condensed by contact with the chilled summits, and yield their moisture in abundant rains to supply the springs and streams, while the perpetual snows that crown the loftier heights furnish inexhaustible reservoirs of water for the mighty rivers. Capricious as the distribution and elevation of mountains at first sight appears, neither of these elements have been arbitrarily settled, but arranged with reference to the accommodation of man, and plainly indicate a beneficent, designing mind. Why is not the general mass of the Andes as elevated as its projecting summits? In that case, man never could have crossed the range; and towns situated within a comparatively short distance of each other, but on opposite sides of the chain, as Valparaiso and Mendoza, Arica and La Pas, Guayaquil and Cuença, would have been as much separated, to all purposes of commerce and intercourse, as if the Atlantic had rolled between them. Why, also, is not the mass of the Alps as elevated as that of the Andes, and the Ural as high as the Alps? In that case, all their present passes would be closed to the access of man; and the countries on opposite sides, Italy and Switzerland, European and Asiatic Russia, could only communicate around the extremities of the

chains. The line of perpetual snow descending lower and lower as we recede from the equator towards the poles, it is obvious that if there were not a proportional diminution in the height of prominences on the surface, they would be perfectly impassable barriers. These are some of the "chief things of the ancient mountains, the precious things of the lasting hills." They proclaim the majesty, wisdom, and goodness of Him who weigheth them in "scales" and in a "balance;" and thus with "fire and hail, snow and vapour, fruitful trees and all cedars," the "mountains and all hills," show forth His praise.—*Milner*.

LESSON XXV.—GOD LOOKS AT THE HEART.

"I do not see how God can have any right to interfere with our thoughts and feelings," was Maria's frequent complaint. "If He had only required our actions to be so and so, we could have obeyed Him."

"You are very generous, Maria!" replied her father; "so you will condescend to permit your Creator to control the movements of your body; but over the soul which inhabits it, and which alone gives it importance, He is to have no authority. Better, then, that instead of intelligent and thinking beings, God had created lifeless machines, for these might have executed a series of outward motions: and this, it seems, is all that God is to expect from His creatures."

"But," said Maria, "earthly rulers do not meddle with thoughts and feelings; they are satisfied if the conduct is right."

"True; because they cannot search the heart, and are obliged to content themselves with regulating the actions. But this is an imperfection in human law—the neces-

sary consequence of human ignorance ; and it is the very excellence of religion, that it takes cognisance of the heart as well as the conduct. But although the law has nothing to do with feelings, yet every man, in his private judgment of another, takes into the account his motives, does he not?"

"Yes, father, I suppose so."

"Certainly ; if you reflect a moment, you will be conscious that you do not judge them by their actions merely, but by what you can discover of their secret feelings and motives. It would not be enough to satisfy you, in a friend, that she treated you with outward kindness, if she had no real affection for you, and was merely selfish in her motives for professing it."

"No, indeed, father, it would not."

"Well, shall God be satisfied with less than His creatures will accept? But let us go on a little, and see how many actions derive their character from the motives which prompt them.

"You know we have been hoping for a visit from your Aunt C. Well, now, suppose she should come here, and you should treat her with the greatest affection, anticipate all her wants, and endeavour, in every possible way, to make her visit agreeable ; this conduct might proceed from one of several different motives. You might wish that your Aunt should admire and love you, and think what an amiable, obliging, affectionate little girl you are:" (Maria blushed, as if her father had read her heart :) "this would be vanity. Or you might think that, if you tried to please her, she would make you a present : this would be selfishness. Or you might really love her, and wish to make her happy : this would be benevolence.

"Again, you might love your parents so well, that, supposing your attentions to her would please them, you would treat her kindly from this motive, which would be filial affection. Or, finally, you might love God so well, that you would do it because He has commanded us to seek the happiness of others. Now, which of all these motives would be the right one?"

"I suppose you mean the last, father; but I should have thought that benevolence and filial affection would be right, too."

"They are right, but they are not enough; love to God should be united with them, and then they become proper motives. But you can see that the character of the action is entirely changed, in each case, by the character of the motive. If you had been the aunt, and had perceived the little girl's attentions to you were prompted by either of the first motives——?"

"O, father, I should have disliked her the more, the more she tried to please me."

"You acknowledge, then, that the heart alone gives a value to outward acts of kindness, and yet you wish God to be contented with formal and hypocritical services, while your heart is all enmity to Him! O Maria, when will you learn that you are treating your Maker, as you would not dare to treat an earthly friend,—no, nor a common acquaintance; for Him only do you require to be pleased with hypocrisy!"—*Payson*.

LESSON XXVI.—OCCUPATION OF LEISURE HOURS.

In modern times, the celebrated Sir William Jones afforded the world an example for the occupation of leisure hours. All his philosophical and literary studies were carried on among the duties of a toilsome pro-

fession, which he was, nevertheless, so far from neglecting, that his attention to all its demands upon his time and faculties constitutes one of the most remarkable of his claims to our admiration. But he was from his boyhood a miracle of industry, and showed, even in his earliest years, how intensely his soul glowed with a love of knowledge. He used to relate that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother, a woman of uncommon intelligence and acquirements, for information upon any subject, her common answer was, "Read, and you will know." He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. Even at school his voluntary exertions exceeded in amount his prescribed tasks; and Dr. Thackeray, one of his masters, was wont to say of him, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches. At this time he used frequently to devote whole nights to study, when he would generally take tea or coffee to prevent sleeping. He had already, merely to divert his leisure, commenced his study of the law; and it is related, that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintances by putting cases to them from an abridgment of Coke's Institutes, which he had read and mastered. In after-life his maxim was, never to neglect any opportunity of improvement which presented itself. In conformity with this rule, while making the most wonderful exertions in the study of the Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages, at Oxford, he took advantage of the vacations to learn riding and fencing, and for reading the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French,—thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, "with

the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince.”—“*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*”

LESSON XXVII.—NESTS OF BRITISH BIRDS.

There is scarcely any circumstance connected with the history of a bird more interesting than the construction of its nest. The diversity in the forms and materials, the position, the degree of comfort, the exposure or concealment, presented by the nests of birds which apparently disagree very slightly in their habits and requirements, is one of those facts at which we wonder, but which we cannot explain. The Golden-crested Wren, a minute creature, interweaves small branches of moss with the web of the spider, and forms a closely compacted texture, nearly an inch in thickness, lining it with such a profusion of feathers, that, sinking deep into this downy accumulation, it seems almost lost itself when sitting; and the young when hatched appear stifled with the warmth of their bedding and the heat of their apartment; while the Whitethroat, the Blackcap, and others, which hatch their young nearly at the same period, require nothing of the kind. A few loose bents and goose-grass, rudely entwined, with perhaps the luxury of some scattered hairs, are perfectly sufficient for all the wants of these; yet they are birds that live only in genial temperatures, feel nothing of the icy gales that are natural to our pretty indigenous artists, but flit from sun to sun; and we might suppose would require much warmth in our climate during the season of hatching: but it is not so.

What a contrast is there between the nest of the Ringdove and that of the Magpie! The former chooses the fork of a horizontal branch, often of an oak or a

pine, with no shelter or protection above, and little or no foliage around. On this she places, rudely enough, a loose platform of dry twigs, without the slightest hollow, but laid flat across one another without any attempt at interweaving; and so small a quantity is brought together, that the eggs may frequently be discerned by the eye beneath, through the slight and loose accumulation. On the other hand, the Magpie, provident against depredation, if not against discovery, carefully selects the centre of some thick and thorny bush, or a tree so well fenced round with branches as to make approach difficult. The nest is a large dome—formed, indeed, of thorny twigs, but so interlaced and accumulated as to prevent any access to the eggs, except through the small hole in the side, through which the parent bird enters. Sometimes, when the situation seems not sufficiently strong by nature, the bush is barricaded and encircled with briars and thorns in the most formidable manner, so rough, so strong, and so firmly entwined with the living branches, that even man himself, without an axe or bill, would find it a matter of pain and difficulty to get at the nest. But inside this strong fortress, which is rough, for protection, a snug chamber is constructed, of well-wrought clay, smoothly plastered, and again lined with a warm drapery of fine fibres and dry blades of grass.—*P. H. Gosse.*

LESSON XXVIII.—THE HOURS.

The hours are viewless angels
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who rules on high.

And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought—
These viewless angel hours.

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cup yields;
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the fields.

But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight, by day or night,
No angel power can stay.

But as we spend each moment
That God to us has given,
The deed is known before His throne—
The tale is told in heaven.

These bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only know, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, heavenly Father,
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poisoned flower.

So when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last,
May bear my hopes on angel wings,
Unfettered by the past.—*E. P. Cranch.*

LESSON XXIX.—VALLEYS.

Mountain ranges and hilly districts are intersected by *valleys*, the general arrangement of which corresponds with that of the mountains or hills among which they are situated.

Valleys are distinguished, according to their relative positions, into principal valleys, lateral valleys, and subordinate valleys. *Principal valleys*, are such as separate extensive parallel ranges of mountains; of this description is the Valais, or Valley of the Rhone. *Lateral valleys*, are valleys which intersect, and are formed by, the lateral branches of a mountain range; and *subordinate valleys*, are such as are formed by the spurs, or minor branches, and are usually of inferior size. When valleys are narrow, and difficult of access, they are termed ravines, dells, defiles, or passes. These narrow valleys are of most frequent occurrence among steep mountains, where the sides rise with precipitous abruptness, and often present scenes of much beauty and grandeur.

Some valleys consist of a series of basin-shaped cavities, successively rising in elevation, and separated from each other by a rocky barrier. In valleys of this description, distinct ridges, apparently formed by deposits from water, frequently occur, marking the height at which the waters formerly stood. These ridges may often be traced at parallel heights on both sides of the valley; and from the level, road-like appearance they present, have been termed *parallel roads*. They are of

frequent occurrence in all mountainous districts, and are not uncommon in the Highlands of Scotland. Such are the parallel roads of Glen Roy, Glen Ghoy, and Glen Spean.

Some valleys are basin-shaped, or of a circular form, being surrounded on all sides by a girdle of mountains, with the exception of a narrow outlet, through which the superabundant waters of the valley make their escape. Bohemia forms an example of such a valley, and consists of a single circular basin nearly 200 miles in diameter, and presenting the appearance of having been a vast lake, until a passage was forced through the Erzgebirge Mountain, and the gorge formed, through which the river Elbe at the present day flows into Saxony. Unless effected by slow degrees, and by the gradual wearing away of the mountain ridge, how fearful would be the devastating effects caused by the bursting of such a barrier, and the overflowing of such a lake !

Numerous instances also occur of mountain valleys still forming the beds of lakes, the waters, in these cases, not having yet effected their escape. Lakes of this class are met with in the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Himalaya Mountains, the Andes, &c. ; and, though on a very small scale, in our own island : the tarn, or little lake, on the summit of Cader Idris, affording an example of such a mountain lake.—*Zornlin*.

LESSON XXX.—CONSCIENCE.

The feeling which makes us happy when we do our duty, and which condemns us when we sin, is *conscience*. Conscience is very faithful ; it is always ready in our hearts, to tell us what we ought to do, and what we ought not to do.

Conscience *warns* us before we begin to do wrong. If a man were to see a little girl going towards a deep well, with nothing around it to keep her from falling in, and should tell her to take care and not go there—that would be warning her. Now conscience *warns* us. When we are going to do anything wrong—yes, even when we are just beginning to think of doing wrong—conscience *warns* us not to do it.

Conscience *remonstrates* while we are doing wrong. Suppose some children, walking in a garden, were to go to a tree, and get some apples which were not ripe, and which their father had forbidden them to take; and suppose that one of the children, more obedient than the rest, should stand by and say, “You had better not take those apples; it is wrong; you ought not to do it—you ought not to disobey father,” this would be *remonstrating*. Now, conscience always *remonstrates* when we are doing anything wrong. We feel uneasy and unhappy while we are doing it; and we cannot help thinking all the time that it is wrong, and that we ought not to do it. This is conscience *remonstrating* with us, and endeavouring to keep us from sin.

Conscience *reproaches* us after we have done wrong, and makes us anxious, unhappy, and afraid. We are afraid that somebody saw us, or will in some way find out the wrong we have done. We are unhappy; we cannot help thinking of the sin, though we try to forget it. When we are alone, conscience *reproaches* us; it reminds us of our guilt, and we feel ashamed and wretched. We are afraid, too. We dare not be alone. We know that we have offended God, and committed wickedness, and our hearts sink with fear. Oh, how much better would it be for us always to do right, than

thus to wound conscience and load our hearts with anxiety!

Conscience becomes quiet again when we confess the wrong that we have done, and resolve to do so no more. It is probable that the principal reason why God has given us conscience, is to prevent our doing wrong; and so, when we cease to do wrong, it generally ceases to give us pain. If a boy is only intending to do something wrong, but has not yet begun to do it, and his conscience is warning him and making him feel restless and uneasy, he can very easily quiet its warnings, and obtain peace of mind again. And how? Why, simply by giving up his design of doing wrong, and determining to do right. If he has already done wrong, and injured any one by it—then if he will determine to do so no more, and confess his fault, and make reparation for the injury if he can, he will be happy again.

Peace of mind and a quiet conscience are of inestimable value. Without these, all other means of enjoyment will fail of making us happy; and with them, whatever other privation we may suffer, life may pass pleasantly away.—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON XXXI.—THE YOUNG LINNÆUS OF TORNEA.

At Tornea, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, Dr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, met with this interesting youth, of whom he has given the following account:—

“We had sent to the apothecary of the place for a few jars of the conserved berries of the *rubus arcticus*. They were brought by a boy without either shoes or stockings, who, having executed his master's orders, began to cast a longing eye towards the books of plants which we were

engaged in turning over—being then busied in arranging our specimens—when, to our astonishment, he named every one of them as fast as they appeared, giving to each of them, with great accuracy, its Linnæan appellation. This extraordinary youth, with whom we soon became better acquainted, was the dutiful son of a poor widow, named Pyppon, living at Uleabag, who, having bestowed upon her child the best education her circumstances could afford, had placed him as an apprentice to this apothecary. The apothecary had himself a turn for natural history, but did not choose that his little pupil should quit the pestle and mortar for the pursuits of botany and entomology; ‘It interrupted,’ as he said, and perhaps very truly, ‘the business of his shop.’ The consequence was, that this young Linnæus carried on his studies unknown to his master, concealing his books and plants, and rising every morning before three o’clock, that he might snatch a few stolen hours from the duties of his profession, and dedicate them to inquiries which had already qualified him to become his master’s instructor. If he found, in his barefooted rambles, a new plant or a new insect, he was compelled to hide it in his hat, and thus bear it to his hidden museum. It fell out, however, that his master discovered his boxes of insects; and these he afterwards allowed him to place in his shop, because they attracted the notice of customers, and gratified the master’s vanity, who always exhibited them as of his own collecting. They had been thus exhibited to us. This curious example of the power of genius rising superior to all circumstances, and overwhelming every obstacle, in one so young and friendless, induced us to take some pains in prevailing upon his master to allow full scope to the bent of his inclination; and many were

the pretences upon which we sent to the shop, that our young philosopher might be made happy, by bringing what was required. Upon one of these occasions we told him that a plant rather rare, the *sonchus sibiricus*, was said to grow in the neighbourhood of Tornea, but that we had failed in our endeavours to find it. The words were scarcely uttered, when he ran off, as fast as his legs could carry him, and soon returned, having in his hand two or three specimens of the plant."

LESSON XXXII.—NESTS OF BRITISH BIRDS.

The hemispherical cups of mud, formed by the common House Martin in the corners of windows, and under the eaves and ledges of houses, are well known to every one. Soft mud from the edges of pools, or ruts in the high road, is collected by the bird in little pellets, carried in her mouth to the selected spot, and there plastered against the wall, pellet after pellet, until the lowest layer is formed. As each is deposited, the tenacity of the material is increased by an admixture with glutinous saliva secreted by the bird, and minute bits of broken straw help to render it more compact. Lest the weight of the work, while it is yet soft, should pull it down, the little architect does not work too fast; but making only a shallow layer every morning, she devotes the rest of the day to amusement: thus the work progressively hardens. She works by clinging to the irregularities of the wall, with her strong feet in a perpendicular position, the tail strongly thrown in, and serving as an additional support; and as she lays on each pellet of mud, she plasters it about with her chin, moving her head rapidly from side to side. Thus, in the course of ten days or a fortnight, a snug and tight

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.—*Longfellow.*

LESSON XXXIV.—PLAINS.

Plains of greater or less extent, presenting comparatively small inequalities, occur in all parts of the globe. A vast plain of this description occupies a considerable portion of Northern Europe, commencing on the German Ocean, comprising the Netherlands, Denmark, the northern districts of France and Germany, a considerable portion of Poland, and nearly the whole of European Russia, and terminating only at the base of the Uralian Mountains.

This vast plain is separated by the Uralian range from another of yet greater extent, the Siberian lowland, which occupies nearly the whole of Northern Asia. The depression in the region of the Caspian Sea may be considered a continuation of the great European lowland.

A vast plain, or lowland, extends across the northern part of Africa, stretching from the shores of the Atlantic to the valley of the Nile, partially bounded on the north by the Atlas range, and terminated on the south by the elevated land which extends across from Cape Verde to Abyssinia.

In the New World, the great valley of the Mississippi presents a vast and magnificent plain. A large portion

of this great lowland is remarkably level, and consequently subject to periodical inundations from the mighty rivers by which it is traversed. The more elevated parts consist of an alternation of forests, and prairies (or natural meadows), abounding in wild animals. The lowlands of South America, called llanos, or pampas, and savannahs, are of equal extent.

The plains to which we have hitherto directed our attention are for the most part little elevated above the level of the sea; but there is another class of plains which claims some notice, *plateaux*, or *table-lands*, an appellation which has been given them on account of their elevation above the other plains, and occasional table-like form, rising abruptly, with steep acclivities on every side. Some of these table-lands are of great extent, and retain a general elevation of several thousand feet above the sea, though in many instances their surfaces are much undulated.

The most extensive table-land in Europe is that of Central Spain, embracing the two Castiles, which has a general elevation of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Asia presents some of the most extensive table-lands on the face of the globe. The most remarkable of these are the vast regions of Central Asia, including Thibet, and the desert of Gobi or Shamo.

A table-land of considerable extent has been observed in South Africa. It is situated between the Orange River and the Kuisip, and is flanked by the Unuma, or Bulb Mountains.

The New World affords examples of some very considerable *plateaux*. That of Mexico has a general elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea. Several less extensive but very elevated table-lands are included between the two

lofty parallel ranges which constitute the Andes of Peru and Colombia : such is the table-land of Quito, 8,000 feet, and that of Riobamba, more than 10,000 feet, above the level of the sea.—*Zornlin*.

LESSON XXXV.—OBEDIENCE.

Obedience is doing something that is required, or refraining from something that is forbidden, because it is required or forbidden by one who has power to command. And in all those cases where other persons have rightful authority to command or direct us, we ought to obey with promptness, cheerfulness, and strict fidelity.

Obedience ought to be prompt ; that is, the command must be obeyed as soon as it is given, if it is one that is intended to be immediately obeyed. Sometimes children delay, to ask the reason for the command,—sometimes to make objections,—sometimes because they are doing something else which they do not wish to leave ; and sometimes, when the duty assigned is not very pleasant, they move so slowly and reluctantly in doing it, as to consume a great deal more time than is necessary in accomplishing the object. Prompt obedience is worth a great deal more than that which is reluctant and slow. He who obeys tardily does not more than half obey. Then, prompt obedience is much the most pleasant. If an unpleasant duty is to be performed, the easiest way to get through it is to despatch it at once.

Obedience ought to be cheerful. It must of course necessarily happen, that a great many commands which children have to obey are disagreeable. Still they must be obeyed ; and they are made much more disagreeable to all concerned by being obeyed in a sullen and ill-natured manner.

Obedience ought to be faithful. When any work is assigned to boys or girls, they ought to go forward as steadily and industriously when they are not watched as when they are. It is not enough to go through the forms of obedience alone. A boy who is stationed at his desk, on a summer morning, to write or to study for an hour alone, must not only, in order to obey, remain there at his post, but he must give his mind diligently to his work. A faithful boy will do so, whether he is observed or not observed. He is impelled by an inward principle of duty, and by a desire for the satisfaction and happiness which fidelity will always secure.

Such is the kind of obedience which children ought to render to their parents and teachers; and they ought to render it of their own accord and willingly, without making it necessary to exercise compulsion. But if they will not obey of their own accord, it is most undoubtedly the parent's and the teacher's duty to compel them to obey. This is a very painful duty, but it must be performed. Children are not old enough to understand the reasons for all the commands and prohibitions which their parents think necessary. In some cases where they might understand, there is not time to explain them. Then, even where the reasons can be understood, and are fully explained, children, as we all know perfectly well, cannot be depended upon to do what they know is best, without being *required* to do it. They have not sufficient firmness, constancy, and self-denial. It is not reasonable to expect it of them. It becomes necessary, by the very constitution of their minds, that there should be a power above them, to make up by its authority for their want of mental and moral energy, and self-control. Parents and teachers must therefore pos-

sess *authority*. They cannot depend upon advice or persuasion; they must *command*. And children must be required to *obey*.—*J. Abbott*.

LESSON XXXVI.—SALT MINES OF POLAND.

The mines of Cracow, as they are frequently called, though they are between six and eight miles from that city, are at a village named Wielitska, situated on a ridge of hills, adjoining the Carpathian mountains. The mode of descent into the mine is by means of hammocks, fastened to a great rope, by which the loads of salt are drawn up. "We were let down gently," says Mr. Coxe, "without any fear of danger, though the depth was almost five hundred feet." When the travellers stepped out of their hammocks they were not at their journey's end, for they had yet to descend a slope, in some places very broad, in others the pathway was cut in the rock, into stairs, which were rather slippery,—but being wide, and glittering with the lights which the visitors carried, looked like a grand staircase in a palace. To some lower places the descent was by ladders. Every visitor and his guide carried a light, which occasioned a peculiarly brilliant effect. Mr. Wraxall describes one vast chamber in these salt works, in which, he says, "a thousand people might dine without inconvenience."

When fairly descended into the mine, the traveller finds an underground country. There is neither tree nor sky,—but there are roads, with horses and carriages travelling in them; with multitudes of people—men, women, and children; for it has been said, that many are born there, and pass in these caverns great part of their lives. This is voluntary on their parts; for those

who choose to ascend, in the intervals of labour, are permitted to breathe occasionally the fresh air in the fields, and to enjoy the light of day. The horses, however, once taken down, never return to daylight, but are foddered and sleep in sheds cut in the salt rock.

Many of the chambers are very large, and supported by pillars of salt, left for the purpose: some of them are thirty or forty, and some seventy or eighty feet in height, without any support except from the sides. The roads and galleries branch out in many directions. In some parts they are very intricate, so that persons, whose light has been accidentally extinguished, have perished, not being able to find their way back. The extent of this stratum of salt is not known, but the length already excavated exceeds a mile, and the breadth nearly half as much. The depth already dug is about seven hundred feet.

It seems remarkable that all these places, though formed of salt, are very dry. There is one rivulet of water running through the mine, which is fresh at its source, but becomes saltish, by running in the channel which it has worn in the salt rock. The rock is hewn with pickaxes, as in our English mines in Cheshire.

There are other mines in the neighbourhood, which have been wrought above six hundred years; yet the labourers have not come to the end of the stratum of salt in any direction. Between four and five hundred miners are employed in these works; and the whole number of men engaged in them is about seven hundred. Each continues at his work for eight hours, and then, if he chooses, rises again to the surface. About 300,000 quintals, or sixty million pounds of salt, have been annually raised from these mines.—*Isaac Taylor.*

LESSON XXXVII.—THE LION.

There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking free and undaunted on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. He is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled easily to destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior: he also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and on both the varieties of the gnou. The zebra is also a favourite object of his pursuit.

The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of South Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district, and drinking at the same fountain. It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness, associating with three or four young ones nearly full-grown; at other times, full-grown males will be found hunting together in a happy state of friendship.

The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground

The colour of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. The females are destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. Not unfrequently a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking their parts, like persons singing a catch.

The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal: during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long rank grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has small young ones. One day, when out elephant hunting, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards us, with a bearing the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, he approached. A headlong flight of the

two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result, and in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs which they had been leading were allowed to escape. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with which the lioness was retreating in the back ground. Facing about, he followed them with a haughty step, growling fiercely at the dogs, which trotted along on either side of him. On running down the hill side to recall my dogs, I for the first time observed the retreating lioness, with four cubs.—*Cumming*.

LESSON XXXVIII.—THE NAUTILUS.

Where Ansonian summers glowing,
Warm the deep to life and joyance,
And gentle zephyrs, nimbly blowing,
Wanton with the waves, that flowing
By many a land of ancient glory,
And many an isle renowned in story,
Leap along with gladsome buoyance ;
 There, Marinere,
 Dost thou appear,
In faery pinnacle gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing—
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrowed waters gliding :
Thou nor wreck, nor foeman dreadest—
Thou nor helm, nor compass needest,

While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosom hiding,
 Thou canst not fear,
 Small Marinere ;
For—though the tides, with restless motion,
Bear thee to the desert ocean—
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
'Tis all thine own, 'tis all thy empery.

Lame is art, and her endeavour
Follows nature's course but slowly,
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
Still improving, perfect never ;
Little Nautilus, thou showest
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest
Lore, which man should study lowly :
 Bold faith and cheer,
 Small Marinere,
- Are thine, within thy pearly dwelling—
Thine, a law of life compelling
Obedience—perfect, simple, glad, and free—
To the GREAT WILL that animates the sea.

Hartley Coleridge.

LESSON XXXIX.—VOLCANOES.

Mountains of this class require specific notice, on account of their peculiar features, and powerful influence in modifying the physiognomy of the districts in which they are situated. The Romans applied the term *Vulcania*, derived from *Vulcanus*, the name of their imaginary

god of fire, to a small island in the Lipari group, on the north of Sicily, which exhibited signs of fiery activity before the Christian era, and still emits gaseous exhalations. Our word "volcano" is from the same source, and has become the common denomination of all sites remarkable in the economy of the globe for discharges of smoke, flame, steam, ashes, and molten products, which, being generally elevated, are hence styled burning mountains. They commonly form very regular cones, with a hollow at the summit, called the *crater*, or cup, the sides of which are sometimes entire, like the walls of a circus, but often rent. The inclosed space, more immediately the scene of luminous phenomena during eruptions, is of very various extent, and undergoes great changes from the tremendous action of the eruptive forces. While the interior of some craters is perfectly inaccessible, owing to the steepness of the sides, others may be descended in seasons of repose to the floor, which usually presents a series of ashy cones, with cracks and fissures, through which jets of smoke, steam, and flame issue at the most tranquil intervals.

Volcanoes are either active or extinct. Those of the first class are either incessantly active, like Stromboli, which has never been known to extinguish its torch; or intermittent, intervals of quiet, more or less extended, occurring between successive outbursts. The oldest volcano, or the one whose activity has been known to the civilised world for the longest period, is Etna. Vesuvius was not known to be in action before the year A.D. 79, when the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed by its products. Both mountains have since had long periods of inactivity, Etna having reposed for several centuries in the middle ages; but the eruptions

of both have increased in frequency and violence in more modern times. Extinct volcanoes are those whose form and materials plainly denote them to have once been scenes of fiery explosions, but which have not been known to exhibit any signal of energy. Yet, as Europeans have only been acquainted with the great majority of volcanoes for a comparatively short period, it is possible that some may be classed as extinct which are merely intermittent. An explosion, after a long interval of intermission, is usually most tremendous.

The vast majority of volcanoes occupy the basin and shores of the Pacific Ocean, extending from the South Shetlands, along the west coast of America, from Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire) to the Aleutian Isles, stretching through that chain to Kamschatka, and thence proceeding by the Kurile, Japanese, and Philippine Islands, into the Indian Archipelago, on the one hand, and through the Australian Isles to New Zealand, on the other.

Milner.

LESSON XL.—INDUSTRY.

Industry, to be successful, ought to be steady, persevering, and wisely directed. Industry ought to be *steady*. If we look upon a young boy, and a man of maturity and experience, going out together to work, we shall observe a very marked difference in their manner. We will suppose that they are going out into the forests, upon a winter morning, with a sled drawn by oxen, to get in wood. The boy is running hither and thither, and jumping about the sled; and when he comes to the woods, he begins cutting with great zeal and earnestness, to see if he cannot get a log cut off before his father. His father, on the other hand, moves deliberately. He

takes no unnecessary steps; he makes no violent exertion. The consequence is, that the boy is exhausted in an hour, and after that can do very little more; while the *man* is able to continue his labour steadily till the sun goes down in the evening.

Industry must be *persevering*. One great cause of want of perseverance among all persons, is their losing their interest in what they have begun, and then abandoning it for something else. Thus they go on and waste a great deal of time and strength upon unfinished undertakings.

Children very often manifest a great want of perseverance in respect to the studies which they commence at school. When some new study is thought of, they are often very desirous of undertaking it. They petition their parents and the teacher to allow them to get the books and begin. They are sure that they shall like it. And so they will like it; that is, they will like the *beginning* of it, which is all, in fact, that they can distinctly foresee. They see clearly that they shall like the beginning; and the interest and pleasure which really belong to the novelty of the undertaking, they think will attach permanently to the study itself. They begin, accordingly, with great zeal; but when the first ardour is over, and they find that the new study, which looked so alluring, requires the same patient assiduity that the old studies demanded, they are disappointed and discouraged, and all their interest is gone.

Industry must be *well directed*. The building of the Egyptian pyramids seems to have been ill-directed industry. A vast amount of labour and expense was devoted to them; but the mighty structures were almost utterly useless when they were done. The work of

making a railroad, on the other hand, is well-directed industry. The interest and pleasure of construction are as great in this case as in the other; and the railroad, at last, is a vast public convenience every day of its existence. There is the same difference in smaller enterprises, and even in the plays of children. Sometimes children waste their time upon projects which they have not the power to accomplish, and sometimes upon those which will do them no good, and give them no pleasure if they succeed in accomplishing them.

A great deal of the industry of men, as well as that of boys, is wasted in ill-directed efforts. Sometimes, for want of proper care and deliberation in forming the plan, the whole enterprise fails. Sometimes they attempt to do what is impossible; and, sometimes, after a long period of toil and anxiety, and heavy expenditure, they accomplish their object: but they find that it entirely disappoints their expectations and hopes, when it is obtained. In all our undertakings, therefore, whether in the plays of childhood or in the serious pursuits of middle life, we ought to consider the practicability and the wisdom of what we undertake, before we begin to expend our energies upon it; and thus our industry will be wisely directed. If it is steady and persevering besides, the results which it will secure for us will be of great value.—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON XLI.—COLUMBUS'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE NEW
WORLD.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it

in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "*Land! Land!*" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always a-head of the other ships; but having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence; they implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.—*Robertson*.

LESSON XLII.—THE GIRAFFE.

These gigantic and exquisitely beautiful animals are widely distributed throughout the interior of Southern Africa, but are nowhere to be met with in great numbers.

In countries unmolested by the intrusive foot of man, the giraffe is found generally in herds, varying from twelve to sixteen; but I have not unfrequently met with herds containing thirty individuals, and on one occasion I counted forty together; this, however, was owing to chance, and about sixteen may be reckoned as the average number of a herd. These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes,—from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark chesnut-coloured old bull, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining a height of upwards of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed, than the males, their height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and want of grace in the giraffe, but I consider him one of the most strikingly beautiful animals in the creation; and when a herd is scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which silver their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse, by the colossal height with which nature has endowed them, he must indeed be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements.

Every animal is seen to the greatest advantage in the haunts which nature destined him to adorn; and amongst the various living creatures which beautify this fair creation, I have often traced a remarkable resemblance between the animal and the general appearance of the locality in which it is found. This I first remarked at an early age, when entomology occupied a part of my attention. No person following this interesting pursuit can fail to observe the extraordinary likeness which insects bear to the abodes in which they are met with.

Thus, among the long green grass, we find a variety of long green insects, whose legs and antennæ so resemble the shoots emanating from the stalks of the grass, that it requires a practised eye to distinguish them. Throughout sandy districts, varieties of insects are met with of a colour similar to the sand they inhabit. Among the green leaves of the various trees of the forest innumerable leaf-coloured insects are found; while, adhering to the rough grey bark of these forest trees, we observe beautifully coloured, grey-looking moths, of various patterns, yet altogether so resembling the bark as to be invisible to the passing observer. In like manner among quadrupeds I have traced a corresponding analogy; for, even in the case of the stupendous elephant, the ashy colour of his sides so corresponds with the general appearance of the gray thorny jungles which he frequents during the day, that a person unaccustomed to hunting elephants, standing on a commanding situation, might look down upon a herd and fail to detect their presence. And in the case of the giraffe, which is invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weather-beaten trunks and stems occur, I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them, until I had recourse to my spy-glass; and on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail,—at one time mistaking these dilapidated trunks for cameleopards, and again confounding real cameleopards with these aged veterans of the forest.—*Cumming*.

LESSON XLIII.—THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!

Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?—

" We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

" We have swept o'er cities in song renowned,—
Silent they lie with the deserts round !
We have crossed proud rivers whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regained its home
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?
" We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet-hall ;
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt ;—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built !"

Oh ! joyous birds, it hath still been so ;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep :
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?—

" A change we have found there,—and many a change !
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange !
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair ,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair ?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last !

Mrs. Hamans.

LESSON XLIV.—EARTHQUAKES.

In various parts of the world, and at various times, there have been felt movements of the superficial crust of the earth, consisting for the most part of one or more rapidly succeeding undulations, accompanied often by sounds, and traceable distinctly in some particular direction, chiefly linear, taking time to proceed from one point to another. They are called earthquakes, and are recognised phenomena in all volcanic countries ; but occur also in districts which present no mark whatever of volcanic origin, and no trace of volcanic products. The following account of the great earthquake that destroyed Lisbon well describes the chief phenomena.

“ There was a sensible trembling of the earth in 1750, after which it was excessively dry for four years together, insomuch that some springs, formerly very plentiful of water, were dried, and totally lost ; at the same time the predominant winds were east and north-east, accompanied with various, though very small, tremors of the earth. The year 1755 proved very wet and rainy, the summer cooler than usual, and for forty days before the great earthquake, clear weather, yet not remarkably so. The 31st of October, the atmosphere and light of the sun had the appearance of clouds, with a notable obfuscation. The 1st of November, early in

the morning, a thick fog arose, which was soon dissipated by the heat of the sun; no wind stirring, the sea calm, and the weather as warm as in England in June or July. At thirty-five minutes after nine o'clock, without the least warning, except a rumbling noise, not unlike the artificial thunder at our theatres, immediately preceding, a most dreadful earthquake shook, by short but quick vibrations, the foundations of all Lisbon, so that many of the tallest edifices fell that instant. Then, with a scarcely perceptible pause, the nature of the motion changed, and every building was tossed like a waggon driven violently over rough stones, which laid in ruins almost every house, church, convent, and public building, with an incredible slaughter of the people. It continued, in all, about six minutes. At the moment of the beginning, some persons on the river, near a mile from the city, heard their boat make a noise, as if run aground or landing, though then in deep water, and saw at the same time the houses falling on both sides the river. Four or five minutes after, the boat made the like noise, which was another shock, which brought down more houses. The bed of the Tagus was in many places raised to its surface. Ships were driven from their anchors, and jostled together with great violence nor did the masters know if they were afloat or aground. The quay was overturned, with many hundreds of people on it, and sunk to an unfathomable depth in the water, not so much as one body afterwards appearing. The bar was seen dry from shore to shore; then suddenly the sea, like a mountain, came rolling in, and about Belem Castle the water rose fifty feet almost in an instant; and, had it not been for the great bay opposite to the city, which received and spread the great flux, the low part of

it must have been under water. As it was, it came up to the houses, and drove the inhabitants to the hills. About noon there was another shock, when the walls of several houses which were yet standing, were seen to open from top to bottom more than a quarter of a yard, but closed again so exactly as to leave scarce any mark of the injury. This earthquake came on three days before the new moon, when three quarters of the tide had run up. The direction of its progress seems to have been from north to south nearly, for the people on the river, south of the town, observed the remotest buildings to fall first, and the sweep to be continued down to the water's edge. Few days passed without some shock for the space of an ensuing year."—*Arsted.*

LESSON XLV.—DUTY TO PARENTS.

As children are, in early life, entirely helpless and dependent, God has made it the duty of their parents to feed, clothe, instruct, and govern them, until they shall be old enough to take care of and govern themselves. While, therefore, their parents are fulfilling this duty, children ought to submit to their authority, respect and honour their parental office, attend to their instructions, and be grateful and affectionate, in return for their kindness and love.

Children ought to be submissive to parental authority. To be submissive is to yield a willing and cheerful obedience. The child, who openly disobeys his father or mother, is guilty of great sin. He is not submissive. He rebels. He rebels against the authority of his parents, and thus breaks the commands of God. So with the child who *secretly* disobeys. If we do what our parents command while they see us, and then, when we

suppose we are not observed, secretly disobey, we violate our duty.

Children should *respect* and *honour* their father and mother. It is very wrong ever to speak disrespectfully to them. Children often do this : sometimes when they are displeased, and sometimes from thoughtlessness. But it is always wrong. If we answer them in an ill-natured manner, or express feelings of dislike or resentment, or make them subjects of jest or ridicule, or trifle with their feelings in any way, we do very wrong. Such treatment is entirely inconsistent with the principles which ought to govern the intercourse between the child and his parent.

Children ought to pay very ready and careful attention to their parents' instructions. They are very dependent upon the instruction which their parents give them, and provide for them, for all that they learn ; and they ought to receive these instructions with docility and readiness.

Children ought to be grateful to their parents for all their kindness and care. It is true, that it is the duty of parents to provide for their children ; but, in doing it, they do not act coldly and formally, as if they were merely discharging a duty,—their hearts are filled with warm affection and love. How tenderly will a mother watch over her sick child in its cradle ! She sits by its side, gently soothing its uneasiness and pain while it wakes, and watching it while it sleeps. She hushes every noise, keeps off every cold breath of air—bathes the little sufferer's face and hands, to soothe his restlessness—carries him, back and forth, across the room, with his cheek upon her shoulder, until her arms ache with the fatigue,—and, at midnight, when she lies down, at

last, to steal a few moments' rest, the least movement at his cradle brings her to his side.

When we consider how much fatigue, and anxiety, and suffering, parents endure for their children, it would seem, at first thought, that they never can be repaid; and yet, on the other hand, when we consider how much power children have to gladden their parents' hearts, and lighten all their labours and cares, by a kind and dutiful deportment, we are almost ready to believe that they may fully compensate them day by day.—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON XLVI.—COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

The entrance of Columbus into Barcelona has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it was discovered.

There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the Sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his grey hairs, gave him the august appearance of a Senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind influenced by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the Sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their Majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising

him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious Court.

At the request of their Majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants, of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold, in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their Majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the Sovereigns. When he had finished, they sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example: a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.—*Washington Irving.*

LESSON XLVII.—THE PARTRIDGE.

The commencement of the partridge season on the first of September leads us to the smiling corn-fields of the country, where the good providence of God has covered the cultivated land with the rich rewards of industry.

In these fields, beneath the shelter of what to her is a tall waving forest of close-grown stalks, a shelter which, up to this season, she has found secure from intrusive feet, the partridge has hatched her eggs; and tended her down-clad young without danger and without fear. But suddenly her domain is invaded by an army of ruthless reapers, who, laying low the protecting cover, expose many a half-grown brood, and call forth all the instinctive artifices and ingenious stratagems of the mother, which can never be witnessed without admiration: out she rushes, with a querulous cry, and tumbling over and over, often induces the irresistible impression, even in those who are familiar with the deception, that her wings or her legs are broken, and that it is an easy matter to catch her with the hand. She contrives, however, just to keep beyond the reach of her pursuer—scrambling grotesquely along, until she judges that her young, who are on the alert, taking advantage of the maternal sagacity, have been able to make off for some place of concealment. Then suddenly her whirring wings, put into vigorous action, bear her off to some distant spot, whence, making a rapid circuit on foot, she soon returns to her young charge, and adds her wits to theirs in seeking their continued safety.

But, under other circumstances, the partridge, though a timid bird, has been known to run greater risk in defence of its young. Mr. Selby, in his *British Ornithology*, relates the following anecdote, for the truth of which he vouches:—"A person engaged in a field had his attention arrested by some objects on the ground, which, on approaching, he found to be two partridges—a male and a female—engaged in battle with a carrion crow: so absorbed were they in the issue of the contest,

that they actually held the crow till it was seized and taken from them by the spectator of the scene. Upon search, the young birds, very lately hatched, were found concealed among the grass. It would appear, therefore, that the crow,—a mortal enemy to all kinds of young game,—in attempting to carry off one of these, had been attacked by the parent birds, and with the above singular success."

Instances of birds removing their eggs, in some way not well understood, when they suspect danger, are not infrequent; but few are more interesting than one narrated by Mr. Jesse, of the bird of which we are speaking. It is a beautiful example of rare sagacity and skill, prompted by affection, and brought into requisition by a sudden emergency.—"A gentleman living near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, was one day riding over his farm, and superintending his men, who were ploughing a piece of fallow land: he saw a partridge glide off her nest, so near the foot of one of the plough horses, that he thought the eggs must be crushed; this, however, was not the case: but he found that the old bird was on the point of hatching, as several of the eggs were beginning to crack. He saw the old bird return to her nest the instant he left the spot. It was evident that the next round of the plough must bury the eggs and nest in the furrow. His astonishment, therefore, was great when, returning with the plough, he came to the spot, and saw the nest, indeed, but the eggs were gone. An idea struck him that she had removed them; and he found her, before he left the field, sitting under the hedge upon twenty-one eggs, nineteen of which she subsequently hatched. The round of ploughing had occupied about twenty minutes, in which time, probably assisted by the cock bird, she had

removed the twenty-one eggs to a distance of about forty yards."

In the dry and sunny days which so generally prevail in the early part of this month, the coveys of young partridges may be frequently seen, particularly in the morning, rubbing themselves in the loose dusty soil. The object of dusting seems to be, to obtain relief from the torture inflicted on them by numerous parasitic insects by which birds are infested. As the day wanes, the coveys repair to some neighbouring field, where the corn is yet uncut, or, later in the season, to the stubbles, and pick their afternoon meal of grain: after which, the call-note of the partridges is heard, and they all move away together, to the spot selected for the night's repose. It appears that the whole brood arrange themselves in a circle, touching each other, the tails of all being in the centre, and thus, squatting close upon the ground, they pass the night; instinctively taught thus to guard against surprise from every quarter.—*Gosse*.

LESSON XLVIII.—WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child

That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we :
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet you are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we :
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

" So in the church-yard she was laid :
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

" And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you then," said I,
" If they two are in heaven ?"
The little maiden did reply,
" O master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, " Nay, we are seven."

Wordsworth.

LESSON XLIX.—THE OCEAN.

The principal part of the water on the globe occupies large depressions on the solid surface, known under the name of *oceans*. These are connected together by comparatively narrow passages, and are therefore really united, forming one wide and continuous expanse of sea. The different parts are, notwithstanding, known by distinct names; the most important being the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, and Arctic Oceans. There are also some internal seas, or lakes, of considerable extent, as the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and others, which are almost entirely enclosed by land, and are filled with salt water, besides the great gulfs and bays of North America, and others better known, but far less extensive, in Europe.

The depth of the ocean varies exceedingly, and its bed is broken, like the surface of the land, into plateaux, forming shoals, and ranges of mountains as well as isolated mountains, appearing above the surface in islands and groups of islands. Many parts of the ocean have been fathomed; but in some places a line, whose length nearly equals the elevation of the loftiest peaks of the Himalayan chain, has failed to reach the bottom. Around our own coast the depth is very variable, not amounting to one hundred feet over a great part of the German Ocean, while towards Norway, where the shore is bold, the depth is more than five thousand feet at a very short distance from the coast. The deep water commences also at a short distance from the shores of Ireland.

The ocean over all parts of the earth contains a certain proportion of salt, which is not quite the same, how-

ever, for different seas, and even varies in different seasons and at various depths. The proportion is between three and four per cent., or half an ounce to the pound, but is larger in the southern than in the northern hemisphere, and in the Atlantic than the Pacific. The surface is often less salt than the deeper parts of the sea, owing to the flowing into the ocean of large quantities of fresh water from rivers. In this case the fresh water, being lighter, floats on the surface for a long distance before becoming thoroughly mixed. Deep seas are generally more saline than those that are shallow, and inland seas than the open ocean; but this is not invariably the case, as it depends on the proportion that the river water flowing into the sea bears to the evaporation from its surface, and also partly to the influx of salt water. Thus the Mediterranean, especially in the deeper parts, is much more salt than the open sea, but the Baltic is much less so.

The temperature of the water is generally different from that of the atmosphere above it, and is greatly affected by depth and local circumstances. The temperature of deep water is constant (40 Fahr.), and in most parts of the ocean within the temperate and torrid zones is much lower than that of the surface. The temperature diminishes in descending, at different rates, however, in different seas, being so unequal that a decrease of one degree of the thermometer (Fahrenheit) answers sometimes to forty and at others to eighty feet of depth, and even more. Still it has been considered, that in general the temperature decreases six times as rapidly downwards in the sea as it diminishes upwards in the atmosphere, and that we much sooner arrive at the stratum of invariable temperature.—*Ansted.*

LESSON L.—DUTIES TO PLAYMATES.

One of the most important duties which boys and girls ought to perform, in respect to their playmates, is to avoid the company of the vicious.

Use your influence always to encourage doing right, and to discourage doing wrong, among your playmates, by every means in your power. Boys are very often led to do what is wrong, by the influence of other boys looking on and approving what they do.

Endeavour to protect the weak and defenceless, and to help all who are in any difficulty or trouble. We might suppose that no one would degrade himself so much as to be guilty of cruelty and oppression to those who are younger and smaller than he is, and thus unable to defend their rights. Still, there are boys who will do this. Their consciences, however, condemn them while they do it; and the influence of the opinion of others, coming in to the aid of conscience, will sometimes deter them. They know that it is wrong; and if they see that other boys think it is wrong, they sometimes will not do it. By kindly taking part with the oppressed, it is often possible very much to diminish the oppression: and there are many other ways by which a just and conscientious boy or girl may help to protect their playmates from injury.

Promote peace and good-will among your playmates. A boy may do a great deal to promote harmony among his companions, by explaining misunderstandings, representing things that occur in a favourable light, and, in all his conversation and conduct, setting an example of kindness and good-nature. On the other hand, he may do a great deal to foment discord and ill-will, by

endeavouring to set one boy against another, repeating harsh things which have been said, exaggerating difficulties and misunderstandings, and by exhibiting himself, and encouraging others to exhibit, a revengeful and passionate spirit.

Children should be *courteous* in their manners to one another. Boys ought to be gentlemanly, girls lady-like, in all their conversation and demeanour. There is every reason for this. It is proper in itself. Politeness is only gentleness and kindness expressed in our manners and conversation. Now, gentleness and kindness are agreeable—they promote happiness; while a rude, rough, and ill-natured manner makes everybody uncomfortable. Politeness and kind consideration for others smooths the roughness of play, and overcomes difficulties, and heightens enjoyment. It binds playmates together in strong bonds of affection; and forms in boys and girls such manners and habits, as make them objects of regard and affection while they are young, and give them vast advantages; when they grow up, in their intercourse with the world at large.—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON LI.—ORANGE HARVEST IN THE AZORES.

Many of the trees are a hundred years old. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. As the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish till they disappear altogether. Thus, the oranges most in esteem are the produce of barren trees, and those deemed least palatable come from trees in full vigour. The number of the trees is increased by layers, which, at the end of two

years, are cut away from the parent stem; the process of raising from seed being seldom if ever adopted, on account of the very slow growth of the plants so raised.

In Fayal, the branches, by means of strings, are strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of an open umbrella turned upside down—a plan which conduces much to early ripening, as the sun is thus allowed to penetrate, and the branches to receive a free circulation of air. To shield them from the winds, the gardens are protected by high walls, whilst the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. Without these precautions, the wind-falls would do away with the profits, none of the “ground-fruit,” as it is called, being exported to England. Filled with these magnificent shrubs, mixed with the lofty arbutus, many of the gardens present an imposing scene—

“Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste.”

One was especially charming, which covered the sides of a glen or ravine. On a near approach, scores of boys were seen scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing and laughing, and finally emptying their gatherings into larger baskets underneath. Many large trees, on the steep slopes of the glen, lay uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys. Besides, the fall of a tree might not be unamusing; and in so light a soil, where the roots are superficial, a light strain would give it bias enough. The trees lie where they fall; and some that had evidently come down many years before, were still alive, and bearing good crops. The fruit is

not ripe till March or April, nor do the natives generally eat it before that time. The boys, however, who gather it, are marked exceptions: they are of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange juice.

The process of packing the oranges is expeditious and simple. In some open plot of ground, you find a group of men and children, seated on a heap of the calyx-leaves, or husks, of Indian corn, in which each orange is to be wrapped up. The operation begins. A child hands to a workman, who squats beside him, a prepared husk; it is snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange, and passed to the next, who, with the chest between his legs, places it in the orange box; the parties continuing the work with amazing rapidity, until at length the chest is filled to overflowing. Two men now hand it to the carpenter, who bends over it several thin boards, secured with a willow band, presses it with his naked foot as he saws off the ragged ends of the boards, and despatches it to the ass, that stands ready for lading. Two chests are slung on its back by cords, in the figure of 8; and the driver, taking his goad, and uttering his well-known cry, trudges off to town.—*Bullar.*

LESSON LII.—THE CUCKOO.

The cuckoo builds no nest, but deposits its eggs singly in the nests of small, and, for the most part, insect-eating birds. Notwithstanding the immense disparity between the size of the cuckoo, and that of all these birds, there is very little between their eggs; the egg of the cuckoo being of the exact size of that of the skylark. Five or six eggs are deposited by the female cuckoo during the season, extending from the middle of May to

the middle of July ; but no more than one is ever (unless by an extraordinary exception) dropped into one nest. After fourteen days' incubation, the young cuckoo is hatched ; and as the support of so large a bird alone is sufficiently arduous for the foster-parents, it is necessary that their own eggs and young should be destroyed ; and this is always effected by the young cuckoo, in the manner thus described by Dr. Jenner :—" I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow's eggs. The next day the bird had hatched ; but the nest then contained only a young cuckoo and one hedge-sparrow. The nest was so placed that I could distinctly see what was going forward in it. To my surprise, I saw the cuckoo, though so lately hatched, in the act of turning out the hedge-sparrow. With the assistance of its rump and wings it contrived to get the bird upon its back, and making a lodgment for its burden by elevating its elbows, clambered backwards with it up the side of the nest till it reached the top, when it threw off its load with a jerk, and quite disengaged it from the nest. It remained in this situation for a short time, feeling about with its wings, as if to be convinced that the business was properly executed, and then dropped into the nest again." In climbing up the nest the young cuckoo sometimes drops its burden, but after a little respite the work is resumed and goes on till it is effected. The singularity of its shape is well adapted to these purposes ; for, unlike other newly hatched birds, its back is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature to give a more secure lodgment to the eggs or young birds, when the cuckoo is employed in removing them from the nest. When it is about twelve

days old, this cavity is quite filled up, and the back resumes the shape of nestling birds in general.

“Having found that the old hedge-sparrow commonly throws out some of her own eggs, after her nest has received the cuckoo, and not knowing how she might treat her young ones, if the cuckoo were deprived of the power of dispossessing them of the nest, I made the following experiment:—A young cuckoo, that had been hatched by a hedge-sparrow about four hours, was confined in the nest in such a manner that it could not possibly turn out the young ones, which were hatched at the same time, though it was almost incessantly making attempts to do so. The consequence was, that the old bird fed the whole alike, and appeared to pay the same attention to all, until the nest was unfortunately plundered.”

Here are many indications of the wisdom with which all the details of the works of God are arranged! One is, the selection, by the parent, of the nest of a bird which feeds its young with insects; for as the foster-parent can only present to its bantling the same kind of food it procures for its own offspring, if this were ungenial to it, it could not be reared. Then the small size of the strange egg probably prevents the detection of the imposition, until the hatching of the young; after which, the impulse of parental affection is drawn towards it. The exorbitant demand made by the appetite of so large a chick, renders it needful that their exertions be bestowed upon it alone; so that the expulsion of the other eggs, or young, is a provision of mercy towards the parent birds. The same instinct also explains the reason why the nests chosen by the parent cuckoo are those of small birds. If the depth of the nest were great, the

strength of the young cuckoo would be unequal to throwing out the eggs or birds, and the same difficulty would exist if the nestlings to be ejected were not much smaller than itself. Dr. Jenner remarks, that the short residence this bird is allowed to make in the country where it is destined to propagate its species, and the call that nature has upon it, during that short residence, to produce a numerous progeny, may explain its deviation from the ordinary domestic instincts and habits of birds.

Gosse.

LESSON LIII.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like the sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.—*Longfellow.*

LESSON LIV.—RIVERS.

Rivers rise in elevated districts, and flow thence in various directions towards the sea. The high land or ridge between the sources of the rivers, which flow in opposite directions through a country, is called the *water-shed*; the tract of country, which sends its waters into any great river, is called the *basin* of that river. Europe may be described as having two leading water-sheds: one in the region of the Alps, and the mountains on the south-west of Germany; the other extending in a winding course from the west of the Carpathian range, north-east through Russia.

Rivers form an important part of that grand natural circulation of water, constantly going on through air, earth, and ocean. The waters of the great lakes, seas, and oceans, being raised into the atmosphere in vapour by the influence of solar heat, are wafted over the land by winds, and condensed and precipitated on the earth's surface; and the water which has descended in *rain*, or been deposited as *dew*, or collected by the melting of *hail*, *snow*, *hoar-frost*, and *ice*, flows along the surface in *streams* or *rivulets*, which unite and form *rivers*, which pour their waters into other rivers, great lakes, or the sea; or it sinks into the ground, penetrates through porous strata till it meets some obstruction, when it accumulates, or takes some other course, and bursts out in springs.

Rivers generally run at right angles to the mountain-chains from whose upper ridges they flow; and from the arrangement of the leading mountain-chains, the greater number of large rivers flow from west to east towards the ocean; some to north or south; few towards

the west. They carry down with them a large quantity of solid matter in suspension, by the wearing away of their beds. This is deposited when their velocity becomes small; when they overflow their banks; and in large beds of a somewhat triangular form at their mouths, called *deltas*.

Many rivers periodically overflow their banks, as the Ganges, the Indus, the Nile, the Mississippi. This phenomenon occurs chiefly in the torrid zone, and is caused by the sudden and heavy rains which fall there in the wet season; or by the melting of snows on the mountains. The latter cause operating suddenly, often gives rise to floods in other districts. The rivers in northern Asia are often flooded, from their lower portions near the Arctic Ocean being still bound up in ice, while their sources are opened up and replenished by the influence of summer. The American continent, though comparatively narrow, has the largest rivers in the world, as the Marañon or Amazon, and the Mississippi, and a great number in proportion to the extent of land; Africa is scantily supplied with rivers; Arabia is nearly river less.

Rivers form striking features in natural scenery, and effect important changes on the earth's surface. They restore to the ocean the superfluous water not needed for the fertilization of the land, and by gathering the surface water into channels, render the countries on their banks dry and salubrious. They wear down the solid matter of the globe, and transport it to the bed of the deep, or deposit it as a rich alluvial soil on their banks. The influence of their moisture promotes vegetation, and moderates temperature in their vicinity. They afford to mankind never failing supplies of fresh water, and solid

sustenance in the fish with which they abound: they become highways of commerce: and have often proved powerful barriers against the encroachments of the invader. The simple abodes of the earliest races of men, as well as the largest and most magnificent cities of modern times, are found upon their banks. The river has always possessed a peculiar interest for man. His reason soon taught him the substantial advantages it confers: the fresh and beautiful verdure of its banks and the music of its gushing waters charmed his senses; its wild unceasing movement—ever onwards—ever changing—yet ever renewed—an emblem of life and eternity—fascinated his imagination.—*Reid.*

LESSON LV.—DUTIES AT SCHOOL.

Parents make great efforts and sacrifices to procure for their children the privileges of school; and children ought to be diligent and faithful in improving these privileges. They ought to submit readily and cheerfully to the authority of the teacher, and to be industrious, patient, and persevering, in pursuing the studies assigned to them.

The first duty which devolves upon children at school, is to be diligent and faithful in improving their time and privileges there. There is pleasure in play, and advantage in study. But children make a great mistake in attempting to enjoy the pleasure of play in school hours. There is so much fear of detection, so much watching of the teacher, so many interruptions, and such a constant uneasiness, from a consciousness of doing wrong, that playing in school is anything but a pleasure.

It requires an effort—sometimes a great effort—to bring the mind to a state of diligent application; but if

the effort is made, it is at once rewarded by the satisfaction and enjoyment which faithful industry affords. Besides, it is very wrong to waste or misimprove the privileges which parents have provided for their children. The support of schools is a heavy burden. It is sustained by parents altogether for the benefit of their children. They know the value of knowledge, and they wish to secure the treasure for those whom they love; and for the child to neglect and throw away the privileges thus procured for him, is to be guilty of great sin.

Children are bound to submit with cheerfulness and good-humour to all the requisitions of their parents and teachers, in respect to their studies, and to their conduct in school. Children sometimes think differently from their parents about the studies they are to pursue. But the parents must decide. The teacher, too, will establish rules which the scholars sometimes think unnecessary, or too strict. But it is of no consequence if they do think so. The teacher must decide. A pupil should never put his opinion or his will in opposition to that of the teacher.

Do not trouble the teacher with frivolous complaints about the other scholars, nor be a tale-bearer to carry to him, or to your parents at home, stories of their misconduct. While children should be very unwilling and slow to speak of the faults of others, unless circumstances demand it, yet when they are required by a parent or teacher to give them information in regard to any wrong that has been done, they should, as witnesses always do when they are required to give evidence in courts of justice, state all that they know, promptly, fully, and with exact justice to all concerned.

It undoubtedly requires a great deal of firmness and

decision, to resist the various temptations which occur at school, and to be at all times diligent, faithful, and persevering, in fulfilling the duties which arise there. But when once good habits are established, it will be easy to continue in them; and the effort, which it is necessary to make, will be richly rewarded by the great advantages which knowledge will bring in future life.—*J. Abbott.*

LESSON XVI.—RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

In the retreat from Moscow, Bonaparte provided only for his own security; the famished and the wounded were without protection. Forty thousand men, who had been sent on distant and desperate excursions to supply the army with food, being uninformed of the retreat, perished to a man; whilst their disappearance caused the death of a far greater number of their former comrades. Forty miles of road were excavated in the snow. The army looked like a phantasmagoria; no sound of horses' feet was heard, no wheel of waggon or artillery, no voice of man. Regiment followed regiment in long and broken lines, between two files of soldiers, the whole way. Some of the latter stood erect, some reclined a little, some had laid their arms beside them; some clasped theirs: *all were dead.* Several of these had slept in this position, but the greater part had been placed so as to leave the more room, and not a few, from every troop or detachment, took their voluntary station among them. The barbarians, who at other seasons rush into battle with loud cries, rarely did so now. Skins covered not their bodies only, but their faces; and such was the intensity of the cold, that they reluctantly gave vent, from amidst the spoils they had taken, to this first and most natural expression of their

vengeance. Their spears—often of soft wood, as the beech, the birch, the pine—remained unbroken, while the sword and dagger of the adversary cracked like ice. Feeble from inanition, inert from weariness, and somnolent from the iciness that enthralled them, they sank into forgetfulness, with the Cossacks in pursuit and coming down upon them; and even while they could yet discern—for they looked generally to that quarter—the more fortunate of their comrades marching home. The gay and lively Frenchman, to whom war had been sport and pastime, was now reduced to such apathy, that, in the midst of some kind speech which a friend was to communicate to those he loved the most tenderly, he paused from rigid drowsiness, and bade the messenger adieu. Some, it is reported, closed their eyes and threw down their muskets, while they could still use them, not from hope or from fear, but partly from indignation at their general, whose retreats had always been followed by the ruin of his army; and partly from the impossibility of resisting this barbarous enemy—even to men who had before conquered brave nations.

Napoleon moved on, surrounded by what guards were left to him, thinking more of Paris than of Moscow,—more of the conscripts he could enrol, than of the veterans he had left behind him.—*W. S. Landor.*

LESSON LVII.—THE HORSE.

It has been well remarked, that though the wealth of the Arab consists in flocks and herds, his pride and power lie in his horse, while his safety not unfrequently depends on its speed and endurance of fatigue. Mr. Layard thus speaks of an Arabian mare:—"A young chesnut mare was one of the most beautiful creatures I

ever beheld. As she struggled to free herself from the spear to which she was tied, she showed the lightness and elegance of the gazelle. Her limbs were perfect symmetry; her ears long, slender, and transparent; her nostrils high, dilated, and deep red; and her mane and tail of the texture of silk. We all involuntarily stopped to gaze at her. 'Say Musha-Allah,' exclaimed the owner, who, seeing not without pride that I admired her, feared the effect of an evil eye. 'That I will,' answered I, 'and with pleasure; for, O! Arab, you possess the jewel of the tribe.'" Mr. Warburton describes the breed as gallant, yet docile; fiery, yet gentle; full of mettle, yet patient as a camel; and, although ferocious to one another, yet so gentle as to suffer little children to play with them and pull them about. Their powers of enduring fatigue seem to be very great. Some of the Arab chiefs keep them for weeks with the saddle on their backs, and sometimes ride them for twenty or thirty hours consecutively, resting them perhaps for half an hour, and giving them a few handfuls of barley. Horses with such powers cannot but obtain celebrity; and Layard tells us of one named Kubleh, the day of whose death is the epoch from which the Arabs of Mesopotamia, for the last ten years, have dated events connected with their tribe. Even the most extreme poverty cannot tempt the Arab to part with his horse. It shares the tent with his wife and children; and he not unfrequently addresses it as if it were a human being. Some of the most famed English race-horses have been either Arabs or have had a mixture of Arabian blood in their veins. The Persian horse is closely allied to the Arab, and similar to it in fleetness, power of endurance, and that mixture of fire and gentleness for which the other is so famed.

In contrast of the most extreme nature with the Arab, is the humble and hardy Shetland pony. From an unpublished Essay on Shetland, by Mr. Edward Standen, we extract the following account of him :—" His diminutive size, shaggy mane and tail, round barrel, docility and spirit, have long made him a favourite. To him, banishment from his native land is a real benefit. No care is there taken of him ; in the cold wet winter he must still remain upon the bleak hill. No mess of boiled fish is offered to him, as to the horned cattle ; but he knows, as well as any seafaring man, the hours for the ebb and flow of the ocean ; and as the tide recedes, driven by hunger, he descends the hills, and eats the salt sea-weed to support life. But those who care so little for his wants, or, we may say, who have so little to give, are ready to make use of his services, as soon as summer comes to dry up the boggy hills, and fresh grass gives him renewed strength. Then he bears his burdens of peat from the hill, where it is cut, to the stack near the house ; he carries his master or mistress to kirk, or the traveller over hill and dale, soft bog, and hard rock, with wonderful endurance."

Great, again, is the difference in size and powers between a Shetlander and an English dray-horse. Some of these have been known to draw, for a short distance, the weight of three tons ; while others, such as that strong variety called the Suffolk punch, will pull at a dead weight till they fall on their knees. The Flemish and Danish horses are regarded, from their size and steadiness, as the best carriage horses.

Independently of his use as a beast of burden, the horse proves advantageous to man in many ways. Though no one in this country would designedly eat

horse-flesh, there are parts of the world where it is not abandoned, as here, to cats and dogs, but is the favourite food of the inhabitants themselves. This is the case among the Calmuc Tartars; and the soldiers in Paraguay, when on their expeditions, are supplied with no other provision.

Mare's milk is drunk in some parts of Asia, and converted into butter and cheese; whilst, when fermented, it forms a favourite liquor of the Tartars, who also use it as medicine. The skin of the horse, when tanned, is made into harness, and is a kind of leather extensively employed. The hair is much used in the formation of covers to chairs and sofas, while it is used to stuff the cushion part; for the latter purpose it requires to be baked, a process which imparts to it great elastic powers.—*White.*

LESSON LVIII.—HEAVEN.

Oh talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above!
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable!
Oh, tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing;
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously;
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial charm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh happy, happy country, where
There entereth not a sin;
And Death, that keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in!

No change can turn their day to night ;
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment :
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their beaming eye ;
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agony,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

Oh happy, happy country, there
Flourishes all that we deem fair :
For though no fields or forests green,
Or bowery gardens there are seen,
Nor perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,
The archetypes of these.
There is the home, the land of birth,
Of all we highest prize on earth :
The storms that rack this world beneath,
Must there for ever cease :
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace.

Oh happy, happy land ! in thee
Shines the unveiled Divinity !
Shedding o'er each adoring breast
A holy calm—a heavenly rest ;
And those blest souls whom death did sever,
Here meet to mingle joys for ever !
O when will heaven unfold to me ?
O when shall I its glories see ?

And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land ?

Caroline Bowles.

LESSON LIX.—LAKES.

Inland bodies of water, entirely surrounded by land, are called *lakes*—sometimes, when they obtain a very great magnitude, *seas*. Some lakes have no river running either into or out of them—conjectured to be craters of extinct volcanoes. Some send out a stream, but receive none—fed by springs. Some receive rivers, but send out none ; as the Caspian Sea, the Sea of Aral, the Dead Sea, and Lake Tchad in Africa. By far the greater number both receive rivers, and have rivers flowing from them,—as the great lakes in North America, and Lake Baikal, in Northern Asia.

The most celebrated European lakes are those of Constance and Geneva. The Russian lakes, of which Ladoga is the largest, are, however, of much greater extent. The British lakes, though presenting much picturesque scenery, are of small size ; the largest English lakes, those of Westmoreland and Cumberland, would appear mere specks on a map of Europe. The lakes of Scotland, of which Loch Lomond is the largest, though of somewhat greater extent, are insignificant in a general view of the world. The lakes of Ireland are likewise of small dimensions ; but the Lake of Killarney and Lough Erne are celebrated for their beautiful and picturesque scenery.

Asia contains some fresh-water lakes, among which is that of Baikal, but the greater number of its lakes are salt. The most celebrated of the latter is Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, which is more saline than the

ocean. Many of these natural depositories of salt are situated in the interior of this vast region; and their occurrence in districts so far removed from the sea is of great importance to the inhabitants, who, in many cases, obtain considerable supplies of that valuable article, merely by collecting the saline incrustations formed round the margin of the lakes.

We are too little acquainted with the interior of Africa to speak with any certainty as to the number or character of its lakes; but Lake Tchad is described as one of the largest fresh-water lakes in the world.

North America, however, may be considered as the country of lakes. A vast chain, more or less connected with each other, extends across a large portion of the continent, commencing near the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and terminating on those of the Atlantic. Many of these lakes are of great extent, but the most remarkable are those which form the great water-system of Canada. The largest of these is Lake Superior, which has an extreme length of 380 miles, and a breadth of 161 miles. The surface occupied by the Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron, is computed at 72,930 square miles. South America is very deficient in lakes; that of Titicaca being the only considerable one in this portion of the New World. This lake, however, is remarkable on account of its great elevation above the level of the sea.—*Zornlin*.

LESSON LX.—DUTY TO GOD.

God is mysterious, majestic, and powerful, and children ought to adore Him. He is strict in requiring obedience to His law, and terrible in His displeasure against those who persist in disobeying it; and therefore we ought to fear Him. He is merciful to forgive those who are

penitent; and He loves and watches over all His creatures, to keep them from harm, and to make them happy; and therefore we ought to love Him. He is always near us, ready to listen to us, to take care of us, and to be our best friend; we ought, therefore, to commune with Him every day, to confess our sins, to thank Him for His favours, and to ask His continued guidance and protection.

God is everywhere. If a boy plant a seed in the ground in the spring, there comes from it, in a few days, a little sprout. There are two parts: the part that is for the root turns down, and grows into the ground; that part which is for the stem and leaves turns up, and comes out into the air. How do the root and the stem know which way they each must grow? They do not know. God is there, where you plant that seed, and He guides the growing of it; and all over this vast world you cannot find a place where you can put in the smallest seed, but God will be always ready there, to send the little leaflets up and the root down.

Did you ever feel your pulse in your wrists? Do you know what it is occasioned by? It is the beating of the blood, as it is driven along through a little channel into your hand. It is by means of this that your hand is kept alive, and warm, and made to grow. Your blood beats its way thus into every part of your body; and if it should cease this motion, you would soon become cold, and stiffen, and die. Now, who makes your pulse beat? Do you do it? Can you make it beat, or stop its beating? No. It is God. His power is always present within you and around you; and He causes the pulse to beat all the time, wherever you are, and whatever you are doing,—whether you are awake or asleep, at home or abroad, running or playing, or sitting still.

How strange! that God should never for a moment forget, and leave His work unperformed! He is great and mighty, and is constantly present and constantly acting everywhere. We ought to adore Him for His greatness and majesty, love Him for His goodness, dread His displeasure, and ask His forgiveness and protection every day.

Every duty which we have to perform is enjoined upon us by the command of God; so that we cannot neglect any duty whatever, without disobeying Him. Now, the law of God clearly forbids all the sins of which we can be guilty against any one; so that we cannot do any wrong without disobeying Him. If a child be unjust to his playmate, he disobeys and displeases God. If he attempts to deceive his parents, he disobeys and displeases God. If he waste his time, or is insubordinate and troublesome at school, he disobeys and displeases God. Every offence which we can commit, small as well as great, is a transgression of His law; and we cannot be really happy, after we have committed such transgressions, until we obtain His forgiveness. We ought, therefore, to make it the great duty and business of our lives to secure and enjoy at all times the favour of Almighty God, our Father in heaven. We should seek His pardon for all our sins, go to Him always in all our trouble, look to Him for protection in danger, strength in temptation, comfort in sorrow, and peace and happiness in duty; and cultivate such constant habits of intercourse and communion with Him as shall enable us, under all the circumstances of life, to feel that He is our refuge and strength, and an ever-present help in time of trouble.—*J. Abbott.*

penitent; and He loves and watches over all His creatures to keep them from harm, and to make them happy; and therefore we ought to love Him. He is always near, ready to listen to us, to take care of us, and to be our friend; we ought, therefore, to commune with Him every day, to confess our sins, to thank Him for His favour, and to ask His continued guidance and protection.

God is everywhere. If a boy plant a seed in the ground in the spring, there comes from it, in a few days, a little sprout. There are two parts: the part which is for the root turns down, and grows into the ground; the part which is for the stem and leaves turns up, and grows out into the air. How do the root and the stem grow? In which way they each must grow? They do so because God is there, where you plant that seed, and He directs the growing of it; and all over this vast world you cannot find a place where you can put in a seed, but God will be always ready there, to make the leaflets up and the root down.

Did you ever feel your pulse in your wrist? You know what it is occasioned by. It is the blood, as it is driven along through the arteries by your hand. It is by the action of the heart, which is kept alive, and warms the blood, and makes it beat its way thus to the wrist. If the heart were cold, and stiffen, would it beat? Do you feel its beating? It is present within you, and you can feel its pulse to beat. It is ever your friend, and it is at the heart of all.

How ~~strongly~~ ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ~~depended~~
~~upon~~ ~~the~~ ~~possession~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~only~~
~~and~~ ~~mighty~~ ~~and~~ ~~great~~ ~~rising~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~classes~~
~~acting~~ ~~everywhere~~ ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~Jack~~ ~~Cade's~~ ~~rebellion~~ ~~in~~ ~~1540,~~
~~great~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~saved~~ ~~as~~ ~~often~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~ringleaders~~

His displeasure, ~~and~~ the bridge, or were driven from it
 every day. Duke Humphrey of Gloucester lay

Every duty ~~of~~ his followers on the north, and the
 us by the ~~river~~ ~~water~~ on the south side of the river, when
 any duty ~~whatsoever~~ ~~uncle~~ ~~and~~ ~~nephew~~ were on the very eve
 law of God ~~the~~ ~~personal~~ ~~and~~ ~~political~~ ~~differences~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~
 be guilty again ~~above~~ ~~the~~ ~~water~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Thames~~. Such
 wrong without ~~these~~ ~~were~~, however, happily of tolerably
 his playmate, ~~and~~; and for many years, nay even for cen-
~~turies~~ ~~to~~ ~~draw~~, the gates of the bridge were not closed
~~placed~~ ~~and~~ ~~then~~. It was only at night that, in accordance
~~and~~ ~~regulations~~, it was required that the draw-
 God. Every ~~oil~~ ~~be~~ ~~drawn~~ ~~up~~, and the portcullis let down.
 will ~~be~~ ~~communication~~ ~~between~~ ~~Middlesex~~ ~~and~~ ~~Surrey~~
~~means~~ ~~of~~ ~~ferry~~ ~~boats~~, which plied from
~~to~~ ~~and~~, and were, from a very early period,
~~special~~ ~~class~~ ~~of~~ ~~boatmen~~.—*Dr. Pauli's Pictures*
~~and~~.

LESSON LXII.—COWPER'S TAME HARES.

Children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret
 for a plaything; it was at that time about
 months old. Understanding better how to tease
 creature than to feed it, and soon becoming
 their charge, they readily consented that their
 should offer it to my acceptance. It
 among the neighbours that I was p
 ent, and the consequence was that

LESSON LXI.—OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

London Bridge, which continued until the last century to be the only bridge of the city, was a very remarkable structure even in the middle ages, and it retained a character of great singularity up to recent times. After the Saxons, and the Romans probably still earlier, had possessed a wooden bridge at this spot, Henry II. began, in the year 1176, to construct a stone bridge, which, however, was not completed till the year 1209, under his son John. Injuries from fire and water, and inexperience in erecting so difficult a structure, must have made many alterations and restorations necessary, until at length the edifice was permanently completed, and raised upon twenty strong but irregular arches, made of solid freestone masonry, having a large drawbridge in the middle. The powerful stream now flowed backwards and forwards through these arches, while over the bridge itself there arose, in the course of time, a regular street, solid enough to support on both sides high and stately houses, and affording even sufficient room for a tournament, which was held upon its pavement in the year 1395. Almost in the centre stood a Gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas, at which a priest regularly performed mass. Two solid fortified gateways, having battlements and a portcullis, closed the entrances at the northern and southern ends. It continued to be a custom for ages to adorn the battlements of these gates with the heads of traitors, stuck upon spikes; and from thence the heads of Llewellyn the last of the Welsh princes, the brave Wallace, the bold favourite Hugo Despencer, and many other heroes and ruffians, looked down upon the gay and busy crowd that passed

below. In unquiet times, the fate of the city depended in great measure upon the possession of this only bridge; while, in the great rising of the lower classes in the year 1381, and in Jack Cade's rebellion in 1540, London was lost and saved as often as the ringleaders became masters of the bridge, or were driven from it. In the year 1425, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester lay under arms with his followers on the north, and the Bishop of Winchester on the south side of the river, when it seemed as if the uncle and nephew were on the very eve of settling their personal and political differences in a bloody contest above the water of the Thames. Such occurrences as these were, however, happily of tolerably rare occurrence; and for many years, nay even for centuries together, the gates of the bridge were not closed against any foe. It was only at night that, in accordance with the regulations, it was required that the draw-bridge should be drawn up, and the portcullis let down. All further communication between Middlesex and Surrey was effected by means of ferry boats, which plied from definite points, and were, from a very early period, worked by a special class of boatmen.—*Dr. Pauli's Pictures of Old England.*

LESSON LXII.—COWPER'S TAME HARES.

The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father should offer it to my acceptance. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short

time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment so contrived that an earthen pan, placed under, received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for like many other wild animals they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted—a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the

cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible, by many symptoms which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the slightest effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity; and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm

hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them, no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming

in, engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one—at least, grass is not their staple ; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident that fine white sand is in great estimation with them ; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage when the hares were with me ; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which, being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously ; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat ; straw of any kind, especially wheat straw, is another of their dainties. They will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them ; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk. I made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it, cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night ; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin ; for though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being

a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water. I must not omit that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall. Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance—a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread, at the same time, out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject did I not add that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot, and that they are never infested by any vermin.—*Cowper*.

LESSON LXIII.—EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsmen's halloo!

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippin's russet peel,
And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing himself around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade
He finds his long, last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

She, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.—*Cowper.*

LESSON LXIV.—THE SNOW LINE.

The high peak glistened before us, and the sun's rays falling upon it caused it to appear of a beautiful colour—a mixture of gold and red; as though a shower of roses had fallen upon the snow! We noticed that there was now more snow upon the mountain than when we had first seen it, and that it came farther down its sides. This attracted the attention of all of us; and Frank at once called for an explanation, which his mother volunteered to give, for she very well understood the phenomenon.

“In the first place,” she said, “as you ascend upwards in the atmosphere, it becomes thinner and colder. Beyond a certain point it is so cold, that neither men nor animals exist. This can be proved in several ways, and the experience of those who have climbed mountains, only three miles high, confirms it. Some of these adven-

turous men have been nearly frozen to death. This is a fact, then, in regard to the atmosphere over all parts of the earth; but we may also observe, that under the equator you may go higher, without reaching this extreme cold, than in the countries which lie nearer to the poles. Another fact, which you will easily believe, is, that in summer you can climb higher before you reach the cold region than in winter. Bear these facts in mind. Now, then, if it be so cold at a certain height that men would be frozen to death, of course at that height snow will not melt. What is the natural inference? Why—that mountains whose tops pierce up into this cold region will most certainly be covered with perpetual snow. It is not likely that anything but snow ever falls upon their summits,—for when it rains upon the plains around them, it is snowing upon the high peaks above. Indeed it is probable that most of the rain which descends upon the earth has been crystals of snow when it commenced its descent; and afterwards melting in the lower and warmer regions of the atmosphere, takes the shape of water globules, and thus falls to the ground. These globules, no doubt, are very small when they first emerge from the snow region; but as they pass slowly downward through clouds of vapour, they gather together and attract others (by a law which I have not time to explain); and, descending faster and faster, at length plash down to the earth in large drops. Whenever it rains, then, at any particular place, you may be almost certain that it is snowing at the same time over that place—only at a point in the atmosphere far above it. I have been convinced of this fact, by observing that immediately after every occasion when it has rained in the valley, there appeared a greater

quantity of snow upon the mountain. Had the mountain not been there, this snow would have continued on and become rain, like that which fell upon the plains and into the valley."

"Then, mamma," interrupted Frank, "this mountain must be of great height since the snow lies upon it all the year."

"Does that follow?"

"I think so. You said the snow did not melt because it was cold high up."

"But suppose you were in a country near the North Pole, where snow lies all the year at the very sea-side, and consequently at the sea level, would it then prove a mountain to be very high?"

"Oh! I see—I see now. The perpetual snow on a mountain only shows it to be of great height when the mountain happens to be in warm latitudes."

"Precisely so. In very warm countries, such as those within the tropics, when you see the snow cap upon a mountain, you may infer that it is a very high one—at least over two miles in height; and when there is much snow upon it—that is, when the snow reaches far down its sides—it proves the mountain to be still higher—three miles or more above the level of the ocean."

"Our mountain, then, must be a high one, since it is in a warm latitude, and snow lies all the year upon it."

"It is a high one, comparatively speaking; but you will remember, when we first saw it, there was only a small patch of snow upon its top, and probably in very hot summers that disappears altogether; so that it is not so high as others in South America. Taking our latitude into calculation, and the quantity of snow

which lies upon this mountain, I should say it was about 14,000 feet."

"Oh! so much as that! It does not seem half so high. I have seen mountains that appeared to me to be quite as high as it, and yet it was said they did not measure the half of 14,000 feet."

"That arises from the fact that you are not viewing this one from the the sea level, as you did them. The plain upon which it stands, and from which we view it, is of itself elevated nearly half as much. You must remember that we are upon one of the high tables of the American continent."

Here, for a minute or so, the conversation stopped, and we travelled on in silence, all of us with our eyes fixed on the white and roseate peak that glittered before us, leading our eyes far up into the heavens.

Frank again resumed the discourse which had been broken off by our admiration of this beautiful object,

"Is it not curious," said he, "that the snow should lie so regularly coming down on all sides to the same height, and ending just like the cape of a coat, or the hem of a nightcap? It seems to be a straight line all round the mountain."

"That line," rejoined his mother, "is, as you say, a curious phenomenon, and caused by the laws of heat and cold, which we have just been explaining. It is called the 'snow line,' and a good deal of speculation has arisen among cosmographers about the elevation of this line. Of course, on mountains within the tropics this line will be at a great height above the level of the sea. As you advance northward or southward to the Poles, it will be found lower and lower, until within the frigid zones it may be said to cease altogether—for there, as we have

said, snow covers the whole earth, and there can be no 'snow line.'

"From this, one would suppose that an exact scale might be formed, giving the elevation of the snow-line for all latitudes. But that could not be done. Observation has shown that it not only differs on mountains that lie in the same latitude, but that on the same mountain it is often higher on one side than the other—particularly on those of great extent, as the Himalayas of India. This is all quite natural, and easily accounted for. The position of mountains to one another, and their proximity or great distance from the sea, will give them a colder or warmer atmosphere, independent of latitude. Moreover, the same mountain may have a warmer climate on one side than the other; and of course the snow-line will be higher on that side which is the warmer, in consequence of the greater melting of the snow. This line, too, varies in summer and winter for a like reason—as we see here upon our own mountain, where it has already descended several feet since the weather became colder. This, you will acknowledge, is all very natural; and you will see, too, that Nature, although apparently capricious in many of her operations, acts most regularly in this one, as perhaps in all others."

"But, mamma," inquired Harry, "can we not get to the top of the mountain? I should like to have some snow to make snowballs and pelt Frank with them."

"It would be a very difficult task, Master Hal; and more than either you or I could get through with. I think Frank will escape being snow-balled this time."

"But people have climbed to the top of the Himalaya mountains; and they are far higher than this, I am sure."

"Never," interrupted Frank; "no one has ever climbed the Himalayas. Have they, mamma?"

"No mortal has ever been so high as the summits of those great mountains, which are more than five miles above the level of the ocean. Even could they be climbed, it is not likely that any animal could live at their top. These inaccessible things seem to have been designed by the Creator to afford us objects for sublime contemplation—objects far above the reach of mortal man, and that can never be rendered common by his contact. Do they not seem so?"—*Captain Mayne Reid.*

LESSON LXV.—SELF-DECEPTION.

There is nothing in which the self-deception of the heart is more evident, than in leading us to believe that if we were placed in any other situation than our own, we should perform its duties faithfully. Our Saviour says, that it is he who is faithful in that which is least, who is faithful also in that which is much: but we flatter ourselves that we should be faithful in much, though we confess that we are deficient in regard to the little that is entrusted to us.

Maria was very prone to this species of self-deception. Nothing pleased her more than to imagine situations of trial and difficulty, in which she supposed herself to behave with the most edifying propriety. Though she knew that she was not so dutiful and attentive to her parents as she ought to have been, yet she flattered herself that if she were only placed in circumstances where filial duties would be more difficult, she would perform them without fault.

She once read an account of a young peasant girl who supported her infirm parents by the labour of her hands,

ministering to their wants with the most patient kindness, while she denied herself sufficient food, in order to supply them with comforts.

Nothing could exceed Maria's enthusiasm on reading this story. Her father being gone out, she stationed herself at the window to watch for his return, and when he came, she ran to him with the exclamation—

"O, papa, here is the most beautiful story you ever read of a girl who—O, papa, do read it—it will not take you long."

Her father sat down, and taking Maria on his lap complied with her request.

"Isn't it beautiful, papa?" cried she, as soon as he had finished.

"Yes, my dear, it is a beautiful instance of filial piety."

"O, papa, I wish—" but Maria stopped, blushing.

"Well, my dear, go on, what do you wish?"

"I was going to say, papa, that I almost wished you were poor, so that I might have the pleasure of working for you."

"Thank you, my dear; I have no doubt you would be willing to help me, though it might perhaps be less pleasant than you think now."

"O no, papa, I am sure I should always love to do anything for you."

"And do you really suppose, Maria, that it would be easier to go without food, and work day and night, than it is to perform the light services required of you now?"

"No, papa, it would not be easier, exactly; but—"

"But there would be more glory about it?"

"Not exactly that, papa; but I should feel as if I were doing something."

"Well, are you not doing something now, when you take care of the baby, and help your mother sew?"

"But then, papa, that is such a little; and, besides, you could get somebody else to do it if I did not."

"As to that, my dear, you are mistaken. To be sure, we are not poor, in the sense that Dorothea's parents were; but I could not afford to keep another servant to take care of the children—so, you see, you can do some good."

This seemed to console Maria for a few moments, but then she sighed to think it was so little in comparison with what Dorothea did.

"You may depend upon it, Maria," said her father, "that all the wishing for some other situation to show your love, is self-deception. You can just as well give proofs of your affection now, as you could in any other circumstances; and it is folly for a person who does not faithfully perform his present duties, to pretend that he should do better in a different station. I can tell you why it looks so easy to you now. We never see fully the difficulties and discomforts of any situation till we are placed in it. You look at it now at a distance, and it seems easy to you to make sacrifices; but if you had to rise early and go to bed late, to work hard, and eat only black bread, and not enough of that, and all this day after day, and week after week, I suspect you would alter your mind. Suppose that Dorothea had been placed in your situation; do you not think she would have found opportunities of being useful?"

"Yes, papa, I suppose she would."

"Yes, she would have been useful in any situation; but she had a principle of action, which you have not. Do you remember how she encouraged herself to do right?"

"Yes, papa, she thought of Christ all the time."

"Yes, and looking to Him will make everything easy."

The next evening, when Maria again took her seat by her father, he resumed the conversation of the previous day.

"Maria, there is probably another reason why you imagine it would be easier to do what Dorothea did, than what is required of you. You think of her as loved and admired by all who read this story, and this makes the self-denial appear less difficult. But, remember, she did not suppose her conduct would ever be known; she laboured on meekly and patiently, from day to day, with no other reward than the approbation of God and her own conscience. Do you think you could do this?"

Maria was not sure.—*Payson's Conversations.*

LESSON LXVI.—EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

The two largest and most celebrated cities in Scotland are situated in the valleys of two rivers, the Forth and the Clyde. They are Edinburgh and Glasgow. Edinburgh is on the Forth, though situated at some little distance from its banks. Glasgow is on the Clyde. There is a railway extending across from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and also a canal, connecting the waters of the Forth with the Clyde. The region of these cities, and of the canal and railroad connecting them, is altogether the busiest, the most densely peopled, and the most important portion of Scotland.

The cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, though both greatly celebrated, are celebrated in very different ways. Edinburgh is the city of science, of literature, and of the arts. Here are many learned institutions, the fame and

influence of which extend to every part of the world. Here are great book-publishing establishments, which send forth millions of volumes every year—from ponderous encyclopædias of science, and elegantly illustrated and costly works of art, down to tracts for Sabbath schools, and picture-books for children. The situation of Edinburgh is very romantic and beautiful; the town being built among hills and ravines of the most picturesque and striking character. When Scotland was an independent kingdom, Edinburgh was the capital of it, and thus the old palace of the kings, and the royal castle, are there; and the town has been the scene of some of the most remarkable events in Scottish history.

Glasgow, on the other hand, which is on the Clyde, towards the western side of the island, together with all the country for many miles round it, forms the scene of the mechanical and manufacturing industry of Scotland. The whole district, in fact, is one vast workshop, being full of mines, mills, forges, furnaces, machine shops, ship-yards, and iron works, with pipes puffing out steam, and tall chimneys rising everywhere all round the horizon, and sending up volumes of dense black smoke, which come pouring incessantly from their summits, and thence floating majestically away, mingle with the clouds of the sky.

The reason of this is, that the strata of rocks which lie beneath the ground in all this region, consist in great measure of beds of coal and of iron ore. The miners dig down in almost any spot, and find iron ore; and very near it, and sometimes in the same pit, they find plenty of coal. These pits are like monstrous wells: very wide at the mouth, and extending down four or five times as far as the height of the tallest steeples, into the bowels

of the earth. Over the mouth of the pit the workmen build a machine, with ropes and a monstrous wheel, to hoist up the iron and coal by, and all round they set up furnaces to smelt the ore and turn it into iron. Then at suitable places, in various parts of the country, they construct great rolling mills and foundries. The rolling mills are to turn the pig iron into wrought iron, and to manufacture it into bars, and sheets, and rails for the railroads; and the foundries are to cast it into the form of great wheels, and cylinders, and beams for machinery, or for any other purpose that may be required.

The Clyde is the river on which steam-boats were first built in Great Britain. The first man in England or Scotland that found a way of making a steam-engine that could be put in a boat and made to turn paddle-wheels so as to drive the boat along, was James Watt, who was born on the Clyde, which, of course, very naturally became the centre of steam-boat and steam-ship building. The iron for the engines was found close at hand, as well as abundant supplies of coal for the fires. The timber they brought from the Baltic. At length, however, they found that they could build ships of iron instead of wood, using iron beams for the framing, and covering them with plates of iron riveted together, instead of planks. These ships were found superior, in almost all respects, to those built of timber; and as iron in great abundance was found all along the banks of the Clyde, and as the workmen in the region were extremely skilful in working it, the business of building ships and steamers of this material increased wonderfully, until, at length, the banks of the river for miles below Glasgow became lined with ship-yards, where countless steamers, of monstrous length and graceful forms, in all stages of construction,

lie ; now sloping towards the water and down the stream, ready at the appointed time to glide majestically into the river, and thence to plough their way to every portion of the habitable globe.—*Abbott.*

LESSON LXVII.—CROWS.

Of all the Ceylon birds of this order, the most familiar and notorious are the small glossy crows, whose shining black plumage, shot with blue, has suggested the title of *Corons Splendens*. They frequent the towns in companies, and domesticate themselves in the close vicinity of every house; and it may possibly serve to account for the familiarity and audacity which they exhibit in their intercourse with men, that the Dutch during their sovereignty in Ceylon enforced severe penalties against any one killing a crow, under the belief that they were instrumental in extending the growth of cinnamon, by feeding on the fruit, and thus disseminating the undigested seed.

All day long these birds are engaged in watching either the offal of the offices, or the preparation for meals in the dining rooms; and as doors and windows are necessarily opened to relieve the heat, nothing is more common than the passage of a crow across the room, lifting on the wing some ill-guarded morsel from the dinner table. No article, however unpromising its quality, provided only it be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves, and pocket handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or open door. They open paper parcels to ascertain the contents; they will undo the knot on a napkin if it encloses anything eatable; and I have known

a crow to extract the peg which fastened the lid of a basket in order to plunder the provender within.

One of these ingenious marauders, after vainly attitudinising in front of a chained watch-dog, that was lazily gnawing a bone, and after fruitlessly endeavouring to divert his attention by dancing before him, with head awry, and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and returned bringing a companion, which perched itself on a branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better success till its confederate, poising itself on its wings, descended with the utmost velocity, striking the dog upon the spine with all the force of its strong beak. The *ruse* was successful; the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, whilst the bone he had been gnawing was snatched away by the first crow the instant his head was turned. Two well-authenticated instances of the recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and attest the sagacity and powers of communication and combination possessed by these astute and courageous birds.

Tennent's "Ceylon."

LESSON LXVIII.—LUCY GRAY.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, I will gladly do,
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from the door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet,"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same;
They track them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
These foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.—*Wordsworth.*

LESSON LXIX.—NORWEGIAN FIORDS.

Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region

between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices, from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are in fact long narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sporting fish, or the oars of the boatman, as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod, to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer, or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine, and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks, which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars—the glorious stars, which shine like nothing that we have ever seen. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he

were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still, as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea-valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer, there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks, and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds, which inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine-forests wakes this music as it goes. The stiff piny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through. This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound, in the midst of the longest winter-night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as after a drifting storm a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky. Nor is this all. Wherever there

is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two—wherever there is a platform beside the cataract, where the sawyer may plant his mill and make a path from it to join some great road—there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of the dancers and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.—*Miss Martineau.*

LESSON LXX.—COMPLAINT OF THE DYING YEAR.

"I am the son of Old Father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny, for he has had upwards of five thousand of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more!"

Thus the Old Year began his complaint. He then called for his account book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours, and months, which he has issued, and subjoined, in some places, memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained.

These particulars it would be tedious to detail, but we must notice one circumstance. Upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the fifty-two

Sundays which he had issued ; and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. Alas ! how lightly have they been esteemed !"

"I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief *Procrastination*, of whom everybody has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property.

"There are also three noted ruffians, *Sleep*, *Sloth*, and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much ; besides a certain busybody called *Dress*, who, under the pretence of making the most of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors.

"My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions ; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude, blustering boy *March*, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful. *April*, a gentle, tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. *June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in

sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors. But I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born *January*, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

"It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me. To such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret—all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him, but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favourable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honours which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion and more persevering efforts may be expected. Let it be remembered that one honest endeavour is worth ten fair promises."—*Jane Taylor*.

LESSON LXXI.—GENEVA.

Geneva is one of the most remarkable and most celebrated cities in Europe. It derives its celebrity, however, not so much from its size, or from the magnificence of its edifices, as from the peculiar beauty of its situation, and from the circumstances of its history.

Geneva is situated upon the confines of France, Switzerland, and Sardinia, at the outlet of the lake of Geneva, which is perhaps the most beautiful, and certainly the most celebrated lake in Switzerland. It is

shaped like a crescent,—that is, like the new moon, or rather, like the moon after it is about four or five days old. The lower end of the lake—that is, the end where Geneva is situated—lies in a comparatively open country, though vast ranges of mountains, some of them covered with perpetual snow, are to be seen in the distance all around. The waters of the lake at this end, and of the river Rhone, which issues from it, are very clear, and of a deep and beautiful blue colour.

The city of Geneva is situated at the western end of the lake, and the river Rhone, in coming out of it, flows directly through the town. The lake is about fifty miles long, and the *eastern* end of it runs far in among the mountains. These mountains are very dark and sombre, and their sides rise so precipitously from the margin of the water, that in many places there is scarcely room for a road along the shore. Indeed, you go generally to that end of the lake in a steamer; and as you advance, the mountains seem to shut you in completely. But when you get near the end of the lake, you see a narrow valley opening before you, with high mountains on either hand, and the river Rhone flowing very swiftly between green and beautiful banks in the middle of it. Besides the river, there is a magnificent road to be seen running along this valley. This is the great high road leading from France into Italy; and it has been known and travelled as such, ever since the days of the old Romans.

The river Rhone, where it *flows into* the lake at the *eastern* end, is very thick and turbid, being formed by torrents coming down from the mountain sides, or by muddy streams, derived from the melting of the glaciers. At the *western* end, on the other hand, where it *issues*

from the lake, the water is beautifully clear and pellucid. The reason of this is, that during its slow passage through the lake it has had time to settle. The impurities, which the torrents bring down into it from the mountains, all subside to the bottom, and are left there; and thus the water comes out at the lower end quite clear. The lake itself, however, is, of course, gradually filling up by means of this process.

Geneva is a comparatively small town. It would take ten Genevas to make a New York, and nearly a hundred to make a Paris or London. Why, then, is it so celebrated? There are several reasons for this. The first reason is, that this town stands on the great high-road leading from France into Italy. The second reason is, that Geneva is a convenient and agreeable point for entering Switzerland, and for making excursions among the Alps.* By way of Geneva we go to the valley of Chamouni and Mont Blanc, and visit the vast glaciers and the stupendous mountain scenery that lie around this great monarch of the Alps. The third reason why Geneva has acquired so much celebrity is, the great number of learned and distinguished philosophers and scholars that have from time to time lived there. Switzerland is a republic, and the canton of Geneva is Protestant; and thus the place has served as a sort of resort and refuge for all the most distinguished foes, both of spiritual and political tyranny, that have risen up in Europe at intervals during the last five hundred years. Geneva was, indeed, one of

* There are two great avenues into Switzerland from France and Germany—one by way of Geneva, and the other by way of Basle. By the way of Basle we go to the Jungfrau and the Oberland Alps, which lie around that mountain, and to the beautiful lakes of Zurich and of Lucerne. All these lie in the eastern part of the Alpine region.

the chief centres of the Reformation; and almost all the great reformers visited it, and wrote about it, and thus made all the world familiar with it, during the exciting times in which they lived. Besides this, Geneva has been the residence and home of a great many moral and political writers, within the last one or two centuries; for the country being republican, is much more open and free than most of the other countries of Europe. Men who have incurred the displeasure of their own governments, by their writings or their acts, find a safe asylum in Geneva, where they can think and say what they please. All this has tended very strongly to attract the attention of mankind to Geneva, as to a sort of luminous point in respect to moral and political science, from which light radiates to every part of the civilised world. There is one more reason, very different from the preceding, which tends to make Geneva famous, and to draw travellers to visit it at the present day: it is a great manufacturing place for watches and jewellery—one of the greatest, indeed, in the world. Thus, for one reason or another, it is estimated that the number of visitors every year to Geneva is not less than thirty thousand.—*Jacob Abbott.*

LESSON LXXII.—ANTS.

Ants are disagreeable insects in any country, but especially so in warm tropical climates. Their ugly appearance, their destructive habits, but above all the pain of their sting, or rather bite—for ants do not sting as wasps, but bite with the jaws, and then infuse poison into the wound—all these render them very unpopular creatures. A superficial thinker would suppose that such troublesome insects could be of no use, and would

question the propriety of nature in having created them; but when we give the subject a little attention, we find that they were not created in vain. Were it not for these busy creatures, what would become of the vast quantities of decomposing substances found in some countries? What would be done with the decaying vegetation and the dead animal matter? Why, in many places, were it not consumed by these insects, and reorganised into new forms of life, it would produce pestilence and death; and surely these are far more disagreeable things than ants.

Of ants there are many different kinds; but the greatest number of species belong to warm countries, where, indeed, they are most useful. Some of these species are so curious in their habits, that whole volumes have been written about them, and naturalists have spent a lifetime in their study and observation. Their social and domestic economy is of the most singular character—more so than that of the bees; and I am afraid here to give a single trait of their lives, lest I should be led on to talk too much about them. I need only mention the wonderful nests or hills which some species build—those great cones of twenty feet in height, and so strong that wild bulls run up their sides, and stand upon their tops, without doing them the least injury! Others make their houses of cylindrical form, rising several feet from the surface. Others, again, prefer nesting in the trees, where they construct large cellular masses of many shapes, suspending them from the highest branches; while many species make their waxy dwellings in hollow trunks of trees, or beneath the surface of the earth. There is not a species, however, whose habits, fully observed and described, would not strike you with astonishment. Indeed, it is difficult to believe all that

is related about these insects by naturalists who have made them their study. One can hardly understand how such little creatures can be gifted with so much intelligence or *instinct*, as some choose to call it.

Man is not the only enemy of the ants. If he were, it is to be feared that these small, insignificant creatures would soon make the earth too hot for him. So prolific are they, that if left to themselves our whole planet would, in a short period, become a gigantic ants' nest.

Nature has wisely provided against the over-increase of the ant family. No living thing has a greater variety of enemies than they. In all the divisions of animated nature there are ant-destroyers—*ant-eaters*! To begin with the mammalia: man himself feeds upon them—for there are tribes of Indians in South America, the principal part of whose food consists of dried termites, which they bake into a kind of "paste!" There are quadrupeds that live exclusively on them, as the ant-bear and the *pangolins*, or scaly ant-eaters of the eastern continent. There are birds, too, of many sorts that devour the ants, and there are even some who make them exclusively their food, as the genus *myothera*, or ant-catchers. Many kinds of reptiles, both snakes and lizards, are ant-eaters; and, what is strangest of all, there are *insects* that prey upon them.

No wonder, then, with such a variety of enemies, that the ants are kept within proper limits, and are not allowed to overrun the earth.—*Captain Mayne Reid.*

LESSON LXXIII.—THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!

Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink,
Softly, slowly:—one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed—
Sylph or fairy hither tending—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wav'ring parachute.

But the kitten—how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light, and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upturned eye of fire!
With a tiger leap, half-way,
Now she meets the coming prey,
Let's it go as fast, and then—
Has it in her power again.
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in th' eye
Of a thousand standers by,
Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Far too happy to be proud;

Overwealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

Wordsworth.

LESSON LXXIV.—SPITZBERGEN.

It was at one o'clock in the morning of the 6th of August, 1856, that we came to an anchor in the silent harbour of English Bay, Spitzbergen.

And now, how shall I give you an idea of the wonderful panorama in the midst of which we found ourselves? I think, perhaps, its most striking feature was the stillness, and deadness, and impassibility of this new world; ice, and rock, and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird or any living thing was visible; the midnight sun—by this time muffled in a transparent mist—shed an awful mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality; an universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose, in scarcely any other part of the world, is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England there is always perceptible an undertone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet, in default of motion, there is always a sense of growth; but here not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen on the sides of the bald, excoriated hills. Primeval rocks and eternal ice constitute the landscape.

The anchorage where we had brought up is the best to be found, with the exception, perhaps, of Magdalena Bay, along the whole west coast of Spitzbergen; indeed, it is almost the only one where you are not liable to have

the ice set in upon you at a moment's notice. This bay is completely land-locked, being protected on its open side by Prince Charles's Foreland, a long island lying parallel with the mainland. Down towards either horn run two ranges of schistose rocks, about 1,500 feet high, their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife, and as jagged as a saw; the intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which, descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hills in the centre, rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river from the spot where it originated could not have been less than thirty to thirty-five miles, or its greatest breadth less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley, that it was as much as you could do to distinguish the further mountains peeping up above its surface. The height of the precipice where it fell into the sea I should judge to have been about 120 feet. On the left a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby glacier actually hung suspended half way on the hill side, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain.

The glaciers are the principal characteristic of the scenery in Spitzbergen; the bottom of every valley in every part of the island is occupied, and generally completely filled by them, enabling one to realize the look of England in her glacial period, when Snowdon was still being slowly lifted towards the clouds, and every valley in Wales was brimful of ice. But the glaciers in English Bay are by no means the largest in the island. We ourselves got a view, though a distant one, of ice rivers which must have been more extensive; and Dr.

Scoresby mentions several which actually measured forty or fifty miles in length, and nine or ten in breadth, while the precipice formed by their fall into the sea was sometimes upwards of 400 or 500 feet high. Nothing is more dangerous than to approach these cliffs of ice. Every now and then huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal steep, and topple over into the water; and woe be to the unfortunate ship which might happen to be passing below. Scoresby witnessed a mass of ice, the size of a cathedral, thunder down into the sea from a height of 400 feet. Frequently, during our stay in Spitzbergen, we ourselves observed specimens of these ice avalanches; and scarcely an hour passed without the solemn silence of the bay being disturbed by the thunderous boom, resulting from similar catastrophes occurring in adjacent valleys. A little to the northward I observed, lying on the sea shore, innumerable logs of drift-wood. This wood is floated all the way from America by the Gulf Stream; and as I walked from one huge bole to another, I could not help wondering in what primeval forest each had grown—what chance had originally cast them on the waters, and piloted them to this desert shore? Mingled with this fringe of unhewn timber that lined the beach lay waifs and strays of a more sinister kind—pieces of broken spars, an oar, a boat's flag-staff, and a few shattered fragments of some long-lost vessel's planking. Here and there, too, we would come upon skulls of walrus, ribs and shoulder-blades of bears, brought possibly by the ice in winter. Suddenly a cry from Fitz, who had wandered a little to the right, brought us helter-skelter to the spot where he was standing. Half imbedded in the black moss at his feet there lay a grey deal coffin, falling almost to pieces

with age; the lid was gone—probably blown off by the wind—and within were stretched the bleaching bones of a human skeleton. A rude cross at the head of the grave stood partially upright, and a half-obliterated Dutch inscription preserved a record of the dead man's name and age. It was evidently some poor whaler of the last century, to whom his companions had given the only burial possible in this frost-hardened earth, which even the summer sun has no force to penetrate beyond a couple of inches, and which will not afford to man the shallowest grave.

During the whole of our stay in Spitzbergen we enjoyed unbounded sunshine. The nights were even brighter than the days, and afforded Fitz an opportunity of taking some photographic views by the light of a midnight sun. The cold was never *very* intense, though the thermometer remained below freezing; but about four o'clock every evening the salt-water bay in which the schooner lay was veneered over with a pellicle of ice, one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and so elastic that, even when the sea beneath was considerably agitated, its surface remained unbroken, the smooth round waves taking the appearance of billows of oil. If such is the effect produced by the slightest modification of the sun's power in the month of August, you can imagine what must be the result of his total disappearance beneath the horizon. No description can give an idea of the intense rigour of the six months' winter. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic—if it touches the flesh it brings the skin away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burned off your feet before you

feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?—Lord Dufferin's "*Letters from High Latitudes*."

LESSON LXXV.—SELFISHNESS.

If I were asked what kind of young people were the most unhappy, what do you think my answer would be? The poor, or the sick, or the ugly, or the stupid? Oh no! these may all be happy and useful. It is only the *selfish*, those that "seek their own," that are never satisfied. Like the daughters of the horse-leech, they cry, "Give, give," but never say, "It is enough;" for it would seem that the more people seek their own happiness the less they get of it. It has been said, "*The self, the I, the me, and the like, all belong to the evil spirit, and we know that he is not a happy spirit. No human being can be really happy who is not giving or trying to give happiness to others. The sixpence added to the hoard of the little selfish miser, or spent by the glutton in the cake-shop, may give a moment's pleasure, but will leave no pleasant thoughts behind; while the sixpence, part of which is dropped into the missionary box, part given to feed a poor starving child, part given to purchase a biscuit or an orange to please the little sister, will send the happy spender of it on her way bright-faced and light-hearted.*"

Here is a "Recipe for making every day happy." If each of us were to follow it, there would soon be an

end of our many listless, disagreeable, unhappy days. "When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles, in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time towards eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time." Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say "I would if I could."

It is a curious fact that selfish people, however disagreeable they may make themselves by their selfishness, are always the first to bemoan the existence of this fault in others, and perhaps you are each quite ready to remember how selfish Dick and Harry and Mary and Susan are; but ah! my dear young friends, look at home—look into your own hearts, with their curious depths, which you scarcely understand, or perhaps never tried to understand, and there you will find an ugly black spot, perhaps a small one. It will not long be very small, however, if you go on "seeking your own;" it will grow and grow, till at last the heart is one mass of black, hideous selfishness! Try to conquer this besetting sin. When you have a little time, think what you can do with

it to please or to help others; when you have a little money, think whom you can comfort and assist with it; when you have not much of the one and none of the other, still think whose heart you can gladden with kind words and kind looks. Teach your hearts to think first of others, and last of yourselves. Learn to give up your own pleasure, your own way, your own possessions, that you may know how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive." Remember that the Lord of heaven and earth "pleased not Himself," and that His command is, "Look not every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of others."

Listen to this beautiful little story or fable, called "The Selfish Pool," and what befell it:—

"See that little fountain away yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it. 'Whither away, master streamlet?' 'I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me.' 'Ah! you are very foolish for that; you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it; you will dry up then.' 'Well,' says the streamlet, 'if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it.' So on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away. Soon the midsummer

heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream; but the trees crowded to its brink, and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through their branches, and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, 'It is not in my heart to harm you;' and the birds sipped its silver tide and sang its praises, the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom, the beasts of the field loved to linger by its banks, the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows, and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all. And where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity it grew sickly and pestilential; the beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breezes stooped and kissed it by *mistake*, but caught the malaria in the contact and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it and had to move away; and at last Heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up. But did not the little stream exhaust itself? Oh! no; God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away, away to the very mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry.

And if God so bless the fountain, will He not also bless you, my friends, if, 'as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?'—*M. M. Gordon.*

LESSON LXXVI.—NAPLES.

Naples is situated on a bay which has the reputation of being the most magnificent sheet of water in the world. It is bordered on every side by romantic cliffs and headlands, or by green and beautiful slopes of land, which are adorned with vineyards and groves of orange and lemon trees, and dotted with white villas; while all along the shore, close to the margin of the water, there extends an almost uninterrupted line of cities and towns round the whole circumference of the bay. The greatest of these cities is Naples. But the crowning glory of the scene is the great volcano, Vesuvius, which rises, a vast green cone from the midst of the plain, and emits from its summit a constant stream of smoke. In times of eruption, this smoke becomes very dense and voluminous, and alternates, from time to time, with bursts of what seems to be flame, and with explosive ejections of red-hot stones or molten lava. Besides the cities and towns that are now to be seen along the shore at the foot of the slopes of the mountain, there are many others, buried deep in the ground, having been overwhelmed by currents of lava from the volcano, or by showers of ashes and stones, in eruptions which took place ages ago.

Of course there is every probability that there will be more eruptions in time to come, and that many of the present towns will also be overwhelmed and destroyed, as their predecessors have been. But these eruptions occur usually at such distant intervals from each other,

that the people think it is not probable that the town in which they live will be destroyed in their day; and so they are quiet. Of course, however, whenever they hear a rumbling in the mountain behind them, or notice any other sign of an approaching convulsion, they naturally feel somewhat nervous until the danger passes by.

Naples is built on the northern shore of the bay. Vesuvius stands a little back from the sea, but the slope of land extends quite down to the margin of the water. There is a carriage road, and also a railroad passing along the coast between the mountain and the sea.

To the south-west of Vesuvius are the ruins of Herculaneum, and to the south-east those of Pompeii; two cities buried during a great eruption which occurred nearly eighteen centuries ago—A.D. 79. Herculaneum was buried in lava, and the lava when it cooled became as hard as a stone; whereas Pompeii was only covered with ashes and cinders, which are very easily dug away. Besides, Herculaneum was buried very deep, so that in order to get to it you have to go far down under ground. The fact that there was an ancient city buried there was discovered, a hundred and fifty years ago, by a man digging a well in the ground above. In digging this well, the workmen came upon some statues and other remains of ancient art. They dug these things out, and afterwards the excavations were continued for many years; but the difficulties were so great, on account of the depth below the surface of the ground at which the work was to be done, and also on account of the hardness of the lava, that after a while it was abandoned. People now go down sometimes through a shaft made near the well by which the first discovery was made, and

ramble about by the light of torches, which they carry with them, among the rubbish in the subterranean chambers.

The site of Pompeii was discovered in the same way with Herculaneum—namely, by the digging of a well. Pompeii, however, as has been already said, was not buried nearly so deep as Herculaneum, and the substances which covered it were found to be much softer and more easily removed. Consequently, a great deal more has been done at Pompeii than at Herculaneum in making excavations. Nearly a third of the whole city has now been explored, and the work is still going on.

The chief inducement for continuing to dig out these old ruins, is to recover the various pictures, sculptures, utensils, and other curious objects that are found in the houses. These things, as fast as they are found, are brought to Naples, and deposited in an immense museum which has been built there to receive them.—*Jacob Abbott.*

LESSON LXXVII.—DISSEMINATION OF SEEDS.

It is little suspected by many how largely small seed-eating animals, and especially birds, contribute to the clothing of the earth with its varied vegetable riches. Peculiar provision is made in many cases for the dissemination of seeds, in their own structure, of which the pappus of the dandelion, and the adhesive hooks of the burdock, are examples; but this is largely effected also in the stomachs of birds, the seed being often discharged not only uninjured, but made more ready to germinate by the heat and maceration to which it has been subjected. "From trivial causes spring mighty effects," and the motto has been illustrated by a close observer from this

same subject. Doubtless, many of our most richly wooded landscapes owe much of their timber to the agency of quadrupeds and birds. Linnets, goldfinches, thrushes, goldcrests, &c., feed on the seeds of elms, firs, and ashes, and carry them away to hedge-rows, where, fostered and protected by bush and bramble, they spring up and become luxuriant trees. Many noble oaks have been planted by the squirrel, who unconsciously yields no inconsiderable boon to the domain he infests. Towards autumn this provident little animal mounts the branches of oak trees, strips off the acorns, and buries them in the earth, as a supply of food against the severities of winter. He is most probably not gifted with a memory of sufficient retention to enable him to find all that he secretes, which are thus left in the ground, and springing up the following year, finally grow into magnificent trees. Pheasants devour numbers of acorns in the autumn, some of which, having passed through the stomach, probably germinate. The nuthatch, in an indirect manner, also frequently becomes a planter. Having twisted off their boughs a cluster of beech-nuts, this curious bird resorts to some favourite tree, whose bole is uneven, and endeavours by a series of manœuvres, to peg it into one of the crevices of the bark. During the operation it oftentimes falls to the ground, and is caused to germinate by the moisture of winter. Many small beeches are found growing near the haunts of the nuthatch, which have evidently been planted in the manner described.—*P. H. Gosse. From "The Romance of Natural History."*

LESSON LXXVIII.—TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee !

When abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace

On the meadow with dew so grey,
I saw thee, thou busy busy bee !

Thou wert alive, thou busy busy bee !

When the crowd in their sleep were dead.
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.

Man will not learn to leave his bed,
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy busy bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy bee !

After the fall of the cistus flower ;
When the evening primrose was ready to burst,
I heard thee last as I saw thee first ;

In the silence of the evening hour
I heard thee, thou busy busy bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee !

Late and early at thy employ ;
Still on thy golden store intent
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy busy bee !

What is the end of thy toil ;
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,

Thy master comes for the spoil ;
Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee !—*Southey.*

LESSON LXXIX.—THE GEYSIRS.

We had been twelve or thirteen hours on horseback, when at last we descried, straight in front, a low, steep, brown, rugged hill, standing entirely detached from the range at the foot of which we had been riding; and in a few minutes more, wheeling round its outer end, we found ourselves in the presence of the steaming Geysirs.

I do not know that I can give you a better notion of the appearance of the place, than by saying that it looked as if—for about a quarter of a mile—the ground had been honeycombed by disease into numerous sores and orifices; not a blade of grass grew on its hot, inflamed surface, which consisted of unwholesome-looking red livid clay, or crumpled shreds and shards of slough, like incrustations. Naturally enough, our first impulse on dismounting was to scamper off at once to the great Geysir. As it lay at the farthest end of the congeries of hot springs, in order to reach it we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and scalding quagmires of soft clay that intervened, and consequently arrived on the spot with our ankles nicely poulticed. But the occasion justified our eagerness. A smooth siliceous basin, seventy-two feet in diameter and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom, as in a washing basin on board a steamer, stood before us, brimful of water just upon the simmer, while up into the air above our heads rose a great column of vapour, looking as if it was going to turn into the fisherman's genie. The ground about the brim was composed of layers of incrustated silica, like the outside of an oyster, sloping gently down on all sides from the edge of the basin. Having satisfied our curiosity with this cursory inspection of what we had come so far to see, hunger compelled us

to look about with great anxiety for the cook, and you may fancy our delight at seeing that functionary in the very act of dishing up dinner on a neighbouring hillock. Sent forward at an early hour under the chaperonage of a guide, he had arrived about two hours before us, and seizing with a general's eye the key of the position, at once turned an idle bubbling little Geysir into a camp kettle, dug a bake-house in the hot soft clay, and improvising a kitchen-range at a neighbouring vent, made himself completely master of the situation. It was about one o'clock in the morning when we sat down to dinner, and as light as day. Suddenly, it seemed as if, beneath our feet, a quantity of subterraneous cannon were going off; the earth shook, and starting to our feet we set off at full speed towards the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr—or *the churn*—you must know, is an unfortunate Geysir, with so little command over his temper or his stomach, that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods, and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect himself from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion; tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness, he groans, and hisses, and boils up, and spits at you

with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in, and scatters them scalded and half-digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matters have been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering, till at last nature is exhausted, when, sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

Put into the highest spirits by the success of this performance, we turned away to examine the remaining springs. I do not know, however, that any of the rest are worthy of particular mention. They all resemble in character the two I have described, the only difference being that they are infinitely smaller, and of much less power and importance. One other remarkable formation in the neighbourhood must not pass unnoticed. Imagine a large irregular opening in the surface of the soft white clay, filled to the very brim with scalding water, perfectly still, and of as bright a blue as that of the grotto Azzuro at Capri, through whose transparent depths you can see down into the mouth of a vast subaqueous cavern, which runs in a horizontal direction beneath your feet. Its walls and varied cavities really looked as if they were built of the purest lapis lazuli, and so thin seemed the crust that roofed it in, we almost fancied it might break through, and tumble us all into the fearful beautiful bath.

We had now been keeping watch for three days over the Geysir, in languid expectation of an eruption. On the morning of the fourth day a cry from the guides made us start to our feet, and with one common

impulse rush towards the basin. The usual subterranean thunders had already commenced. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst, and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapour, sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered—drooped—fell, “like a broken purpose,” back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recess of their pipe.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power—the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapour, rolling out in exhaustless profusion—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature’s slightest movements.

With regard to the internal machinery by which these waterworks are set in motion, I will only say that the most received theory seems to be that which supposes the existence of a chamber in the heated earth, almost, but not quite, filled with water, and communicating with the upper air by means of a pipe, whose lower orifice, instead of being in the roof, is at the side of the cavern, and *below* the surface of the subterranean pond. The water, kept by the surrounding furnaces at boiling point, generates, of course, a continuous supply of steam, for which some vent must be obtained; as it cannot escape by the funnel—the lower mouth of which is under

water,—it squeezes itself up within the arching roof, until at last, compressed beyond all endurance, it strains against the rock, and pushing down the intervening waters with its broad strong back, forces them below the level of the funnel, and dispersing part, and driving part before it, rushes forth in triumph to the upper air. The fountains, therefore, that we see mounting to the sky during an eruption, are nothing but the superincumbent mass of waters in the pipe, driven up in confusion before the steam at the moment it obtains its liberation.—*Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes."*

LESSON LXXX.—LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

After being crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 28th January, 1521, Charles V. had proceeded to Worms, where he assembled his first Diet of the sovereigns and states of Germany. It was the great object of the papal leaders to have Luther condemned unheard; and they succeeded so far as to induce the Emperor to issue an edict for the destruction of the reformer's books; but the Estates refused to publish it, unless Luther had first an opportunity of confronting his accusers under a safe-conduct, and answering before the Diet the charges preferred against him. Nothing could be more congenial to the temper of Luther. It was exactly what he most desired, to confess the truth before the assembled powers of Germany. He made up his mind at once to obey the summons, and wrote bravely to Spalatin (the Emperor's secretary), "I will be carried thither sick, if I cannot go sound. . . . Expect everything from me but flight or retractation."

Nothing can well be grander than this passage in the

history of the Reformation—the journey of Luther, with its strange and mixed incidents—his appearance in Worms before the Diet, his prayer beforehand, his fears, his triumph, the excitements that followed his triumph, his seizure on his return, and residence in the Wartburg. It would be difficult to find anywhere a nobler subject for a great poem.

He entered Worms on the 16th April, escorted by his friends and numbers of the Saxon noblemen, who had gone out to meet him. As he passed through the city, so great was the crowd that pressed to see him, that he had to be conducted through back-courts to his inn. More than two thousand assembled at the “*Deutscher Hof*,” where he took up his abode, and till night his room was thronged by nobles and clergy, who came to visit him. After his room was cleared, a different picture presented itself. The bold monk is seen prostrate in an agony of prayer. His voice was heard in snatches by his friends as it rose to heaven, and it is impossible to read anything more touching and awe-inspiring than the fragments of this prayer which have been preserved. On the following day he received notice to attend before the Diet the same afternoon, and amidst the dark frowns of Spanish warriors and ecclesiastics, and the whisperings of affectionate and courageous sympathy, he was ushered into the imperial presence.

The scene which presented itself to the monk was one well fitted to move him. The Emperor Charles V., seated on his throne, with the three ecclesiastical electors on the right, the three secular on the left; his brother Frederick on a chair of state below the throne; the nobles, knights and delegates of the free cities around, the Papal nuncio in front. The sun, verging to its

setting, streamed full on the scene of worldly magnificence, strangely varied by every colour and form of dress; the Spanish cloak of yellow silk, the velvet and ermine of the electors, the red robes of cardinals, the violet robes of bishops, the plain sombre garb of deputies of towns, and priests. The solitary monk, with his head uncovered, pale with recent illness and hard study, with little or none as yet of the brave rotundity of his later age, a pale slight figure, "encircled by the dark flashing line of the mailed chivalry of Germany." Little wonder that at first he seemed bewildered, and that his voice sounded feeble and hesitating. His old adversary Eck was spokesman, and loudly challenged the monk,—first, as to whether he acknowledged the books before him as his writings; and secondly, as to whether he would retract and recall them. To the first question he replied in the affirmative; in answer to the second, he demanded a day's delay to consider and frame an answer. Many thought he was at length frightened, and would temporize; but on the following day they were abundantly undeceived. All signs of timidity and hesitation had then vanished; he had had time to meditate an adequate reply, and in a speech of two hours, first, in German, and then in Latin, he expressed his determination to abide by what he had written, and called upon the Emperor and the States to take into consideration the evil condition of the church, lest God should visit the empire and German nation with His judgments. Being pressed for a direct answer, yea or nay, whether he would retract, he answered finally in the memorable words, "Unless I be convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything; for my conscience is a captive to God's word, and it is neither safe

nor right to go against conscience. Here I take my stand. I can do no otherwise. So help me God. Amen."—*Tulloch's "Leaders of the Reformation."*

LESSON LXXXI.—POMPEII.

The ruins of Pompeii are now open to the day. A great many of the streets, with all the houses bordering them, have been cleared, and the sand and gravel under which they were buried have been carted away. Immense heaps of this rubbish are lying outside the entrance, covered with grass and small trees, and looking like great railway embankments. Indeed, the appearance which Pompeii now presents, is that of a large open village of ruined and roofless one-storied houses. Many of the houses were originally two stories high, it is true; but the upper stories have been destroyed or shaken down, and in general it is the lower story only that now remains.

The structure of the houses, in respect to plan and general arrangement, is very different from that of the dwellings built in our towns at the present day. The chief reasons for the difference arise from the absence of windows and chimneys in the houses of the ancients, and of course the leaving out of windows and chimneys in a house makes it necessary to change everything.

The inhabitants of Pompeii had no chimneys, because the climate there is so mild that they seldom needed a fire; and when they did need one, it was easier to make a small one in an open vessel, and let it stand in the middle of the room, or wherever it was required, than to make a chimney and fire-place. The open pan in which the fires were made in those days stood on legs, and could be moved about anywhere. The fire was made of

small twigs cut from the trees. The people would let the pan stand in the open air till the twigs were burnt to charcoal, and then they would carry the pan, with the embers still glowing, into the room which they wished to warm.

The same contrivance is used at the present day in Naples, and in all the towns of that region. In going along the streets in a cool evening or morning, you will often see one of these little brass pans before a door, with a little fire blazing in it, and children or other persons before it warming their hands. Afterwards, if you watch, you will see that the people take it into the house.

The ancient inhabitants of Pompeii depended entirely on arrangements like these for warming their rooms; there is not a chimney to be found in the whole town.

In respect to windows, the reason why they did not have them was because they had no glass to put into them. They could not make glass in those days well or easily enough to use it for windows. Of course they had openings in their houses to admit the air and light, and these openings might perhaps be called windows. But in order to prevent the wind and rain from coming in, it was necessary to have them placed in sheltered situations, as, for example, under porticos and piazzas. The custom, therefore, arose of having a great many porticos in the houses, with rooms opening from them; and in order that they might not be too much exposed, they were generally made with the open side inwards, towards the centre of the house, where a small square place was left without a roof over it to admit the light and air.

Of course the rain would come through this open

space, and the floor of it was generally formed into a square marble basin to receive the water. This was called the *impluvium*. Sometimes there was a fountain in the centre of the impluvium, and all around it were the porticos, within and under which were the doors opening into the different rooms. The bedrooms were extremely small; the walls of some of them were beautifully painted, but the rooms themselves were often not much bigger than a state-room in a steamship. The bedstead was a sort of berth, formed upon a marble shelf built across from wall to wall.

In some of the houses there were more rooms than could be arranged around one court, and in such cases there were two and sometimes three courts. In one case, the third court was a garden, with a beautiful portico, formed of ornamental columns all round it, beneath which the ladies of the house in rainy weather could walk at their ease, and see the flowers growing in the garden, as well as if the weather were fair.

Under this portico all round was a subterranean chamber, which seemed to be used as a sort of cellar; and yet it was very neatly finished, and the walls of it were ornamented in such a way as to lead people to suppose that it might have been used as a cool walk in warm weather. This passage-way was first discovered by means of the steps leading down to it. It was almost full of earth, composed of volcanic sand and ashes, which had flowed into it in the form of mud.

On one side of this subterranean passage-way, near the entrance, a number of skeletons were found. The skeletons were in a standing position against the wall, where the persons had been stopped and buried up by the mud as it flowed in. The marks left by the bodies

against the wall remain to this day. One of the skeletons was that of a female, with a great many rings on the fingers of the hands, and bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments on the other bones. From this circumstance it is supposed that she was the wife of the owner of the house, and that, in trying to save herself and her jewellery upon her, she had fled with the servants to this cellar, and there had been overwhelmed.

There were very few skeletons found in the houses of Pompeii, from which it is supposed that the inhabitants generally had time to escape. There was, however, one remarkable case. It was that of a sentinel in his sentry-box at the gate of the city. He would not leave his post, as it would seem, and so perished at the station where he had been placed. His head, with the helmet still upon it, was carried to the museum at Naples, where it is now seen by all the world, and every one who sees it utters some expression of praise for the courage and fidelity which the poor fellow displayed in fulfilling his trust. The streets of the town were narrow, but they were paved substantially with large and solid stones, flat at the top. Along these streets were a great many very curious shops—barber's, painter's, wine shops, and the like. The wine shops were furnished with deep jars set in a sort of stone counter.

After passing through a number of streets, a great public square is reached called the *Forum*. This square is surrounded with the ruins of temples and other public edifices. The columns and porticos which bordered the square are all more or less in ruins; but there are still so many of them standing as to show exactly what the forms of the buildings must have been when they were complete.

In another part of the town are the remains of two theatres, and outside the walls an immense amphitheatre, where were exhibited the combats of wild beasts and those of the gladiators. There are a great many ruins of amphitheatres like this scattered over Italy. They are of an oval form, and the seats extend all round. The combats took place in a level spot in the centre, called the *arena*.

One of the most curious shops is that of a baker, with the oven entire, and three hand-mills where the baker used to grind his corn. There were many curious utensils and implements found in this shop, which have been removed, with a great number of other interesting and valuable articles, to a museum at Naples.—*Jacob Abbott.*

LESSON LXXXII.—THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

This tree, *Urania speciosa*, is one of the most remarkable that has been discovered in Madagascar. And the extent to which it prevails may be inferred from the native name *Ravinala*—literally, *leaf of the forest*—as if it was the leaf by which the forest was characterized, which is the fact where it abounds, though in many parts it is not met with at all. The tree rises from the ground with a thick succulent stem, like that of the plantain, and sends out from the centre of the stem, long broad leaves, like those of the plantain, only less fragile, and rising, not round the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides; so that as the leaves increase, and the lower ones droop at the end, or extend horizontally, the tree presents the appearance of a large open fan. When the stem rises ten or twelve feet high, the lower part of the outer covering becomes hard and dry, like the bark of the

cocoa-nut tree. Many of the trees I saw were at least thirty feet from the ground to the lowest leaves. I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself, four or six more.

In the fan-like head of the traveller's tree there were generally three or four branches of seed-pods. The parts of fructification seemed to be enclosed in a tough, firm spalke, like those of the cocoa-nut; but the subsequent development was more like the fruit of the plantain. When the pods or seed-vessels, of which there were forty or fifty on each branch, were ripe, they burst open, and each pod was seen to enclose thirty or more seeds, in shape like a small bean, but enveloped in a fine silky fibre of the most brilliant blue or purple colour.

But this tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the *traveller* the place of wells in the desert. The natives affirmed that so abundant and pure was the water, that when men were at work near the trees, they did not take the trouble to go to the stream for water, but drew and drank the water from the tree. Having been somewhat sceptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees; and during my journey stopped near a clump of them. One of my bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick firm end of the leaf-stalk, about six inches above its junction with the trunk, and on drawing it back a stream of water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet. There is a kind of natural cavity or cistern at the base of

the stalk of each leaf above its union with the stem, and the water collected in the broad and ribbed surface of the leaf flows down a groove or spout on the upper side of the stalk into this reservoir, whence it supplies nutriment to the tree and refreshment to the traveller.

But in Madagascar this tree might also, with propriety, be called the *builder's* tree.

Its leaves form the thatch of all the houses on the eastern side of the island. The stems of its leaves form the partitions, and often sides of the houses, and the hard outside bark is stripped from the inner and softer part, and having been beaten out, is laid for flooring; and I have seen the entire floor of a long well-built house covered with this bark, each piece being at least eighteen inches wide, and twenty or thirty feet long. The leaf, when green, is used as a wrapper for packages, and keeps out the rain. Large quantities are also sold every morning in the markets, as it serves the purpose of tablecloths, dishes and plates at meals, and, folded into certain shapes, is used instead of spoons and drinking vessels.—*Ellis's "Madagascar."*

LESSON LXXXIII.—FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox :
He halts, and searches with his eye
Among the scattered rocks,
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there anyone in sight,
All round in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear :
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cave, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below ;
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past :
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts awhile
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground :

The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear,
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :

He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed that way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell ;
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :

How nourished there through that long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great,
Above all human estimate.—*Wordsworth.*

LESSON LXXXIV.—ELEPHANTS DRINKING.

In the height of the dry season, at Nuerakalana, the streams are all dried up, and the tanks nearly so. All animals are then sorely pressed for water, and they congregate in the vicinity of those tanks, in which there may remain ever so little of the precious element.

During one of these seasons I was encamped on the *bund* or embankment of a small tank, the water in which was so dried that its surface could not have exceeded an area of 500 square yards. It was the only pond within many miles, and I knew that of necessity a very large herd of elephants, which had been in the neighbourhood all day, must resort to it at night.

On the lower side of the tank, and in a line with the embankment, was a thick forest, in which the elephants sheltered themselves during the day. On the upper side, and all around the tank, there was a considerable margin of open ground. It was one of those beautiful, bright, clear, moonlight nights, when objects could be seen almost as distinctly as by day; and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to observe the movements of the herd, which had already manifested some uneasiness at our presence. The locality was very favourable for my purpose, and an enormous tree, projecting over the tank, afforded me a secure lodgement in its branches. Having ordered the fires of my camp to be extinguished at an early hour, and all my followers to retire to rest, I took up my post of observation on the overhanging bough; but I had to remain for upwards of two hours before anything was to be seen or heard of the elephants, although I knew they were within 500 yards of me. At length, at about 300 yards from the water, an unusually large elephant issued from the dense cover, and advanced cautiously across the open ground to within 100 yards of the tank, where he stood perfectly motionless. So quiet had the elephants become (though they had been roaring and breaking the jungle throughout the day and evening) that not a movement was now to be heard. The huge vidette

remained in his position, still as a rock, for a few minutes, and then made three successive stealthy advances of several yards (halting for some minutes between each, with ears bent forward to catch the slightest sound), and in this way he moved slowly up to the water's edge. Still he did not venture to quench his thirst; for though his forefeet were partially in the tank, and his vast body was reflected clear in the water, he remained for some minutes listening in perfect stillness. Not a motion could be perceived in himself or his shadow. He returned cautiously and slowly to the position he had at first taken up, on emerging from the forest. Here in a little while he was joined by five others, with which he again proceeded as cautiously, but less slowly than before, to within a few yards of the tank, and then posted his patrols. He then re-entered the forest, and collected around him the whole herd, which must have amounted to between eighty and a hundred individuals; led them across the open ground with the most extraordinary composure and quietness till he joined the advanced guard, when he left them for a moment and repeated his former reconnaissance at the edge of the tank. After which, having apparently satisfied himself that all was safe, he returned and obviously gave the order to advance, for in a moment the whole herd rushed into the water with a degree of unreserved confidence, so opposite to the caution and timidity which had marked their previous movements, that nothing will ever persuade me that there was not rational and preconcerted co-operation throughout the whole party, and a degree of responsible authority exercised by the patriarch leader.

When the poor animals had gained possession of the

tank (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves to enjoyment without restraint or apprehension of danger. Such a mass of animal life I had never before seen huddled together in so narrow a space. It seemed to me as though they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest until they had satisfied themselves, as well in bathing as in drinking, when I tried how small a noise would apprise them of the proximity of unwelcome neighbours. I had but to break a little twig, and the solid mass instantly took to flight, like a herd of frightened deer, each of the smaller calves being apparently shouldered and carried along between two of the older ones.—*Tennent's "Ceylon."*

LESS. LXXXV.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold it seemed like stepping back into the region of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, and pursued my walk to an arched door, opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters.

The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man, wandering about their bases, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes and forms and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in the *Poets' Corner*, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross-aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking theme for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of the cold curiosity or vague admiration, with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and heroic. They linger about these,

as about the tombs of friends and companions ; for there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory ; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language. I entered that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what were once chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies ; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion ; others stretched upon tombs, with hands piously pressed together ; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle ; prelates with crosiers and mitres ; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

In the opposite transept to Poets' Corner stands a monument which is one of the most renowned achievements of modern art ; but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame, as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with

vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit. We almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph, bursting from the distorted jaws of the spectre. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors around the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of distrust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

Two small aisles on each side of one of the chapels present a touching instance of the equality of the grave. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy, heaved at the grave of her rival. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the place where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, around which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem, the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the

faint responses of the choir. These paused for a time, and all was hushed. Suddenly the notes of the deep-
abouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled
land redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge
billows of sound. How well do their volume and
grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what
pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe
their awful harmony through these caves of death, and
make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in
triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their
accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now
they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out
into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble
along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults
like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ
heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into
music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-
drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It
grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast
pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned;
the senses are overwhelmed; and now it is winding up
in full jubilee; it is rising from earth to heaven; the
very soul seems rapt away, and floating upward on this
swelling note of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which
a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire. The
shadows of evening were gradually thickening around
me; the monuments began to cast a deeper gloom; and
the distant clock gave token of the slowly waning day.
I rose and retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed
out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a
jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with
echoes. I endeavoured to form some arrangement in

my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already passing into indistinctness and confusion. "What," thought I, "is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of death; his great and shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages. We are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the character and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day, pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.

What, then, is to ensure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower; when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine around the fallen columns; and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and from recollection; his history is a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.—*Washington Irving.*

LESSON LXXXVI.—THE PYRAMIDS.

The approach to the Pyramids is first a rich green plain, and then the Desert; that is, they are just at the beginning of the Desert, on a ridge, which of itself gives them a lift above the Valley of the Nile. It is impossible not to feel a thrill, as one finds oneself drawing nearer to the greatest and the most ancient monuments in the world, to see them coming out stone by stone into view, and the dark head of the Sphinx peering over the lower sandhills. Yet the usual accounts are correct which represent this nearer sight as not impressive—their size diminishes, and the clearness with which you see their several stones strips them of their awful or mysterious character. It is not till you are close under the great Pyramid, and look up at the huge blocks rising above you into the sky, that the consciousness is forced upon you that this is the nearest approach to a mountain that the art of man has produced.

The view from the top has the same vivid contrast of Life and Death, which makes all wide views in Egypt striking—the Desert and the green plain: only the view over the Desert—the African Desert—being much more extensive here than elsewhere, one gathers in better the notion of the wide-heaving ocean of sandy billows which hovers on the edge of the Valley of the Nile. The white line of the minarets of Cairo is also a peculiar feature—peculiar because it is strange to see a modern Egyptian city which is a grace instead of a deformity to the view. You also see the strip of Desert which marks Heliopolis and Goshen.

The strangest feature in the view is the platform on

which the Pyramids stand. It completely dispels the involuntary notion that one has formed of the solitary abruptness of the Three Pyramids. Not to speak of the groups, in the distance, of Abou-Sir, Takara, and Dashur—the whole platform of this greatest of them all, is a maze of pyramids and tombs. Three little ones stand beside the first, three also beside the third. The second and third are each surrounded by traces of square enclosures, and their eastern faces are approached through enormous masses of ruins, as if of some great temple; whilst the first is enclosed on three sides by long rows of massive tombs, on which you look down from the top as on the plats of a stone-garden. You see, in short, that it is the most sacred and frequented part of that vast cemetery which extends all along the western ridge for twenty miles behind Memphis.

It is only by going round the whole place in detail that the contrast between its present and its ancient state is disclosed. One is inclined to imagine that the Pyramids are immutable, and that such as you see them now, such they were always. Of distant views this is true; but taking them near at hand, it is more easy from the existing ruins to conceive Karnac as it was, than it is to conceive the pyramidal platform as it was. The smooth casing of part of the top of the second pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third, serve to show what they must have been all, from top to bottom; the first and second brilliant white or yellow limestone, smooth from top to bottom, instead of those rude disjointed masses which their stripped sides now present; the third, all glowing with the red granite from the First Cataract. As it is, they have the barbarous look of Stonehenge; but then

they must have shone with the polish of an age already rich with civilization; and that the more remarkable when it is remembered that these granite blocks, which furnished the outside of the third and inside of the first, must have come all the way from the First Cataract. It also seems, from Herodotus and others, that these smooth outsides were covered with sculptures. Then you must build up or uncover the massive tombs, now broken or choked with sand, so as to restore the aspect of vast streets of tombs, like those on the Appian Way, out of which the Great Pyramid would rise like a cathedral above smaller churches. Lastly, you must enclose the two other pyramids with stone precincts and gigantic gateways, and above all you must restore the Sphinx, as he (for it must never be forgotten that a female Sphinx was almost unknown) was in the days of his glory.

Even now, after all that we have seen of colossal statues, there was something stupendous in the sight of that enormous head—its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the red colour still visible on its cheek, the immense projection of the whole lower part of its face. Yet, what must it have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement, by which men approached the pyramids, ran up between its paws; when immediately under its breast an altar stood, from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose, now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again! All this is known with certainty from the remains which actually exist deep under the sand on which you stand, as you look up from a distance into the broken but still expressive features.

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl!
We know not alway who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.
Barry Cornwall.

LESSON XC.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”
—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

By Nébo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.
That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eirie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that sacred spot ;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place
With costly marble drest,
In the great Minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought !
Before the judgment day ;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
O dark Bethpeor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.—*Dublin Univ. Mag.*

LESSON XCI.—HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

R. Browning.

LESSON XCII.—THE LOST EXPEDITION.

Lift—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast,
Folded in endless winter's chill embraces;
Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost!
Let us behold their faces!

In vain—the North has hid them from our sight:
The snow their winding-sheet—their only dirges
The groan of icebergs in the polar night,
Racked by the savage surges.

No funeral torches, with a smoky glare,
Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces ;
No monumental pillar, tall and fair,
Towers o'er their resting places.

But northern streamers flare the long night through
Over the cliffs stupendous, fraught with peril
Of icebergs, tinted with a ghostly hue
Of amethyst and beryl.

No human tears upon their graves are shed—
Tears of domestic love or pity holy ;
But snow-flakes from the gloomy sky o'erhead,
Down shuddering, settle slowly.

Yet history shrines them with her mighty dead,
The hero seamen of this isle of Britain ;
And, when the brighter scroll of heaven is read,
There will their names be written.

Hood.

LESSON XCIII.—THE RAINBOW.

A fragment of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All bright and clear to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind ;
So will our joys and griefs appear,
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray ;
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.—*Keble.*

LESSON XCIV.—ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein,
Afford a present to the Infant God!
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright.

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

It was the winter wild, .
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice,
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the aëry region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd :
The helméd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity,
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice, then,
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says, No ;
This must not yet be so ;
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :

Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep ;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving :
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the sleep of Delphos leaving :
No nightly trance or breathéd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale

Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
And moonéd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile, as fast
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,

Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teeméd star
Hath fixed her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

Milton.

LESSON XCV.—THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty mills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses,
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.
And out again I come and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.—*Tennyson.*

LESSON XCVI.—RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !
The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,

As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.—*Longfellow.*

LESS. XXVII.—EARTH'S VOICES.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the
sod,
The birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,
The summer-wind that bringeth music o'er land and
sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs
to me:
"This world is full of beauty, as angel-worlds above,
And if we did our duty it might be full of love."
Night's starry tendernesses dower with glory evermore,
Morn's budding-bright melodious hour comes sweetly as
of yore;
But there be million hearts accurst, where no sweet sun-
beams shine,
And there be million hearts athirst for love's immortal
wine.
This world is full of beauty, as angel-worlds above,
And if we did our duty it might be full of love.

Gerald Massey.

LESS. XXVIII.—LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free !
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LESS. XCIX.—A BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut;
No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;
No glue to join;—his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?—*Hurdis.*

LESS. C.—MORNING HYMN.

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!
New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more : content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go,
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.—*Keble*.

LESS. CI.—EVENING HYMN.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapture's glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine ;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
'Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.—*Keble.*

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